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THE CONDUCTOR AND HIS FORE-RUNNERS

BY WILLIAM WALLACE

VI.—THE METHOD

(Continued from January number, page 20)

It would be interesting to recount the vagaries of some conductors of the 17th and 18th centuries in regard to their 'orchestras,' but this must be set aside for the present.

We now come to a composer who had much to do with the establishment of opera in France, and who led the way to our own Purcell. Unfortunately for France he was not of French birth, but a Florentine, and his name was Lulli (1632-87). It was not as a composer that he made his first appearance, but as a singer, actor, and dancer, under the name of Chiacchiarone, the Chatterer.

While he was still in his 'teens he was given a place in the Petits Violons of Louis XIV., a small band of about a dozen violins. Here he had the opportunity of studying the capacity of the instrument, and also of profiting by association with Cavalli, whose ballets were being performed at the French Court. What probably was the making of him was his collaboration with Molière; at any rate Molière provided the occasions for a great deal of music in his Comedies—indeed music occupies a very large part of them, said to be three-fourths. Lulli's first appearance in the Comedies was made in 1661, when the characters in the first Act of *Les Facheux* danced to his Courante. This was followed by a direct reference to him, 'Adieu: the beloved Baptiste [Lulli's Christian name] has not seen my Courante, and I am going to find him: we have great sympathy for melodies, and I should like him to write some.'

Thus began a partnership which lasted from 1664 to 1671, when Lulli turned against the friend who had given him his opportunity, and secured certain rights which, had they not been amended, would have prevented Molière from performing his own plays. But the concession, small as it was, did not temper the harshness of the terms, and two years later Molière was gone, collapsing on the stage after playing his last part, which by a touch of irony was that of Argan in *Le Malade Imaginaire*.

In the plays for the stage, as distinct from the Fêtes at Versailles, the music was played by violins, but there is a reference to a lute in one play. For the Fêtes there were trumpets and drums, flutes and oboes, tambourine and castagnettes. In one of the Molière Ballets two clavecins are mentioned. We are told that Lulli attached so

little importance to his orchestral accompaniments that he left them to the strings to be played from the figured bass. This strains our credulity—a pretty muddle must have been the result. But we can well believe that the accompaniments had to be continuous, for had they ceased for a moment the singers would have dropped the pitch.

The latest researches raise the question, Was all the music attributed to Lulli actually written by him? It is asserted with confidence that he wrote the melody and figured bass, leaving the inner parts to be added by other hands, as the Italians of his day left the 'filling in' to the taste, initiative, and invention of the 'maestro al cembalo.*' One of his great admirers, Lecerf de La Viéville, who published in 1705 his *Comparaison de la Musique Italienne et de la Musique Française*, says that he handed over the completion of his scores to his secretaries, Lalouette and Colasse. Combarieu is by no means reticent in speaking of Lulli as a buffoon and mountebank:

Il était d'une ambition insatiable, rusé jusqu'à la perfidie, intrigant jusqu'à la bassesse, dépourvu de scrupules sur les moyens de parvenir, prêt à acheter choses et hommes.

Harsh enough in all conscience, but the charge against the rusé Florentine is even more direct, for Combarieu, resenting, as well he might, Lulli's treatment of Molière, does not hesitate to speak of 'Emprunt direct, plagiat, marché secret, "collaboration" plus ou moins rétribuée.'†

As for Lulli's method of beating time, he must have used a heavy stick, probably a walking-stick, which he pounded on the floor. He died of gangrene of the leg, having accidentally struck his foot—the only composer who died of conducting.

Before leaving Molière, let us see what the accommodation was for the orchestra which plays so important a part in his comedies. Sometimes it was at the back of the stage, sometimes in the wings, at the extreme end of the house facing the stage, or below the footlights as we have it. At first the musicians did not like to appear in public, that is, on the stage, so they played or sang in a box, the front of which was covered by a grille or trellis-work. In 1671 they overcame this most unusual modesty, and went on the stage in appropriate costume. When the orchestra was not on or in front of the stage, the leader had to remember his cues, so as to obviate the necessity for the prompter having to shout at him, 'Jouez!' Since January, 1871, the orchestra at the Théâtre Français has played in the wings when a Molière play is put on.

We pass from Lulli (died 1687) to Rameau (1683-1764). But between these two, and contemporaries of each, there are other composers who contributed to the development of the orchestra.

* J. Combarieu: *Histoire de la Musique*. Paris, 1913, vol. ii., pp. 88 et seq.

† According to Rolland (*Musiciens d'Autrefois*, Paris, 1908, p. 108), Lecerf was a fanatical admirer of Lulli, the plagiarist, as Combarieu calls him. But Lecerf in his turn was 'plû effrontément' by writers who came after him, when dealing with the Lulli period. And so ad infinitum!

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B

To discuss their merits would take us far afield, so we must be content to examine the means at their disposal. The strings had been established as the permanent basis of the orchestra. The viols and lutes were to disappear but gradually.

It is just possible that violinists who had acquired a certain facility of technique were unwilling to impart their knowledge to others, at all events it was said of one expert player on the viola da gamba that he studied and practised in secret lest any one should copy his method.

A curious example of scoring belongs to this period—curious, because the names of the instruments, but not their sounds, have a modern air. They are flutes, violins, oboes, trumpets, bassoons, drums, and—a harp. The subject of the music is the incident of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego, the heroes of the fiery furnace in the Book of Daniel. The harp was used to convey—I imagine, for the poem, which was set to music, is out of reach—the idea of the flickerings of the flames, thus anticipating Wagner, in *Die Walküre*, by about a hundred and fifty years.

Yet another curiosity comes to light at this time. No score was considered orthodox unless it contained a peal of thunder, a storm, the murmurs of a stream, and the song of a nightingale. A century later, the *Pastoral Symphony* fulfilled this specification.

Let us go back and see what was being done in Germany. The most important composer of this period was Schütz (1585-1672), born a century before Bach and Handel, younger by a score of years than Monteverde, and at the height of his career when Lulli was born.

The vogue of Italian musicians, which had so great an influence in France, spread gradually to Germany, but was slow in becoming acclimatised. German composers relied more upon a rolling mass of choral music, and it may be said that their extensive use of counterpoint took the place of instrumentation. Schütz himself seems to have been conscious of the need for instrumental colour, for in one of his works he directs a vocal part to be taken *instrumentaliter*, a device which some composers of to-day are adopting. Sonority and breadth were aimed at rather than melody and delicacy, and we are prepared to find, in the rare work of Praetorius, various formulæ for the treatment of choral music with instruments.

German music of this period was so much rule-of-thumb that the large family of stringed instruments of diverse type were being employed long after they had been considered obsolete in France and Italy. A Motet for seven voices, by Jacques de Wert, may be quoted. He was a native of Antwerp, who spent his life in Italy and dedicated some compositions to the Duke of Ferrara, that enlightened amateur mentioned in the preceding Chapter. The Motet was scored for two theorbos, three lutes, two cytharas, four harpsichords (or their equivalent) and spinets, seven viols da gamba, and one bass viol.

We find the beginnings of an attempt to use instruments in groups, doubling the voice-parts in the same register; but as composers enlarged their knowledge of counterpoint and players developed their technique, additional parts were written as counter-subjects to the parts that were sung. This practice anticipated the method which ultimately reached its height in Bach's large choral works.

The 17th century was rich in Masses and Motets which German composers poured out in hundreds, but there were examples of experiments in instrumental directions. One of these, *The Triumphal Chariot of Music*, by Andreas Rauch (1648), was scored for voices, organ, clavicin, spinet, viol da gamba, theorbo, violins, violas, quartet of trumpets, quartet of trombones, cornets (wooden flutes), bassoons, and drums. They were not used *tutti*, but in combinations, of which one is interesting. When the brass was employed it was directed that on a given signal cannons and blunderbusses were to be fired thrice, as fitly as could be done. Reference to other examples of the artillery *obligato* may appropriately be made here. At what was not then Petrograd, in a *Te Deum* by Sarti, and performed about 1788, guns of different calibre were fired on the beat, and there were fireworks as well, but we are not told how many misfires there were. Lavoix gives other instances,* one of which will be noted below. Not quite a century ago a concert in Russia began with a salute of twenty guns, which gave the *tempo* at regular intervals. There were in addition trumpets and drums to the number of sixteen hundred. Rossini, in 1867, used guns in his *Hymn to the French People*, and this work was reconstructed, as we might say, in Boston, U.S.A. by Gilmore, who, if he was anything like his successor, Sousa, would be hardly the man to surrender his baton to a mere battery.

From Russia, also, came that strange band of hunting horns, each of which could play only one note. There were thirty-seven to begin with, tuned to play a chromatic scale of three octaves, and later one of five octaves. On one occasion, and doubtless on many others, a nobleman who had his private band of these horns excused himself to a visitor for not letting him hear them for the reason that B flat was in jail.

Two other examples of eccentricity may be mentioned. In a Symphony written about the Battle of Blenheim (1704), the oboe, representing Marlborough, and the second violin, representing the French General Tallard, had a musical duel. A century earlier, for the performance of a cantata on the subject of Judith and Holofernes, some unusual 'instruments' were introduced. On a cart drawn by eight mules was mounted a double-bass twenty-five feet high. A ladder was thoughtfully provided for the player to get up to the neck. But this did not quite satisfy the composer, for he stretched four cables on the wings of a wind-mill and these were scraped by four men armed with

* H. Lavoix, *Œuvres*. *Histoire de l'Instrumentation* Paris, 1870, p. 353.

pieces of wood with serrated edges. There was the usual organ, but instead of drums there were bombs. After these trifling preparations the prima donna sang so much, and so well, and so long, that she died three days later. The leader of the violins played while holding his instrument behind his back. The psychological moment came last. There was a double fugue, representing a battle between Assyrians and Jews. The Jews were the local chorus, the Assyrians were outsiders. They fought at one another so heartily that what with attack and counter-attack the end was a fight.

After these diversions it is a relief to seek the placid surroundings of the Thomasschule of Leipsic. We have explicit accounts of Bach's conducting, passed on to us by his contemporaries.* In his commentary on a passage in the *Institutiones* of Quintilian, a work quoted in our second Chapter, Gesner (1691-1761), Rector of the Thomasschule and Bach's colleague, speaks of the Cantor

... presiding over thirty or forty performers all at once, recalling this one by a nod, another by a stamp of the foot, another with a warning finger, keeping time and tune; and while high tones are given out by some, deep tones by others, and notes between them by others, this one man, standing alone in the midst of the loud sounds, . . . can discern at every moment if anyone goes astray, and can keep all the musicians in order.

Gesner's number of the musicians must be accepted, but it may have been exceptional, for Spitta says (p. 304):

In Bach's time even what we should call an orchestra of weak strength outnumbered the singers by more than a third. In the *Neue Kirche* under Gerlach [1744] there were only four singers to ten instrumentalists.

So small a body, constantly playing and singing together, would scarcely have needed a conductor, but it would appear that *tempo* was the problem, and Bach's son, Philipp Emanuel, is emphatic in the matter of using the harpsichord (clavier) for obtaining accurate time.†

At critical points the hand-beat came into play. The harpsichord, or an instrument of the keyboard type, had a long reign as the conductor's instrument. At the concerts of the Philharmonic Society it was not until 1820 that a baton was used, when, to the indignation of the Directors, Spohr produced his little stick from his pocket.

At the first Salomon Concert (March 11, 1791), Pohl‡ speaks of Haydn 'presiding' at the clavier, with Salomon as 'leader.' Later, when Haydn attended the Oxford Festival, Philip Hayes is described as 'Hauptdirigent' (Pohl, p. 146).

The desire for expression, and the methods by which nuances could be conveyed to a body of musicians, established the necessity for the conductor. It was realised that phrasing and interpretation, light and shade, could not be attained to any degree of uniformity without a guiding hand. We saw how, in the last years of

the 17th century, expression marks were creeping in, and about this time and a little later there must have been priceless attempts at 'conducting,' if we are to believe all that was said. Contemporary treatises deal with the beat, which was literally a beat, expended on something more solid and resonant than thin air. Noisy it was, and noisome it remained, as we shall presently see, to such diverse types of long-bowmen—each in his own way—as Rousseau and Berlioz. As Schoenemann remarks (p. 111), a whole monograph (Broschüre—he is much too modest) might be compiled of the protests in the 17th century, and later, against the incompetent Kapellmeister. Thanks to the assiduity of Schoenemann, we are able to quote some gems from out-of-the-way books. 'There are conductors who in the height of their folly bang their batons into smithereens.' What outrage would they not have committed upon our slim knitting-needle sticks? 'The conductor is quite wrong who gives the beat only to one or two children who stand before him, and lets the others come in like the shepherd with his dogs at heel.' Another writer insists on the beat being distinct, and without unnecessary, foolish, or extravagant trickery. Yet another, to our surprise, suggests a diligent study of the music about to be performed. Again, 'No conductor should bang with a cudgel on the nearest desk, or some other solid body, so heavily that the thundering blow is heard rather than the chorus.' Sometimes the *corpus solidum* (of the preceding sentence) is the skull of an inattentive child. The semaphore system consisted of an upright furnished with a limb or point which moved up or down in obedience to the organist's foot on a treadle.

One of these writers was Bähr (1652-1700), whose mordant style was paraphrased and sterilized by Spitta (p. 325) thus:

One man conducts with the foot, another with the head, a third with the hand, some with both hands, some again take a roll of paper, and others a stick. Every ordinary director will know how to regulate his method according to place, time, and persons. Whoever would give rules for general acceptance deserves to be laughed at. Mind your own business, and let another man conduct as he likes, and do you conduct as you like: so there is no wrong done to any one.

This injunction would not have satisfied Rousseau, for in the article 'Battre la Mesure,' in his *Dictionnaire*, he complains of the disagreeable and continual noise made by the conductor at the Opéra, comparable with the sound of a man chopping wood, which covers and deadens the effect of the music. We do not get a commendable picture of music at the Paris Opéra, as represented in his article, 'Orchestre.' Berlioz made similar protests. As late as the year 1880, H. Zopfl, in his article 'Direction' in Mendel's *Musikalisches Lexikon*, advises a piece of metal to be nailed to the upper edge of the conductor's desk, on which the conductor is to beat when he wishes to interrupt a *tutti*.

Despite the ridicule cast upon these old musicians, the best and kindest that can be said is

* Philipp Spitta: *Johann Sebastian Bach*, English translation by Clara Bell and J. A. Fuller-Maitland. London, 1884, vol. II., pp. 260 and 325.

† Quoted by Spitta, II., pp. 328-9.

‡ C. F. Pohl: *Mozart und Haydn in London*, 2te Abtheilung. Vienna, 1867, p. 119.

that they were adventuring forth on uncharted seas; and the underpaid organist, the patient artist, the true lover of music, must have been put to the test over and over again to devise the means to control his rabble choir, and, as often as not, his unruly instrument.

In the chapter which follows we shall see what Dr. Burney thought of it all.

(To be concluded.)

ONE GENERATION COMETH

BY ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH

The other day I spent an hour or so in the company of some youthful athletes. While glorying in the magnificent athletic performances of to-day, they kept a reserve of admiration for the heroes of twenty years ago. Later in the day I spent a short time in the company of some youthful musicians. They too gloried in the magnificent productions of to-day, but unlike the young athletes, they let loose a torrent of scorn upon the works and workers of twenty years ago. According to them the harmony of A was old-fashioned, the orchestration of B was thoroughly respectable, and the form of C was hopelessly conventional; in fact it was the condemnation by To-day of the fashions of Yesterday. What they failed to realise was that in a work of art, it is not the externals which matter but the quality of the thought; that if the thoughts of a man are of no account his work will be tedious whether it be with the old-time dullness of respectability or with the modern dullness of pretension; and that if the thoughts of a man are beautiful, they will always be beautiful, whether they are dressed in fashions new or old. For Venus is always Venus, whether she shuffles in the furs and skins of Lapland, dances in the dazzling sunbeams of Alexandria, or hobbles in the gorgeous silks and satins of Ti-Foo-Ping.

Alas! how few of each generation develop their own personality and how many follow in the prevailing fashion of the day, like flocks of birds which travel V-shaped through the air, because the leader as he cleaves the wind in front makes easier the journey for those who fly behind. I have seen young men in many a University, dressed in similar clothes which they call unconventional, and asserting similar truths which they think new and strange. And why? Because to be unconventional where all hold similar opinions is easy, and less open to contempt than to act according to one's taste and inclinations. So that unconventionality may be abject servitude, whereas to be conventional may be the most daring originality. 'Tis well to seek new truth. But strange utterance is not of necessity the bearer of new truth, otherwise the monkey-house would be of more value than our Universities, which not even the most advanced philosophers would be prepared to assert. Strangeness by incessant repetition ceases to be strange, and there comes a

time when brilliance no longer dazzles us. Harshness of harmony is invaluable for the presentation of certain moods and thoughts, but it defeats its own purpose if there is no contrasting suavity and concord. So too the brilliance of orchestration is invaluable, not that it may stupify our ears with sound but that it may reveal the melodic and harmonic beauties which lie beneath, just as the splendour of the sun is necessary, not that we may be blinded by its beams, but that by its brilliance we may be enabled to see the beauties of the world around us.

Too frequently do we despise some work because we say it is old-fashioned. In despising it we may do well, but not because it is old-fashioned, but because it is lacking in personality or spirit, or because it is disfigured by false sentiment, and we may be sure that it would be equally despicable whether it appeared a hundred years hence, or fifty thousand years ago, for false sentiment will betray itself through the thickest and most gorgeous trappings as certainly as it will through the most dingy and threadbare fustian.

Let each generation bear in mind that as it now pours scorn upon the Past, so the Future will pour scorn upon the Present. This attitude of generation towards generation is due to the habit of speaking (in error, I believe) of the progress of art as though art were a science whereof the discoveries of To-morrow destroy the knowledge of To-day. In science the theory of Newton destroyed the theory of Ptolemy, and the theory of Newton is in its turn destroyed by the withering truth of Einstein, but in music it is not so. The *Hebrides* Symphony of Granville Bantock, even though it should be the finest music ever penned, cannot destroy the power nor mitigate the beauty of the *Hebrides* Overture of Mendelssohn. The Mass in B minor of Sebastian Bach cannot lessen the value of the Mass of William Byrd, nor can the Mass in D of Beethoven render the work of his predecessors less beautiful or durable. Each work presents an aspect of truth, for each is a separate revelation, which though it differs from the other cannot destroy the other, and each possesses that immaterial spirit too hard or too fluid to be consumed by the grinding teeth of Time. Nor can I believe that the adverse opinion, frequently expressed, that a work is but an imitation of some other work, does of itself justify that work's condemnation. Bach imitated, borrowed from, and surpassed the work of his predecessors, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms have in turn imitated yet re-created the example of Haydn. Richard Strauss imitated the work of Franz Liszt, and achieved by genius what Liszt by talent was incapable of achieving.

During the past fifty years this country has produced a vast amount of music, much of which will never die, some because it has the germs of immortality, some (a greater part) because it has never lived. Of those works which still sound fresh and strong to-day, a few were rudely mocked by the gaping crowd of novelty-mongers of the

period. In fact, when Parry's *Ode At a Solemn Music* was produced, there must have been a whole army of young men exploiting the tricks of Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt. Yet of those contemporary works, so much more daring and advanced than the *Ode*, where shall we find a single one that still endures? In every way the *Ode* was out of date—it was not morbid; it was undramatic; it was hopelessly orchestrated; in fact, any of those contemporary moderns could have knocked it into a cocked hat, and no doubt they did. But, somehow, when they had done it, they found that the cocked hat had settled upon their own heads, making them feel quite painfully conscious of their duncery.

The desire of Youth is always to do something that has never been done before, but it should be the care of Youth to make certain why those things have never been done before—whether it was because they were not thought of, or whether it was because they were considered not worth the doing. A man who has many pearls to sell will not content himself by selling dirty pebbles, and a man who has many beautiful ideas to communicate to the world will not waste time giving artistic expression to the psychology of dementia, the ravings of lust, the primitive rites of barbarism, or the necessary—but deplorable—noises of civilisation.

The object of our fathers was to avoid offence, paddling decorously in the smooth waters of respectability; our own object seems to be to avoid the commonplace, and so we splash ostentatiously in the waters of extravagance. To avoid the commonplace is admirable, but consciously to avoid the commonplace is an offence worse than that which we strive to avoid, for it means that we are putting restraint upon our spontaneity. Far better to take the risk, as all our predecessors have done, and to trust that the nobility of our inspiration will ultimately preponderate over our triviality.

And when at length the inevitable hour shall come when we shall be the generation that is gone, what will it be in our work that arouses the undying admiration of generations still to come? Will it be our boisterous use of screaming piccolos and throbbing drums, of sliding trombones and palpitating trumpets, of violins, violas, and 'cellos striving like aeroplanes for altitude records? Doubtless they will give such evidences of skill the measure of respect that they deserve, but what they will really search for in our work are just those qualities which we view with admiration in the works of Wagner and Beethoven—those elemental passages which by their simplicity defy analysis and hypnotise the mind; which, shorn of all the ingenuities which their composer revelled in, and reduced to the humblest form of presentation, still withhold from us the secret of their immortality. Oh, that the generations still to come might find in us, all and more than it has been our happiness to find in the works of the generations that are gone!

'BORIS GODUNOV': GENUINE AND OTHERWISE

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

The publication (in America) of an English version of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Memoirs of my Musical Life* has again brought up the question of the rights and wrongs of his revision of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*—a question which seems to have as many lives as a cat. Anyone might feel justified by now in thinking the topic as stale as the reviser's error is obvious. Yet every now and again something crops up to remind Moussorgsky's vindicators of the French saying: 'Il est des morts qu'il faut qu'on tue.'

For instance, a few months ago, in the *Musical Quarterly*, a writer pompously asked: 'What would have become of *Boris Godunov* had Rimsky-Korsakov's pen of revision failed to stop the leaks in Moussorgsky's structure?' It is that sentence, more than the new edition of the *Memoirs* (which contain nothing that Rimsky-Korsakov did not say in his Preface to his revision), that prompted me to write this article.

It is not easy to deal with the *Boris Godunov* question so as to make things clear once for all. Few copies of the genuine edition are available, and practically the whole of a *Musical Times* issue would be needed to demonstrate the extent of the emendations and their wantonness. Pending the time when the firm which has announced its intention to re-issue the genuine *Boris Godunov* (an easy matter so far as regards the vocal score, for no copyright stands in the way) will have published more than a few brief extracts of it, people who have no access to one of these few copies must either take other people's assertions on trust or leave the matter severely alone.

I often wish they would take the latter course. I do not know whether Mr. J. T. Howard, the American author to whose article I was referring, has devoted the requisite amount of care to his comparison of the two editions. If so, for the life of me I cannot understand how he has come to speak of 'leaks stopped in Moussorgsky's structure.' No more inappropriate definition of Rimsky-Korsakov's contribution could be imagined. Rimsky-Korsakov himself (who in this particular instance makes no attempt to hide his light under a bushel) puts forward no such claim. He merely speaks of having purified the diction, corrected clumsy harmonies, and faulty part-writing. 'Illogical modulations, or an intolerable deficiency of modulation, and ill-devised orchestral settings' are other things to which he devoted attention. With regard to the orchestral setting, little can be said, since Moussorgsky's original score is in the Petrograd Public Library, and even before the war few people had had access to it. I may mention, however, that a Russian composer and conductor who admired Rimsky-Korsakov's version almost unreservedly, once told me that 'the new setting was certainly more brilliant, but Moussorgsky's was often more appropriate.' With

regard to the modulations or lack of modulation, one instance will perhaps suffice to show what Rimsky-Korsakov's point of view really was.

In the Revolt Scene, at the point when the Pretender has left and the Simpleton remains alone under the falling snow, Moussorgsky wrote:



and Rimsky-Korsakov substituted this:



To 'make an author say 'olfactory organ' where he had said 'nose' can hardly be described as 'stopping leaks in his structure.' Yet it is this kind of thing, and worse, that we encounter practically at every page. Mr. Robert Godet, in an article entitled 'Les Deux Boris' (*Revue Musicale*, April, 1922), gives more instances than I have room for here; and a few are mentioned in an article of mine, 'The Unknown Moussorgsky' (*Music and Letters*, July, 1922). I hope that those two articles and the present one may help to show that what Rimsky-Korsakov really did was to suppress or alter whatever was not to his liking or not in accordance with ruling conventions. The opinion that thereby he has improved Moussorgsky's masterpiece has long been current in Russia, but is now, I think, on the wane even there. Outside Russia it has been disseminated chiefly by writers who had not studied, and perhaps had never seen, the genuine version of the work.

But many critics who did compare the two versions have told a widely different tale. Thus Gaston Carraud—a critic as sober and as mindful of tradition as can be wished—wrote in 1913:

It is only by comparing the two editions note by note that one is enabled to realise how far incomprehension and presumption may lead. Rimsky-Korsakov's alterations are the most incomprehensible, needless, and revolting thing ever done in a similar line. Like an insect pest, he has gnawed away every characteristic detail in the work, everything that struck him as irregular, simply because he was incapable of penetrating its logic.

I, for one, have never ceased to respect Rimsky-Korsakov's sincerity of purpose. It is obvious that he revised *Boris Godunov* in the same spirit as he revised his own early works, *The Maid of Pskov* and *Sadko* among others. He failed to see that the same course of procedure might be quite appropriate in his own case, and utterly inappropriate in that of Moussorgsky, the remodelling being no longer evolved from within but imposed from without. But at the time when his revision appeared, the genuine edition was easily procurable 'for all to study and abide by if they chose,' as he himself pointed out. He felt sure that he was doing his dead comrade no wrong. Therefore, as a matter of principle, I regret that criticism of his revision should often have been couched in the merciless terms of which I quote only one instance among the many available. But perhaps it is a case of great evils requiring great remedies—especially considering that from the time when the revised edition appeared, it became extremely difficult to obtain from Russia copies of the genuine edition.

In my *Principles and Methods of Musical Criticism*, I expressed a doubt whether anybody could determine Rimsky-Korsakov's alterations, even the most glaring, without actually comparing the genuine with the revised text. This remark deluded one reviewer into thinking that I was trying to 'hedge,' as he put it. Let me assure him that my one concern throughout the book was to express no opinion of my own except on points of method in criticism. The remark refers, not to Rimsky-Korsakov's infallibility, but to the fallibility of analysis and criticism. It comes after a reference to the attitude of certain critics towards a falsified edition of Rust's Sonatas (see, on this matter, my articles in the *Musical Times*, January-April, 1913), and is meant to illustrate how difficult it often is to interpret internal evidence when the help afforded by external evidence is lacking—the topic to which the whole chapter is devoted.

Possibly, however, a reader of the revised score, if sufficiently familiar with Moussorgsky's aims and methods, might guess that the facile, theatrical effect of cheers in the distance at the close of the love duet is a free present from the reviser's pen. But nothing could tell him that it replaces a genuinely dramatic effect in the original version: Rangoni, the Jesuit, sneering at the simplicity of his dupes Marina and Dimitri.

Again, familiarity with Rimsky-Korsakov's music may lead one to guess the authorship of the following bars:



which happen to be a favourite device of his. What Moussorgsky actually wrote is:



(Duplicated in lower octave.)

I must repeat here what I said eleven years ago with regard to the falsification of Rust's Sonatas. If it be true that 'style is the sum of the appearances of all the factors that make up a work of art or a living thing,' and that 'the worst fault in style is the mixing-up of types which are especially apt to different groups of conditions, different situations, and different attitudes of mind,'* then there can be no doubt that the outcome of Rimsky-Korsakov's interference with *Boris Godunov* is as monstrous as would be—to quote Parry's simile—'a tree made up half in the style of an apple-tree and half in that of an orange-tree.'

Of course, I cannot tell how much evidence of the mixing-up would have been detected by any of us if the true *Boris Godunov* had been blotted out of existence, nor whether in that case Rimsky-Korsakov's tamperings would have made any of us feel as uncomfortable—if only unconsciously—as most of us feel after comparing the two versions. To the second question I almost incline to reply negatively. I believe that the beauties extant in the revised work would have detracted our attention from the weaknesses created by the reviser's excessive polishing and dovetailing. Thence, I fear, it is but a step to the conclusion that if so, Rimsky-Korsakov's orange-scions, grafted upon Moussorgsky's apple-tree, have not driven all vitality from its roots. Then Moussorgsky's partisans and Rimsky-Korsakov's may well go on for ever hurling at one another the warning embodied in the proverbial *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, while others will stand bewailing the collapse of yet another of our few and fragile critical standards.

But I am not trying to inflict upon readers an article on criticism under colour of dealing with *Boris Godunov*. The point is that both versions

exist, and there is much in Moussorgsky's letters to show that he formally wished his works to stand or fall as he had written them, and not otherwise.

Even if Rimsky-Korsakov's alterations had not distorted a good deal of *Boris Godunov* beyond all possibility of recognition, doing away with much that is essential to the carrying out of Moussorgsky's intentions—terseness, directness, and simplicity were his foremost ideals—a question of ethics would arise to which there could be no two replies. But as things are, it is possible to seek guidance in facts, and not merely in principles.

Whoever has compared the two editions has a perfect right to his opinion, whatever it may be, and is entitled to proclaim it as loudly and as persistently as he chooses. Unfortunately, a good many people adjudicate against Moussorgsky without adducing the slightest proof of having gone through the needful preliminary formality. Sometimes the very terms they use are unmistakable evidence to that effect. And for this sole reason it remains needful to protest again and again, showing—so far as is possible within the few pages of an essay—chapter and verse for every protest. Let those who would have us believe that Rimsky-Korsakov's alterations constitute improvements do the same, and the question may eventually be settled.

EMOTION AND TECHNIQUE

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

The difference between technique and emotion is the difference between mechanism and life. It is the conjunction of the two that makes the rare performer, the player of genius, whose gifts raise technique to a loftier sphere, transfusing and transcending it. Technique is the letter, emotion is the spirit. Yet many performers and many listeners seem satisfied with technique alone. It is either because they have deadened their perceptions by a criticism which is merely a thing of rule and measure, or because they lack in themselves that touchstone by which the qualities of genius are assayed, that sensitiveness which responds to the emotional and the spiritual. They are satisfied with great talent, they do not demand the something more that lifts talent above a technically successful rendering into a personal interpretation, an individual utterance. On a somewhat low plane such persons are content, let us say, with the pianola; and a good many executants, we may assert without cynicism, are nothing but flesh-and-blood pianolas. Or, rather, they are marionettes, skilfully perfected automata, lacking the warmth that pertains to flesh and blood.

We will admit that the pianola may be a good substitute for a performer—but it must be a very poor performer for whom the pianola is thus a substitute. The pianola can give us technique of a sort—it cannot give us emotion. If a player has a bare technique with no emotion or passion behind, the mechanical device may do as well; it has the merit of a cold accuracy, it never falls

* Parry's *Style in Musical Art*, p. 18.

below its own moderate level, it neither disappoints nor surprises us. Does not this adequately describe many of those performers who lack the divine transforming spark, who never disgrace themselves and never surpass themselves, who go through their parts with the faultlessness that, as the poet says, is all fault? And is it not certain that many listeners are absolutely contented with this, that music means just this to them and nothing more? They are paralleled by those who, in another realm of art, take rhyme and metrical structure to be poetry, not knowing that these externals may be present in perfection and yet poetry be absent. They are satisfied; they are conscious of no further appeal; their ears are tickled; their sense of rhythm and tune is appeased; and that which they have never known they do not miss. It is so in literature, when we find readers satisfied with the second- or third-rate, with cheap easy sentiment or sensational melodrama. But the lover of music, even at this low level, does demand a certain amount of technique, and gets it; the uncultured and unwary reader demands and often gets no technique at all.

In its rightful place technique is of immense value. It is like the instrument which interprets or conveys the spiritual message; without it that message cannot be adequately given. A fine performer will make the best of a bad instrument; but the finest performer will naturally do better on a good instrument than on a poor one. The fullest soul that seeks to utter itself in music will be assisted greatly by technical command and ease. Many souls go through life dumb because they have no such means of utterance open to them; they have something to say and cannot say it. Much of the world's sorrow and unrest might be relieved by timely utterance; much is immeasurably increased because it remains voiceless. All forms of art are simply means of such expression; happily there are other means for those who seek them—in life, in action, in love. Such means may be entirely sufficient for many, life being a greater thing than music or literature, which, after all, are only phases or aspects of life itself. But there are souls that crave a definite and articulate expression; rightly or wrongly, they have not found a vent in action; they are constantly troubled with a desire to speak. Lacking the technical facility, they remain speechless. And on the other side we have those who have mastered the technique of expression, but who, apparently, have nothing to say. Good performance is self-expression as well as interpretation; these give us neither. We all know players who are tolerably note-perfect, who have execution and fluency, but who remain unemotional, stolid, stodgy—as satisfactory as a good pianola, but no more. The same judgment must by no means be confined to pianists; it applies to performers on any instrument whatever. Musically, it is the defect of the soulless—which need not mean that the soul is absent, but that it has not found its voice.

Is there any possible remedy for this? We know that a lack of soul in music is more deplorable, more disastrous, than a lack of technique; besides which a certain amount of technique can usually be acquired by patience and moderate gift. Emotion, the pulse and throb of passion, is not so to be acquired. If the defect is unconscious of itself, the condition is obviously hopeless. Such a performer may attain precision and correctitude, every point of expression may be carried into effect; and the result may entirely satisfy those hearers who, like the performer, expect nothing more. Carried to a rare skill of execution, the performance may even cause a sensation, it may astonish and call forth great applause; and though no listener may have been stirred to the depths, only a few may remain aware that there were these depths to be stirred, and that the music has not reached them. Every conservatoire and training-school can turn out many such players yearly, filling to repletion the ranks of the second-rate. Of course it would be absurd to ask that many geniuses should be added to the number of performers in any branch of art. Music is no exception. But what we ask for is not genius, which always comes as a miracle of surprise; it is simply emotion carried into utterance, the touch of true feeling that can arouse feeling in others, the voice that is not merely passionless echo, the interpretation that has found its own voice in that which it interprets, the power that takes up dead notes and makes them live. We want individuality, not mannerism; personality, not affectation.

Perhaps the final thing to say would be that those who lack this gift of emotion should not take up music at all; it is the wrong medium for them. But why should they be deprived of such pleasure as they find in performance; why should the many hearers who are satisfied be deprived? We must be very tolerant of those who are deficient in that which seems to us vital. Obviously it is not vital to all; obviously many find satisfaction in what to ourselves may remain unsatisfactory. If we, in literature or art, turn to that which we believe to be the highest, this does not give us a right to condemn, scarcely even to criticise, those who are gratified differently. Anything of a superior attitude, assumed for these reasons, is mere priggishness, and would hurl us from any height that a purer taste might entitle us to. We are only justified in rebelling when that which is inferior is set up as a standard of excellence. We are justified in remonstrance if a mere jargon is given to us in place of sincere words, or if the feats of the musical acrobat are presented to us as a substitute for living human emotion. If we can only choose one of two things, emotion is better than technique; preferably, we should choose both. The study of music is frequently made too academic, too scientific; it should be spiritualised. Emotional power can be deepened by reading poetry, or by other quickening and enriching of the imagination. Music itself may

have little to borrow from literature, belonging as it does to a quite different sphere of utterance; but the passion and the imagination that are the vital impulse may borrow much. Thoughts that 'lie too deep for tears,' too deep for verbal

articulation, may yet not lie too deep for music; that is music's glory. And by such thought we mean of course thought that is emotional, not simply intellectual. It is the emotion that we want, in all art that speaks truly for the human soul.

SINGING OFF PITCH

BY PROF. E. W. SCRIPTURE

A singer sings off pitch because he does not hear his own voice correctly. The false tone seems to him to be correct; to others it seems wrong. There is no use in discussing the matter with him: it simply seems to him as if you were urging him to sing wrongly. To overcome this difficulty

I have devised an apparatus that shows to the eye automatically whether the singer has the correct pitch—and, if not, just how far he is wrong. He can then learn to sing by the eye and train his ear to hear his own voice correctly. This apparatus is called the strobilion.



FIG. 1.—THE STROBILION.

An apparatus for controlling the pitch of the voice by sight.

The cardboard disc in Fig. 1 contains fifteen rings with white and black spaces. The innermost ring contains eight white spaces, the next nine, &c. The entire series is 8, 9, 10, 10½, 12, 13½, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21½, 24, 26½, 30, 32.

These numbers correspond to the relations of the vibrations in the diatonic scale, *do, re, mi, &c.* The disc is fixed on the axle of an electric motor whose speed can be regulated by resistance.

The disc is illuminated by a small flame from a burner of a special kind. A sectional view of this burner is given in Fig. 2. The gas from a tank of

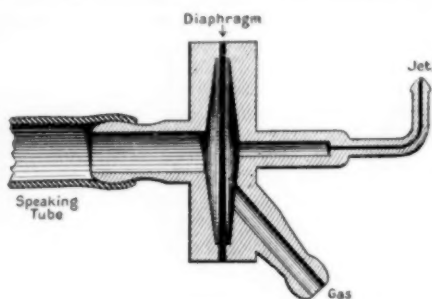


FIG. 2.—VIBRATORY FLAME-BURNER.

Vibrations of the voice coming down the speaking tube move the diaphragm and cause the gas-flame to vibrate.

dissolved acetylene comes in at one side, and issues in a very fine jet. The back wall of the gas-chamber is formed by a thin diaphragm of mica. The sheet of mica is at the end of a wide tube. When a person sings into the tube the vibrations pass to the diaphragm. This sets the gas in vibration and the little flame jumps up and down. When delicately adjusted, the flame actually goes out for an instant at each vibration. This produces a series of flashes of light. The number of the flashes depends on the number of vibrations in the voice.

The disc is set in rotation by starting the motor. The gas is allowed to burn quietly. The disc appears to be of an even grey colour. Some one now sings into the tube. One of the rings of the disc appears to be composed of black and white spaces standing still, while the rest of the disc remains grey, as before (Fig. 3). The explanation is that during the time the flame is out or nearly out at each vibration, the spaces of this ring have just time enough to move through the size of one space; consequently each flash of light shows the black and white in exactly the same places. For other rings this is not the case, and the result is a blur into grey. When the person sings a different tone, a different ring will stand still. In this way the voice can be pitched by means of sight.

When a person sings so that a ring appears to stand still, he finds that the black and white spaces soon begin to creep forward or backward. This is because he is not singing exactly the tone corresponding to the ring. If he sings sharp, the spaces creep in one direction; if flat, they creep in the other direction. The more he is off the pitch, the faster they creep, till finally they race round. By watching the ring he can keep his pitch constant.

This introduces a new principle in singing: *the control of the voice by sight, instead of by hearing.* No matter what the singer thinks he hears his voice doing, the truth is revealed automatically to his eye. In this way he can train himself to a correct knowledge of the pitch of his voice.

The singer can learn to strike the various intervals under guidance of the eye. Another disc contains fifteen rings with spaces corresponding to the notes *do, mi, sol*, over two octaves. When singing *do* so that the innermost ring is still, the singer can jump to one of the other notes of the chord; if his pitch is correct the corresponding ring will stand still.

This training by the eye acts in two ways in developing voice control. In the first place it corrects the ear and trains it to greater fineness in judging the pitch of one's own voice. In the second place it trains the muscle sense in the larynx so that this sense also takes active part in the control.

How far the training of the muscle sense can be developed is shown by experiments with congenitally deaf children who have never heard. Owing to the training in lip-reading they acquire unnatural, queer voices that are always off pitch. The voices are often very high or very low, and they are always monotonous instead of flexible. These children can be trained to speak melodiously and to sing by the strobilism. It is at first very difficult to make them understand what is wanted. But when they at last get the idea of altering the tension in the larynx according to the indications of the apparatus, they learn to control the pitch

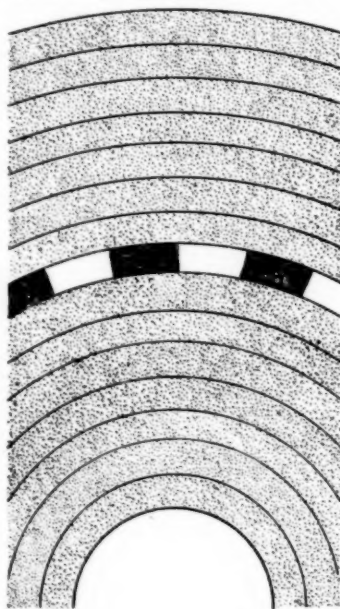


FIG. 3.—STROBILION DISC ILLUMINATED BY THE VIBRATORY FLAME BURNER.

The number of white spaces of one of the rings passing by corresponds to the number of vibrations of the voice; this ring seems to stand still. The other rings appear grey.

of their voices, not only when they are speaking or singing into the apparatus but also without it. That is, they have learned to control the tension in the larynx by the muscle sense.

It is curious how deaf most singers are to their own voices. We are often tempted to think that some of them love their faults and that they simply will not hear. One musician remarked that he wished it were possible to induce Miss ——— (a famous singer in opera) to consult the apparatus; all her friends were pained at her singing off pitch, but no one dared to drop a hint to her.

Vocal instructors are particularly troubled; it often seems impossible to make a student believe that the pitch is wrong, and an appeal to the apparatus is the only resort.

NOTE.—The illustrations for this article are reproduced from the *Volta Review* and my *Stuttering, Lipping, and Correction of the Speech of the Deaf*.

Ad Libitum

BY 'FESTE'

WIRELESS AGAIN

When, some months ago, I ventured to prophesy that the broadcasting of music would eventually kill the ordinary concert I was promptly sat on. Readers told me that people wanted to see, as well as hear the performers; that the social side of the concert-hall was attractive, and so on. During the past few weeks the question has been a good deal in the air, and all the signs, I think, go to support the view put forward in this column. Bournemouth has reported meagre attendances and a heavy drop in receipts at the Municipal Concerts, and it seems to be pretty well proved that broadcasting is at the root of the trouble. Sir Landon Ronald has been telling us that he has never known such bad times in the concert world; the Critics' Circle has decided that the time is ripe for the criticism of the concerts transmitted by the British Broadcasting Company, and the B.B.C. has moved things forward a step by extending its activities from the transmitting station to the concert-hall. It needs no great prevision to see that before long the Company will be able to serve its customers with concerts of all kinds and of first-rate quality. At present it is in the awkward situation of having to cater for widely differing tastes, and we see it attacked for sending out (a) too much good music, and (b) too much of the other sort. Perhaps the B.B.C. will not be above taking a hint from a mere musical journalist. I suggest that the Company will do well to regard itself as being in the position of a conductor who has to please a similarly mixed audience. How would he get over the difficulty? (There are, of course, certain points in which the cases are not analogous. For example, the B.B.C. has the whole of a long evening at its disposal, whereas the conductor must not as a rule exceed a couple of hours. Moreover, a concert to which people go is not on the same footing as one which comes to them; at the former they have to sit through the programme

as a whole, whereas the latter can be switched on or off at will. But there remains sufficient similarity to make the comparison helpful, and the differences are all in favour of the Company, as we shall see.)

To begin with, we may be sure that a conductor would base his policy on the sound principle that the patronage of the musical section of his customers must be retained. In order to do this he would avoid such mixtures of good and bad music as are sent out so often by the B.B.C. Had the 'Proms.' been started with a hodge-podge they would not have run for over a quarter of a century. As it is, they have always had the support of musicians, and have been making converts all the time. But the B.B.C. audience is at home in the bosom of its family—in fact the family is listening too; so there must be something for everybody. The question is, should all these diverse tastes be catered for every evening? At present, the plan seems to be that of giving good music a rest on certain evenings. There are many musicians (yours truly is among them) who will not be satisfied until they can count on a dollop of something worth listening to every evening. I hope the B.B.C. will soon see the wisdom of meeting us. We don't want long programmes—forty-five to sixty minutes of good stuff, chamber or orchestral music most evenings, with an occasional solo recital of some kind. This leaves ample time for an hour of ballads, fox-trots, &c., for those who want such fare. We can turn on the tap for our allowance, and then wind up the gramophone while the ballads are on.

Here is an example of the kind of thing that no conductor with gumption would do when making up a programme. On January 1, the B.B.C. began the glad New Year villainously with a programme that contained only one item that musicians would want to hear—some movements (not specified) from Rimsky Korsakov's *Scheherazade*. Now imagine yourself to be a listener-in (though why the B.B.C.'s clients should bear so dreadful a label heaven only knows: presumably those who are not clients are listeners-out): anyway, suppose you wanted to hear *Scheherazade*. You didn't know the exact time of its performance, so you had to turn the tap on in good time. This let you in for Stephen Adams's *Thora* or a selection from *The Bing Boys*. If, having heard *Scheherazade*, you felt in the vein for more music, you had to satisfy your craving with an entr'acte, *In the Cloisters*, by Leo Torrance, Blumenthal's *My Queen*, and Collman's *All that I ask*. (Stay; there was something better—a selection from *Pagliacci*, but this second ewe lamb is not enough to affect the argument.) Now, people who want Rimsky-Korsakov have no use for *Thora* or *My Queen*; just as those who care for such feeble songs are happier without

Rimsky-Korsakov. The B.B.C. programmes contain too much music that falls between two stools—it is far from good, and if you defend it by saying it is not bad, I reply that this negation is the fault that damns it beyond hope. It has not enough vitality to be bad. The most blatant of fox-trots has life; its blatancy may be misdirected energy, but, at all events, there *is* the energy. From dance music of this type composers may in the long run evolve something fine, just as the old dances led to the Suites of Bach. But can we imagine anything significant being evolved from *Thora* or *My Queen*?

Since the above was written, Mr. Ernest Newman has been dealing faithfully with the B.B.C. (*Sunday Times*, January 13). Perhaps he is a trifle on the severe side. After all, the Company has a tremendous task, and can hardly be expected to give all-round satisfaction in the short time that has elapsed since its founding. Still, a good jolt will do the music department no harm. Like most musicians, Mr. Newman has not yet a wireless set, simply because of the nature of the programmes. He says that he has no use for ninety-five per cent. of the music sent out:

Most of it consists of things I do not want to hear, performed partly by people whose names I do not know, partly by people whom, having heard them already, I have no desire to hear again.

I have noticed that when a musical critic says this sort of thing, the reply of the criticised is generally something after this manner: 'We don't profess to cater for such folk as music critics. We are out to serve the general public,' and then will probably follow a few sniffing references to 'highbrows' and 'superior people'; if the word *blasé* doesn't come in it will be by an unusual oversight. This sort of view needs to be sat on, good and hard. It has its origin in the totally mistaken idea that the handful of people who occupy prominent positions in the musical world, either in some administrative or educational capacity, or as critics, have a palate only for things too good for human nature's daily food. There can be no bigger mistake. If you could make an amalgam of the musical tastes of the Principals of the R.A.M., the R.C.M., and the G.S.M., the musical section of the Critics' Circle, the conductors of our leading orchestras, and any dozen prominent teachers, chosen at random, you would find it wonderfully like that of the frequenter of the Promenade concerts on their most crowded nights—especially on the Fridays. In his turn the Promenader is by no means out of the ordinary. There are hundreds of thousands of people like him all over the country. They don't attend concerts for a variety of reasons, some good, some bad. But they are always ready to respond—or react, as the fashionable word is just now—to a very large proportion of the works of the great composers of all periods. Sir Hugh Allen's recent remark that the man in the

street had an instinctive liking for good music was widely quoted in the daily press as if it had been the announcement of some new fact. But Sir Hugh, I am sure, would laugh at the idea of his having made a sensational discovery. Few musicians have had more opportunities for observing the normal person's enjoyment of good music when tactfully chosen. I mention this question of tactful choice, because we so often find well-meaning enthusiasts choosing for missionary purposes slow, abstruse, and subtle music instead of drawing on the great mass of classical works that are either markedly tuneful or rhythmical, or both. Everybody, from the critic in the grand circle down (or up) to the policeman at the door, has an ear for a good tune and a pulse that goes out to a piece of vital rhythm.

Musicians themselves are well aware of this widespread natural good taste. The old and pestilent idea that good music is a matter for nobody outside a smallish aristocracy of art has been knocked on the head and put to sleep some time since. No doubt many a casual reader of the *Sunday Times* has passed by Mr. Newman's weekly article under the impression that he and Mr. Newman have nothing in common. Mr. Newman doesn't make that mistake. He says:

There must be hundreds of thousands of people in Britain with tastes like mine, and I should like to ask the British Broadcasting Company when it proposes to cater for these people, and how.

The programmes have lately shown signs of a real desire to meet the case, but the 'how' is not yet grasped by the Company. When at last it does see its way, it will tap a large, new field. We saw a similar thing in the evolution of the gramophone. A few years ago musicians wouldn't share a house with a gramophone. The recording companies began by supplying the needs of the least musical section of the public. Then it dawned on some of the more enterprising that the musical people's money was as good as anybody else's, and their custom as well worth having. We know the result. Records of the finest music are being poured out on all sides, and if we may judge from the report of the H.M.V. shareholders' meeting, held a few weeks ago, there is at least no cause for regret on the business side.

Discussing the future of wireless music, Mr. Newman makes a valuable suggestion that I hope will be taken up. He points out that practically all the performances of new works are confined to London and two or three large cities. There must be hosts of musicians elsewhere anxious to keep in touch with new productions. Here is an opening for the B.B.C. Mr. Newman is sure that readers of the press, lay and musical, all over the country, must have been puzzled by the critical discussion—not to say wrangling—over *Pierrot Lunaire*. The work has not been heard in England otherwise than at the two London performances, and not more than six hundred people were present at these concerts.

Mr. Newman asks why the B.B.C. shouldn't look ahead on such occasions, and arrange to broadcast the novelty, either from the concert-hall or from its station. He thinks 'there is not a music-lover from Land's End to John o' Groat's who wouldn't listen eagerly to a thing of this kind,' and he goes on to point out that a good deal of unfamiliar music can be broadcast less expensively than the familiar, because in most cases (he instances the Bartók Violin Sonata) it involves a small number of performers and the minimum of damaging comparison. The Company could drop *Thora* to-morrow and fill her place with something vital, without losing a single subscriber. When it goes even farther, takes its courage in both hands, and gives a little thought to the needs of Mr. Newman and me and our quarter of a million of fellow-musicians, it will rope us all in, hand over fist.

Having spoken of Mr. Newman's suggestion, I venture to bring forward one of my own. I notice that an influential committee of women has been got together to advise the B.B.C. as to the fare for the Women's Hour. I suggest that a similar committee of representative musicians be called in to help the Company in the matter of music.

The Company has an audience of millions, of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. The business of drawing up those daily programmes would be simplified if, as the result of the work of such a committee, a definite musical policy could be settled. There are a hundred questions on which a body made up of a few music critics, teachers, administrators, and amateurs, could give helpful advice. The thing is too big to be left in the hands of one or two officials, however keen and competent. It is on the point of becoming a national affair, and the Company should not hesitate to make use of the best musical brains in the country.

I mentioned above that the Critics' Circle is of opinion that the time is ripe for its members to deal with the concerts sent out by wireless. This is good, though there are obvious difficulties in the way. To begin with, will the editors of the newspapers dole out the necessary extra bit of space? In too many cases they are inclined to cut down the allowance where music is concerned. (For example, I have just heard that one group of papers, faced with the need for economy, has begun by taking an axe to the music department.) Then again, I imagine that criticism (at all events for a time) will have to be directed to the programmes and the transmission rather than to the performance—otherwise singers and players will be blamed for faults that are likely to be due to atmospheric obstructions or other natural defects. Such rapid progress is, however, being made that we shall soon be able to allot praise and blame with something like confidence.

But perhaps the critics might do even more useful service by discussing the programmes beforehand. They are, I believe, issued well in

advance. A weekly article on the chief items selected for the ensuing seven days would be a capital feature. For one thing, it would set a host of people reading about music for the first time in their lives. I doubt if many people yet realise the potentialities of wireless so far as music is concerned. I happen to live in a small village, twenty miles from London, and not easily accessible. Until lately the villagers have been practically starved in the matter of music. A couple of concerts a year in the school-room, or a few gramophone records of dance music or comic songs are all that have come their way. To-day I find my neighbours (some of the unlikeliest, too) nightly taking their allowance of music of all sorts. If this is not an epoch-making new departure, I don't know one when I see it.

But epoch-making departures throw a heavy responsibility on those who set them in motion, and it is 'up to' the B.B.C. It has an opportunity of doing more for music than has ever yet been done by any invention or organization, and it is to be hoped that musicians will help with a push, a pat, or a kick, as may be necessary from time to time.

THE 'EROICA' SYMPHONY

By R. W. S. MENDEL

The object of the present article is to make an attempt at solving some of the difficulties which hearers of the *Eroica* Symphony have felt ever since its first production.

The *Eroica* is sometimes said to be programme music, but it is hardly correct to apply that term to this work with the same meaning as to Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony, and still more definitely to the tone-poems of Strauss or such a work as W. H. Reed's *Lincoln Imp*. The *Eroica* rather occupies a position on the border-line between such compositions and the pure expression of feeling contained, for instance, in the Symphony of César Franck or the Seventh of Beethoven—for, although it was originally entitled *Symphonie Bonaparte*, it will not be regarded by many hearers as being descriptive of actual scenes from the life and death of the great Corsican. The Symphony in fact does not tell a story: it unfolds a character. And because it does that—because it deals with the phases of a soul and the emotions experienced by the world at the passing of a great man—it can scarcely be called pictorial in the same sense as *Till Eulenspiegel* or Moussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition*.

The *Eroica* Symphony is the finest piece of idealistic character-drawing in the whole range of musical portraiture. Before its splendours and its infinite variety the boisterous heroics of Wagner's *Siegfried* fade into insignificance, and even the masterly *Heldenleben* of Richard Strauss seems artificial by comparison. Sir George Grove long ago proved conclusively that the name *Eroica* was intended by the composer to refer to the whole work and not only to the first two movements. But though he found in the Trio of the *Scherzo* 'a feeling of infinitude or eternity' which is 'fully in keeping with the "heroic" character of the poem,' and conceived one of the most illuminative theories in the history of interpretative musical criticism by suggesting that

the *Poco Andante* section of the *Finale* reveals the apotheosis of the hero, he has not explained in what manner he believes the other portions of those last two movements to be 'included in the picture.' Yet they must be included in it, if the unity of the whole Symphony is to be vindicated completely.

In any attempt to discover the intentions of Beethoven it is advisable to guard against placing too literal a construction on his statement that when composing he always had a picture in his mind. To do so is to fall into the error of supposing that a 'programme'—in most cases not disclosed to us—underlies practically everything which he wrote. That would surely be an exaggeration of the truth. Beethoven does sometimes compose to a programme: in a few instances he has told us what it is, and doubtless in certain other cases he did conceive a programme which for some reason he preferred to keep to himself. But most of his instrumental music is, I venture to think, best regarded as the expression of moods and emotions and not as an attempt to paint the scenes and incidents either of real life or of fiction. Even the *Eroica* was not a musical illustration of Napoleon's career: it was inspired by Beethoven's highly idealised conception of a great republican leader and reformer, which he assumed Bonaparte to be: and when his illusion was shattered, he tore up the original title-page and gave the work the name which now it bears, 'In memory of a great man.'

Dr. Charles Wood suggested the following explanation of the *Scherzo* of the *Eroica**:

'A crowd, full of pent-up excitement, is awaiting the hero. His approach is welcomed by a sudden (one-bar *crescendo*) shout of twenty-two bars *ff*, and he makes his appearance in as revolutionary a style as Beethoven could well make him assume:



(Note the sudden quiet of the crowd.) His object in coming is explained in the Trio. This is an address to the people The speech is received with marks of approval and cheers'

and so on.

This is very ingenious, but its detailed subtlety is appropriate rather to Strauss than to Beethoven. Moreover, it takes no account of the mystic feeling underlying the later part of the Trio. It has, however, two advantages; it rightly assumes that the third movement forms part of the representation of the hero, and also that Beethoven would not be troubled by the idea of continuing that representation after burying his protagonist in the second movement. Beethoven was not a narrative writer: neither the movements of his compositions nor the successive parts of these movements were meant by him to describe events in chronological order. The belief entertained by Berlioz that the *Scherzo* of the *Eroica* tells of funeral games after the hero's death, similar to those described in the *Iliad*, illustrates the danger of interpreting Beethoven in the light of his successors. The same fallacy—the notion that the third movement must

have been meant to show what happened after the funeral depicted in the second movement—underlies the more recent suggestion that 'Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!' is the message of the *Scherzo*. It is indeed hardly credible that the composer intended the third movement of his *Heroic* Symphony to be concerned, not with the hero at all, but with the acclamations bestowed upon that hero's imaginary successor by his enthusiastic countrymen.

The *Eroica* Symphony must, I think, be approached in the same spirit as Beethoven's other works. By remembering what he has done elsewhere we shall perhaps arrive at an interpretation which is at least in consonance with the methods most characteristic of his genius. Now, his usual way is to present, in the various movements of a composition, a series of moods strongly contrasted with each other and yet displaying a unity which is spiritual rather than thematic. Beethoven was himself an impulsive creature, given to sudden changes of temper, and the more we study his life in conjunction with his music, the more apparent does it become that his character is over and over again revealed in his art. Just as in the man a fit of moroseness would give place with startling rapidity to outbursts of boisterous fun, and gloomy forebodings would be followed by an exuberance of high spirits, so, too, Beethoven the musician would, for instance, plunge from the vivacity of the first *Allegro* of his seventh Symphony straight into the melancholy of the *Allegretto*, and thence—by a contrast no less direct—rise again to the brilliant gaiety of the third movement.

Is it too much to suppose that in the *Eroica* Symphony the great composer was presenting to us, not a highly complicated programme of events as to the true nature of which he has left us in doubt, but simply a portrait of his ideal hero in various aspects?

The first two movements have never caused much difficulty. The opening *Allegro* seems to give a picture of strength and nobility, of tenderness and anguish, of mystery, of hope, and of ultimate triumph. The following movement tells its own tale. It is the most tremendous funeral music in existence. The whole world seems to be paying its last homage to the great man whose glorious career has been cut short so tragically; and though the composer more than once lifts the veil of mourning and vouchsafes to us a voice of comfort, sweet beyond all compare, yet at the end the solemn dirge returns until the sad procession, with faltering steps and slow, gradually moves out of sight.

Then comes the change—perhaps the most complete change in the whole world of music—for Beethoven has hardly written anything more light-hearted than the opening of this *Scherzo*. Yet—unlike the *Finale* of the B flat Trio, which it must be confessed is somewhat of an anticlimax after the beautiful *Adagio*—the beginning of the third movement in the *Eroica* is not a shock to us. It comes as an immense relief after the gloom that has preceded it. In some sense its effect seems to resemble the impression produced upon our minds by the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* and the ensuing speech of the Porter, where, after the almost unbearable strain of the scene of Duncan's murder, we feel, as de Quincey says, that 'the pulses of life are beginning to beat again.'

It may be true that the entrance of the *Scherzo*—the successor of the old *Minuet*—at this point of

* Quoted on p. 95 of Sir George Grove's *Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies*.

the Symphony is a circumstance thrust upon the composer by the traditions of the past, which demanded that the slow movement should stand second in the order of things, and which Beethoven at this stage of his career would scarcely have ventured to infringe. Yet this is only one more instance of the poetical sublimation of inherited forms which is the peculiar glory of this great master.

What is the message which the *Scherzo* bears to us? Directly the Funeral March is over, the composer at once lightens the darkness by turning the bright rays of his imagination on to another side of the heroic figure. To Beethoven, who—as we know both from the story of his life and from innumerable passages in his works—was gifted with a strong sense of humour, it would have been inconceivable that the ideal map who formed the subject of his Symphony should for ever have been serious and dignified. The hero could not always be heroic; and accordingly Beethoven, with that amazing instinct for the contrasts in human character which he shares with Shakespeare, now shows us the lighter side of the hero's nature. It ought not to be forgotten that Beethoven at the time he wrote this Symphony was only about thirty-three years of age, and that moreover Napoleon, the original subject of the composition, was but ten months older than his great musical contemporary. The *Scherzo* of the *Eroica* is instinct with the spirit of youth—youth in its most buoyant, vivacious, and sprightly form: and if Beethoven, who himself dearly loved to play jokes upon his friends, was not inclined to deny to his ideal character a sense of fun, it is not for us to deny that the *Scherzo* is in keeping with the rest of his conception. But the movement is not light-hearted throughout. Just as in the *Finale* of the C minor Symphony the master bids the instruments hush for a few brief moments from their tumultuous joy and listen to the mysterious warning of that unseen power which has dominated the orchestra in the previous movement, so here in the Trio section of the *Eroica* the music assumes for a while a graver tone, and we are afforded a glimpse into that eternal mystery which lies—potent and incomprehensible—behind and beyond the sparkling gaiety of youthful enthusiasm.

However much of a puzzle the *Scherzo* has proved to be in the past, the *Finale* has been even more so. The suggestion of Sir George Grove, however, that the *Poco Andante* section represents the apotheosis of the hero, is at once so convincing, both from the place at which the passage occurs in the work as a whole and from the nature of the music itself, that it becomes almost impossible to listen to this part of the movement except in the light of that interpretation. But a great deal still remains unexplained. What is the position of the theme and all the variations which precede the *Poco Andante*, and of the *Coda* which follows it? How do they fit into the conception of the hero? The movement opens with a loud preliminary flourish, and then the strings give out in soft *pizzicato* notes the bass alone of the melody upon which the rest of the *Finale* is built. This curious beginning strikes us at first as being anything but heroic; on the contrary, it is almost trivial, and its continuation is no more dignified. Even the theme itself, charming though it is, is scarcely of the stuff of which heroes are made. Gradually, however, the music becomes with successive variations more and more complex, until

at last it reaches a climax, and then Beethoven marks a pause in the score, and introduces the noble *Poco Andante* section. That—very roughly—is the scheme which he has followed in the first part of this movement.

What is the dominant impression left upon our minds by this music? It is, I think, an impression of growth. With most other sets of variations in existence, the theme passes through a series of phases, each of which is usually in striking contrast with its neighbour; we do not feel that the theme is advancing from strength to strength, but simply that its nature and its possibilities are being continually shown in a different light. With the *Finale* of the *Eroica*, on the other hand, the music starts from quite insignificant elements and, as it were, gradually reaches maturity; ultimately a light from heaven shines upon it, and its beauty and strength are at last revealed in their true, ideal significance. Then the joyful acclamations of the *Coda* bring the whole work to a triumphant conclusion.

Beethoven has in this final movement presented his hero to us in an aspect different again from those set forth in the earlier portions of the Symphony. He shows us how even the greatest of mankind begins by being quite undistinguished, and yet may become a mighty leader of men. In the vigorous G minor episode, which alone interrupts the course of the variations, we seem to see the hero bracing his determination to accomplish his purpose. Throughout his career we watch that same simple nature of his, ever developing, until at last the composer unfolds the wondrous tableau of the hero's ascent to the abode of the blessed. The way in which the original air, once so delicate and childlike, is now transfigured by a vast change of *tempo* and of instrumentation, and thundered out in all its splendour by the brass, is one of the most impressive passages in the whole work. The hero's life-task has been accomplished. He has entered the kingdom of heaven. And at the end of the Symphony the orchestra seems to lift the melody shoulder high and, personifying all humanity, to proclaim the hero's glory from the housetops.

ON NEGLECTED WORKS

By KAIKHOSRU SORABJI

It is a lugubrious and dreary task making an inventory of the fine works, old and new, ignored or neglected because of the atrophied and refrigerated brains of executive musicians, as always—with very few exceptions—the greatest curse on the advancement and progress of music, repeating all their lives the few stock pieces they drugged at in their student days, incarnated automata, without one ten-thousandth part of the resources of or the value of a first-class pianola or gramophone, ceaselessly ringing the changes on a couple of dozen or so pieces, like a certain pianist who was traced all over Europe for years with the same small number of works. The scandal of this has reached such a size that when Mr. — is down to play a pianoforte concerto, we all know it will be the Tchaikovsky No. 1, or M. de — the Grieg. Of course, I know the individual who will yelp that masterpieces are always welcome, and who, if he happens to possess a Dictionary of Quotations, will babble *clichés* about age not withering or custom staling. To begin with, neither of these works is even a minor masterpiece—

it is not a masterpiece at all, but a very ordinary piece of artizan work, long since worn out. Masterpieces, it is true, may be always welcome, but not the same masterpieces.

Liszt, who is derided and ridiculed by those who know nothing of his work beyond a few virtuoso pieces—and who, with the usual impudence of the ignorant, have, of course, very decided opinions on the subject (or victim) of their ignorance—is known practically only by his worst or inferior works, excepting of course the B minor Sonata. The superb Fantasia and Fugue on *BACH*, the wonderful *Weinen, Klagen* Variations, the great B minor Ballade, the Paganini *Études*, the *Années de Pèlerinage*, the *Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*, are scarcely ever heard and are practically unknown. The A major Pianoforte Concerto, incomparably the finer of the two, is rarely played, the *Dante* and *Faust* Symphonies scarcely ever. I can remember one performance of the latter in five years, by Busoni, at his memorable orchestral concert in June, 1919—Busoni, who is not merely a pianist and composer of quality that places him alone on a mountain top—as de Pachmann once said of Liszt—but a conductor of very great gifts as well. Among the smaller and lighter pianoforte works of Liszt there are certain numbers of the *Consolations*, the *Valse Impromptu*, the fascinating *Valse Oubliée*—the harmonic origin of the later Scriabin—and the delicately charming *Berceuse*, that no one ever plays.

We hardly ever hear certain of the lesser pianoforte Concertos and Symphonies of Beethoven, but such atrocities as *In questa tomba* and the hideous *Adelaide* are rammed into our ears at every opportunity. The latter is the stalking horse of every miserable *voce bianca*, *voce inglese* of a tenor up and down the land.

The solo Cantatas of Bach are ignored. A marvel like *Jauchzet Gott in allen Länden* (a concerto for voice and instruments a century-and-a-half before the feeble and furiously puffed 'innovations' of Arthur Bliss, and a superb opportunity for pure singing and fine musicianship) has had one complete public performance in London in fifteen years. Miss Carrie Tubb, almost the only English soprano who has any idea of how to sing Bach, and the necessary voice and technique, has once or twice sung the closing *Allerluja* from this wonderful work so finely that it is matter for acute regret that she does not sing it in its entirety.

The very beautiful Schumann *Faust* I never remember to have seen on any London programme, and the same remark applies to the *Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz, whose *Symphonie Fantastique* was last played four or five years ago. *L'Enfance du Christ* has, I believe, never been heard here in a lifetime, and surely those whose mania it is to root out the 'odd' and 'queer' might let us hear the very curious and interesting pendant to the *Symphonie Fantastique*, *Lélio*. This would surely prove no more unbearable than one less performance of the wretched grimcrack *New World* Symphony. And if the treacle eaters must have their dose of soothing syrup, why not Dvůřák's Pianoforte Concerto for once? It looks no worse than the Symphony, and as it has been in cold storage for decades it has not reached the stage of decomposition that the Symphony has attained.

It is often said by those who live by it, and are therefore under an immoral obligation to lick the public's boot, that in the long run the best works are always the most popular. We are asked to believe

this hilarious nonsense in the face of the vastly greater popularity of the *Moonlight* compared with that of the *Hammerklavier* or Op. 111; the *Tannhäuser* Overture with the Prelude to Act 3 of *Siegfried*; the Bach-Gounod-Wood *Ave Maria* with the pure, original Bach; the *Valse Triste* with the composer's remarkable fourth Symphony; the E flat with the A major Liszt Pianoforte Concerto, or the same composer's *Liebestraum* with his B minor *Ballade*; the second with the third Rachmaninov Concerto, the Petite Suite with the three Nocturnes, *Land of Hope and Glory*, *Pomp and Circumstance* in G, and *Cockaigne*, with the Symphonies or *Falstaff*—and so on, as long as one cares to continue. After this, what becomes of twaddlesome sentimentalities such as 'trust-to-the-public's-judgment,' 'heart-in-the-right-place,' 'knows-what's-really-good,' and all the rest of the spurious, discreditable, sycophantic claptrap of parasites and hangers-on? Listen to a 'Prom.' audience applauding. Hear them as ecstatic over some wretched ballad-wailing female committing an assault upon a Mozart aria as over fine playing of a great work—like Victor Schiöler's of the Reger Pianoforte Concerto.

The violinists are perhaps the worst of all. The time-dishonoured association of their whimpering instrument (as it so often is) with suppressed erotic cravings draws them inevitably to the Tchaikovsky Concerto, with occasional daring excursions into Vieuxtemps, Wieniawsky, and Lalo. One's chances of hearing a Bach Violin Concerto are as remote as those of hearing the Brahms, the Elgar, or the lovely Delius.

The Szymanowski Pianoforte Concerto is of course out of the question; a remarkable work, this, by one of the very few contemporary composers who have a profound understanding of the pianoforte. The Reger is still more out of the question; the critics have finally delivered their verdict—as usual, after hearing next to nothing of the composer's work, and that at very rare intervals.

The larger and more important orchestral works of Debussy are outrageously neglected. Not for years do we have a performance of the *Three Nocturnes*, *Nuages*, *Fêtes*, or the marvellously lovely *Sirènes*; or of the splendid *La Mer*, with its high fantasy admirably symbolized by a cover reproducing Hiroshigé's 'Back of the Wave'; or of the orchestral *Images*, *Gigues*, *Rondes de Printemps*, and *Iberia*—a superb work, and perhaps one of the greatest things Debussy ever did. Why have we never had a concert performance of *Khamma* (the ballet written for Maud Allan), or *Le Martyre de St. Sébastien*? The pianists revolve, like those insect prisoners of two dimensions whom Fabre describes, endlessly following one another round and round, about *Reflets dans l'Eau*, one of the entirely unrepresentative and paltry *Arabesques*—or perhaps *Jardins sous la Pluie*. Very rarely do we hear any of the other numbers of the *Estampes*, the First or Second set of *Images*, the second book of Preludes, *L'Isle Joyeuse*, or the Suite *Pour le Piano*.

The singers do not even revolve; they remain rooted, fixed immovably to *Mandoline* (which they all murder, singing it like a dirge), and occasionally *Romance*. I have not heard certain of the *Ariettes Oubliées*, the *Fêtes Galantes*, the *Chanson de Bilitis*, the Baudelaire songs, or the *Proses Lyriques*, for years. *De Rêve* and *De Fleurs* (from the *Proses Lyriques*), two of his greatest songs, I have heard

sung by no one but d'Alvarez, except once, the second, by that most interesting and enterprising artist, Mlle. Rosowsky. The Ravel songs fare even worse. Once in years do we hear the Clement Marot *Épigrammes*, the *Schéhérazade* songs, or the amazing Mallarmé set, surely one of the highest achievements of French song. Of André Caplet, there are at least a dozen very beautiful songs that are never heard.

I now come to one of the most flagrant instances of all—that of a composer who, if not a British composer in the literal sense of the word, is so great that this country is glad enough to stretch the very scanty claim she has to him to breaking-point—Deliús. I shall of course be told of sporadic and regularly execrable performances of the *Dance Rhapsody* (No. 1) and *Brigg Fair*; but what of years at a stretch empty of performances of the *Mass of Life*, *Sea-drift*, or the *Arabesque*, works of supreme genius, beauty, and power?

To return. The Reger Pianoforte Concerto has taken thirteen years to reach London. This superb work, one of the very greatest of pianoforte concertos, was heard thanks to the enterprise and courageous unconventionality of the gifted and very able young Danish pianist, Victor Schöler, who did not think it inevitably necessary to repeat yet again the Saint-Saëns, the Grieg, the Tchaikovsky, or any of the other dilapidated affairs inflicted on us by exhibitionist pianists. The Reger Concerto gives no opportunities to these gentry. Although it is of very great difficulty and complexity, it is inherently and organically so. There are no idle passages of *Fingerfertigkeit* laid like rags over the meagre nakedness of a scrofulous, chlorotic body; still less has it any taking tunes à la Grieg's golden syrup, although it possesses themes of great and sombre beauty. Equally deplorable is the neglect of the *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Bach*, a monumental work worthy of being placed beside the greatest of its genre.

What is the secret of the disappearance from programmes of new works that have carried off a definite 'popular' success, while others that have fallen flat as a wet rag are repeated? Is it that the supply of that lubricant to which I have before alluded in the *Musical Times* has given out, and that therefore the wheels have come to a rusty standstill? A certain work was extremely well received at its first performance some few years ago: it is a delightful, amusing, and sparkling work by a well-known Englishman. It disappeared completely for four or more seasons. On the other hand, a raw amateur production of a certain young person's, no better than any dozen academy students could have written, has been played again and again, although its reception when I heard it was politely unenthusiastic, and has become a positive public nuisance. If a work that is not a popular success and hopelessly bad (like the Milhaud second Symphonic Suite), can be repeated, why not another work which is also not a popular success but extremely good, like that very remarkable A minor Symphony (No. 4) of Sibelius, a work that for concentrated terseness and closely-woven conciseness of expression is unique?

Is the great Busoni Concerto—a work majestic in proportions and style, and epic in its grandness of conception—never to be heard again? It has, I believe, been performed once only in London—some eleven years or more ago.

C

Mr. Newman was perhaps wiser than he knew when, *pour badiner*, he foreshadowed a time when composers would write without reference to performance or the limitations of instruments. The standard of orchestral performances so far as London is concerned is at present so appalling, and the chance of adequate rehearsal so remote, that it is a matter for constant amazement to me that self-respecting composers are willing to allow dreadful caricatures of their works merely for the dubious privilege of such public performances.

Last, but not by any means least (in offences) come the chamber musicians, who persist in playing the not very typical and decidedly inferior Quartet of Ravel and ignoring his superb Trio which, with the Florent Schmitt Quintet, is one of the very best things that has come from France in our time. For gorgeous magnificence and sumptuous splendour, I do not know any chamber work to compare with this great Quintet. It has much of the characteristics of Byzantine architecture, glowing with gold and polychromatic mosaics. The wide, arching curves of its fine themes and its large spaciousness of style are singularly remote from the smallness and meanness that is so typical of modern French music. On the one occasion in eight years that I have had the pleasure of listening to this beautiful work (at South Place) it was enthusiastically received. It seems that our chamber musicians, like the others, when they have one of their rare spasms of enterprise are concerned above all with *newness*—quality appears to be not even a secondary consideration. In no other way can one explain for instance why any four musicians should waste time on simian gibberings like the Stravinsky pieces for string quartet, while ignoring the quartets of van Dieren—one of the two or three authentic great masters of our time. The Stravinsky pieces call for mere intelligence in performance, apart from mechanical dexterity: the quartets of van Dieren demand intellectual power of considerable order. Ninety-nine per cent. of people, according to recent psychological investigation, remain at the stage of mental development they reached at ten years of age, but that is no adequate excuse for exalting the *littérateur* and cartoonist of the subways above Buonarroti or da Vinci.

Here are some extracts from recently published books on singing:

The Pneumogastric nerve, issuing from the Medulla Oblongata, divides and ramifies in the head, neck, and thorax, and is known to have a direct influence on the Voice.

When the thoughts can be brought to a more idealic [*sic*] state, the physical voice will more nearly appear in its natural state, which is its best condition, while the mental or spiritual side—the larger part—is enhanced according to the plane of thought.

And for relaxed muscles I know of no greater attribute one can develop for oneself than love for one's fellow man.

Strengthening the hyoglossal, the back, or the intrinsic laryngeal muscles is not only unnecessary but tends to superinduce objective control of the separate factors of speech and an abnormal development.

If the singer of to-day goes wrong it is not for lack of clear direction.

RHEINBERGER'S ORGAN SONATAS

BY HARVEY GRACE

(Continued from January number, page 39)

NO. 14, IN C MAJOR, OP. 165

Praelidium; Idyll; Toccata

Rheinberger's skill in construction is shown very strikingly in the first movement of the C major Sonata. Modestly entitled *Praelidium*, it fills eleven pages, and effectively combines fugue and sonata forms. It gives us a Prelude and Fugue, touches the sonata form by including a definite second subject (sandwiched in the middle of the Fugue, and duly recapitulated and briefly developed in true sonata style), and winds up with a two-page *Coda* compounded of material drawn from both Prelude and Fugue. The form is thus *a-b-c-b-c-Coda* on *a* and *b*—an elaborate scheme carried through with complete success.

The Prelude recalls Bach by making almost constant use of the little figure that plays so big a part in the G major *Brandenburg* Concerto and other works. The vigour of the opening owes much to the bold plunge into A flat :

Ex. 1. $\text{♩} = 72$.

&c.

A doubtful point in the text of the first page calls for note. In line 3, bar 3, are bad consecutive fifths between alto and bass—bad, not because they are fifths but because they are ugly. Moreover, the alto part runs into a held tenor note in a very unworkman-like way. I cannot persuade myself that the bar is right as it stands; the left-hand part has somehow gone astray. Some years ago I hit on a simple solution of the muddle, but I made no note of it, and it has now joined the lost chord. Perhaps some reader can suggest a way out. Here is the bar as printed :

Ex. 2.

Ped.

There is little to be said in favour of working out sequences mechanically, but in this case, as only two bars are involved, it seems a pity the composer was not content to follow convention and write this :

Ex. 3.

Ped.

This Sonata is rich in misprints. Some are obvious, of course, but players should never leave their correction to memory. 'Safety first' should be the rule of the busy player with little time for practice, and the pencil should be used freely. On this same page, line 2, bar 4, the first pair of semi-quavers in the right hand should be C-B flat, not B flat-A; and on page 4, line 3, bar 4, the second note in the pedal-part should be B flat, not A flat.*

After three pages of vigorous matter we reach a full close in C, the final chord releasing the following fugue subject :

Ex. 4.

We may be sure that it is not by chance that the opening notes of the subject are an augmentation of those with which the movement begins, and that the rhythm $\text{♩} \text{♩}$ is a prominent feature in both Prelude and Fugue. Two pages and a-half are given to the working of this subject, after which the key changes to E major, and by means of a bridge constructed from the first three notes of Ex. 4, we come to the second subject proper—a curious, wide-ranging little tune :

Ex. 5.

which is straightway repeated twice—first in G, then in E, an *arpeggio* tenor part being added for the latter presentment. Six bars of modulation bring us to G major, in which key the Fugue is resumed. Rheinberger is careless here, with a *f* direction that is unsatisfactory, as it comes on in the middle of a suspension. The best way of managing the transition from the second subject to the Fugue is to play the whole of the section from bar 4, line 3, page 8, to bar 3, line 3, page 9, on Swell or Choir, going over to the Great with the opening note of the fugue subject, thus :

* Some of the engraver's errors in the Sonatas may have been corrected in recent editions, but I have not so far been able to discover signs of a revision. They are therefore pointed out in full. I take this opportunity for thanking Mr. Arthur M. Fox, who a few years ago sent me a complete list of such errors.



A fine entry is that of the subject at the end of this page. It comes in with bold effect on F natural taken as the dominant seventh, so that the bar opens on a $\frac{4}{3}$. Fourteen bars of episode, based on the opening of the fugue subject, lead to a recapitulation of the second subject, now in C, presented three times, as before, but now in C, E flat, and C, with a delightful effect made by a double pedal point, the tonic in the bass being balanced by a dominant in the treble, with three parts moving between. At the start of this page occurs one of the worst of all the composer's careless directions, the subject being marked *p* and the accompaniment *mf*! The theme may easily be soloed, and the matter so put right, but seeing that the soloing cannot be carried on for the two repetitions of the subject, it seems scarcely worth while starting on such a scheme. It is better to play the whole of this section on one manual. The end of the page brings us to the *Coda*. The big chordal version of the fugue subject at the close of this page should be brought out by some addition of power and by a slight broadening. We need not be afraid of making the silent pause dramatic. The player should realise, too, the references to the fugue subject in the closing page—at the *a tempo* and subsequently. They are slight, but they can be thrown up by phrasing and by a touch of the Swell pedal. This is undoubtedly one of the best of all Rheinberger's movements, being full of vigour and masterly in its development and form.

In the matter of registration the only point calling for mention is the commencement of the Fugue. Rheinberger suggests no reduction from the opening *ff* until the middle of page 8, but we should of course reduce to diapasons *f* at the giving-out of the fugue subject. The slight increase of pace at this point is important, too.

A few more misprints must be noted. On page 7, line 2, bar 1, the pedal part is badly muddled, being a beat short. Several solutions are possible, but the following seems the likeliest:



A flat is missing from the treble G in bar 3, line 2, page 12.

The Idyll calls for few words, being simple in material and construction—a graceful, flowing 6-8 pastoral section, a middle portion (4-4) in which a broad phrase is treated antiphonally, unison and harmony, loud and soft—one of the oldest and simplest of devices, and still unailing in effect—followed by a resumption of the opening, with fresh treatment. There are some delicious little bits in this movement, especially the following, with its Brahmsian cross-rhythm:



The Idyll makes a capital number for recital or voluntary use.

It seems odd that in all Rheinberger's organ movements (nearly two hundred) there is only one Toccata—a form very popular with organ composers of all schools and periods. Probably the reason lies in Rheinberger's dislike of the showy. Much of his organ music, especially the Fugues, can be made brilliantly effective, but the brilliance is a mere by-product. We feel that the composer's concern is with purely musical values; there is no room for facile passage-work, pedal solos, and other material for technical display. His dislike of ostentation extends even to the use of scientific devices in composition. Rheinberger, as all his pupils testify, was one of the greatest of contrapuntists, but the fact is never obtruded. In one or two of his short pieces he gives us a taste of his quality in canon and *stretto* (see especially the Trio in F—a canon worthy of Mozart—and the canon-fugue in the *Solemn Festival*); but, on the whole, it is clear that he prefers to reserve such feats for the class-room. Hence the absence of regular counter-subjects in his Fugues, and the fact that the subjects themselves, with hardly an exception, are of genuine musical value, invented with no eye to ulterior use in *stretti*.

This solitary Toccata of Rheinberger's is finely effective, though it has nothing in common with the brilliant examples of the French school. It differs, too, from the classical German type, in making use of a mixture of sonata and rondo form. As usual, Rheinberger starts off with a lengthy first subject section—a broad, simple theme with an animated accompaniment. No conventionally brilliant Toccata can give us more genuine life than such writing as this:





Two pages and a-half of this fine stuff bring us to the second subject, with a drop in power and a change from semiquaver to quaver movement. The second subject has a chiming effect, due to the insistent downward scale in the left-hand and pedals. A neat point is scored on the top of page 23, where the rising scale in the treble at first suggests an inversion of the chime, but turns out to be the opening of the main theme. A three-fold use of the scale makes a good bridge to a resumption, *ff*, of the opening ten bars of the movement, after which a modulation is made to the dominant of C minor, and a fresh bridge-passage (with a canon at the octave) leads to the third subject. This is a broad chordal phrase suggestive of such Beethoven themes as the second subject of the *Waldstein* Sonata or the opening of the *Adagio* of the E flat Sonata, Op. 7. At its fifth bar the pedal, by a use of the motive of the preceding bridge-passage, saves the continued manual chords from becoming stodgy. Had this third subject been followed by a return to the first the rondo form would have been pretty well established, but there would have been a lack of contrast, so Rheinberger wisely carries on with the quiet chiming second subject (considerably shortened), makes a second use of the canonic bridge-passage, and gets back to the main theme *ff*, with the interest and life increased by fresh treatment. But the Beethovenish theme is not yet shelved. A richly harmonized development of the opening notes of the chief subject:



leads to a big six-four chord over a pedal G (with shake) and the broad hymn-like phrase rolls out with splendid effect, after which it comes in for varied treatment, leading to the *Coda*—three pages made up of free use of matter drawn from the first and second subjects. It is good to feel that this fine *Toccata* is widely appreciated by players and hearers—so much so that it fairly holds its own with most of its more superficially brilliant rivals. Some misprints should be noted. On page 20, line 4, bar 4, the minim G in the right hand needs a sharp. On page 28, line 4, bar 3, the last note in the left hand should be F sharp. The registration may stand as marked except that the *ff* passages might well be modified at times in order to leave scope for building up climaxes, and that the more powerful reeds should be reserved for the entry of the broad third subject. Rheinberger indicates this on page 24 by the term *Volles W.*, but gives no sign on page 27, where an increase of power is even more important.

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Phantasia (Andante amabile—Agitato); Adagio; Introduction and Ricercare

Although this Sonata shows a slight falling-off, it deserves to be better known than it appears to be. Perhaps the double-barrelled form of the *Phantasia* is a hindrance so far as the first movement is concerned. There is a good deal to be said for the old plan of opening an important work with an introduction, but such introduction should be brief, and its character must leave nobody in doubt as to its being merely the prelude to something bigger. Rheinberger seems to have fallen between two stools, the *Andante amabile* being nearly three pages in length, and with a definite theme which is fully developed. Its pace, moreover, is on the slow side, and it does nothing in the way of working up to the *Agitato*. In fact, if we resolve the dominant chord at the double-bar on page 5, it makes a complete movement in itself, and a very pleasant one, with its pastoral rhythm and its flowing polyphony. We need not hesitate to use it separately as an involuntary.

No doubt Rheinberger aimed at the dramatic effect of the *Agitato* bursting forth suddenly, and there is a good deal to be said for the idea, though I fancy most players will agree that the proportions of the movement are wrong. When the *Agitato* does at last begin, it proves to be of a rousing character:

EX. 11. *Agitato*. $\text{♩} = 72$.





Does *Agitato* describe it exactly? The term suggests passion, usually on the melancholy side; but the quality here is bustle rather than agitation. Indeed, the movement always strikes me as a kind of *scherzo*, despite its 4-4 time. The breezy mood is helped out by prominent use of this cheerful motive:



and by the second subject—a perky little tune started by the tenor, taken up by the treble, banded about from part to part, and always treated in such a way that it stands out well without the aid of solo stops:



The working-out is free, as befits a *Phantasia*. After the delivery of the second subject there is no lengthy development or repetition. The remaining five pages deal freely with the various themes, passing easily from one to another in no regular order, the animation and interest being well-maintained. Is it a crime to suggest that this lively *Agitato* should be played as a recital piece shorn of the long preliminary *Andante*? I hope not. It is of ample length, and complete in itself, as it contains no reference to the *Andante*. It is rather difficult in places, and calls for nimble manual work. There is one misprint: on page 10, line 3, bar 5, the minim F sharp in the left hand is held while the right plays F natural. The effect is bad, and I suggest that the minim be made into a crotchet.

The slow movement is not one of the most appealing of its class. The opening section consists of sixteen bars, bars 3-4, 7-8, 11-12, and 15-16 being the same, with rather square and monotonous result. Dr. Bennett says that the form suggests that of 'the Arabian type, "Ghazel," as used by Hiller, and also by Mr. Frederic Corder in a Rumanian Suite.' This section past, we plunge into a page and a-half of loud material marked *Risolto*—excellent stuff in itself, but out of place here, because only sixteen short bars separate it from the long and loud *Agitato*. The opening theme makes a brief re-appearance, and again we are in the hurly-burly, going straight from *pp* to *ff*. The oft-repeated two bars then end the movement—an unsatisfactory one, because its most arresting and important parts are loud and vigorous, and so fail to provide the contrast that we expect of a slow movement. Played separately it makes a good out-voluntary.

Perhaps the somewhat intimidating title of the *Finale* has warned a good many players off. We know but too well that the term *Ricercare* has been made the excuse for many a dry and devastating page. Rheinberger's example justifies the use of the label from the scientific point of view, but after a good many years' acquaintance with it, I refuse to admit that it is dry. It avoids that fault by yet another of the composer's successful experiments in form. The Introduction is of just the right length and style, suggestive at times of an improvisation, and linking itself to the Fugue by anticipating the subject, and even treating it with an ingenious bit of *stretto*.

The Fugue is in three sections—marked *Con moto*, *Intermezzo*, and *Ricercare*. As Dr. Bennett points out, there are really two Fugues, as the third section (marked *Ricercare*) gives the subject entirely new treatment. The subject is less attractive than usual with Rheinberger. For once in a way he seems to have gone to work with future complications in view. Still, it is anything but crabbed; the worst that can be said of it is that it is not strikingly original:



It leads to far more variety and interest than one would expect, the writing being full of the lively ease that never seems to fail the composer in fugal work. The counter-exposition over, instead of the customary episode, we have a further series of entries

—four of them by inversion—followed by an episode which ends with a full close in A. A double-bar, a change of signature from D to F, and the *Intermezzo* begins. Rheinberger happily links it up with the preceding Fugue by taking the first six notes of the fugue subject, inverting them, and using the result for the opening of the new theme:



So we see that the composer manages, as usual, to incorporate free matter into the Fugue, *Ricercare* though it be. No better contrast could be wished for than is provided by this *Intermezzo*, with its change of key, and its dropping of polyphony in favour of a tune with a figurate triplet accompaniment and the simplest of basses. The *Intermezzo* lasts for two and a-half pages (really more, for there is a repeat mark which should be observed), and is joined up to the succeeding Fugue very neatly by eight bars of close *stretto* on the inversion of the subject. The *Ricercare* proper then begins, with the subject now right side up in the tenor, with a new counter-subject. Mozart himself never wore his learning more lightly than does Rheinberger here. We come on the lilting new counter-subject with surprise—almost with amusement. Who would expect such a cheerful rhythmic figure to be reserved for the most rigorous part of a fugue?



It is used regularly throughout this section, save for the final entry of the subject, which is given to the pedals with a characteristic *Maestoso* harmonization. The ingenious little bit of writing in the middle of page 26 will not escape notice. The subject appears three times in diminution accompanied by the counter-subject—or, rather, as much of it as can be got in. In the last line of this page Rheinberger writes in the pedal part an optional B below CC. Of course nobody can play it, and as the shape of the subject suffers badly if the octave leap is up instead of down, I suggest that the whole of the pedal-passage, from the beginning of the

subject to the first note on the next page, be played an octave higher than written. If preferred, the return to *loco* may be made three bars sooner. A *cadenza*-like passage is followed (not very happily, perhaps) by a few bars' quotation from the *Andante amabile*, and a massive *Coda* is provided by the opening theme of the Sonata, now in 9-4 time, *ff*, *Maestoso*. This is one of the cases where the return to first movement matter is no drawback when the *Finale* is played alone. The broad character of the theme makes it analogous with such codas as that of Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Fugue in E minor, which is rounded off with an independent chorale.

The registration suggested by the composer, simple though it be, needs little addition. The soloing of the subject in a fugue is usually bad in principle, but the tenor entry at the end of page 21 may well be brought out. A delightful entry this is, with the C sharp treated as an auxiliary note, the harmony being G. Of course the pedal at the *Maestoso* on page 26 should be backed up by a powerful reed. It can hardly be made too prominent.

This fine movement is easy to read, but decidedly difficult to play with the right pace and resolution. I believe it has only to be well-known in order to take its place among the best of organ fugues.

Apparently more care was taken with the proof sheets of this Sonata than was ordinarily the case. I have found only one misprint, the phrasing is more reasonable and consistent than usual, and there is even some helpful fingering.

(To be continued.)

THE RE-STANDARDISATION OF THE SMALL ORCHESTRA

BY FLORENCE G. FIDLER

A very real problem of the moment, serious alike to the professional and the amateur musician, is that of the financial position of the orchestral concert. It is an open secret that the Philharmonic Society only keeps going by repeated calls on a noble company of patient guarantors, and that the members of the London Symphony Orchestra play at their own concerts without a fee. The various causes for this serious state of affairs are not for the moment under discussion, though one point must be emphasised—the absolute necessity for at least two rehearsals when modern music is produced and often played from MS. parts. No conductor on earth can, in three hours, prepare a worthy performance of a two hours' programme made up of the complex scores of the present day, and the 'one-rehearsal' or 'no-rehearsal' arrangement is only practicable either when the programme consists mainly of well-known music, or (as at the Patron Fund rehearsals) when no attempt is made to do the impossible during the limited time at disposal.

Consequently an orchestral concert to-day entails the hire of the Hall for two mornings as well as for the concert, in addition to the usual expenses (every one of which is now increased) of advertisement, agents' fees, &c. But the biggest item will always be the cost of the orchestra itself, and it is the continual increase in the size of the orchestra that lies at the root of the problem. It has, in fact, brought about still another difficulty, a smaller one—that of space. Often at Queen's Hall, with a band of six flutes, eight horns, and the rest of the wind in proportion, various extra instruments (such as

saxophones), a large army of strings, and a small army in the 'kitchen,' the question of fitting in the men so that they can play with even a reasonable degree of comfort is no small matter.

The only way out seems to be that composers who wish to have their works performed in the future must write for a small orchestra instead of a big one. Already various experiments have been made in this direction, notably by Mr. Holst in his one-Act opera, *Savitri*, and in works performed by Mr. Anthony Bernard's Chamber Orchestra. But rarely has the particular selection of instruments been the same in two cases. Now obviously if one composer scores for one set of instruments, a second for another set, a third for still another, the result is that all the various instruments will still be required in the orchestra for the performance of a mixed programme, the only change being that during each item a certain number of the players will be having a smoke outside.

Salvation seems to lie in one direction only—that of standardisation. The term 'small orchestra' has hitherto generally implied a combination of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four (or two) horns, timpani—that is to say, thirteen players—with strings in proportion. This particular wind combination was based on that of the military band of former times, and has long ceased to be looked upon by composers as adequate for the expression of their ideas. Within the last few months a scheme has been formulated for the standardisation of the military band—a reform long overdue—and what is here suggested is that a new combination should be set up and standardised under the term 'small orchestra,' so that composers writing for such can know exactly what material will be available at any time and place.

After various experiments, I venture, as a practical orchestrator, to suggest the following combination: two flutes (the second to take piccolo alternatively), one oboe (or Anglais alternatively), two clarinets, one bass clarinet, one bassoon, two horns, one trombone, timpani, one 'kitchen,' one pianoforte, and strings in proportion—that is, thirteen players besides strings, exactly the number of the former small orchestra, but a much more serviceable combination. The oboe is best treated as a solo instrument with so small a number; its tone cuts through a 'limited' *tutti*, so the second oboe is superfluous. High chords of much the same colour can be obtained by flutes and clarinets, middle chords by clarinets and horns, while the four-part horn harmony effect, so beloved of composers, can be got almost as well by two horns, bassoon, and tenor trombone. The drums must be included for their beautiful rhythmical qualities, and the other percussion arranged so that it can be handled by one player. I have hesitated between the trumpet and the bass clarinet. The lovely discarded F trumpet would certainly have won, but the small C and B flat instruments are not much good except for brilliant high brass tone; whereas the bass clarinet can be used for a variety of effects besides that of the hobgoblin.

The usefulness of the pianoforte as an orchestral instrument has been frequently demonstrated at recent concerts; and the stock-phrase, 'The pianoforte never blends with the rest of the orchestra,' is proved to be entirely wrong—based, as it is, on the idea that every pianist playing with the band is necessarily a concerto soloist. When played

artistically by an orchestral musician the pianoforte blends perfectly with the rest of the instruments, and can be set to all sorts of work in the mixture of the orchestral colour-scheme. The harp might be substituted, but its limitations are many, while those of the pianoforte are few. In Signor Respighi's charming little *Marionette* opera, recently performed at the Scala, the perfect 'small orchestra' score includes one of the new two-keyboard pianofortes, which can be made to sound at will like a harpsichord. This instrument would seem to be particularly useful for orchestral purposes.

This suggestion is thrown out only as a basis for discussion. It would be interesting to hear the opinions of composers themselves, and if the Royal Philharmonic Society (the senior musical Society of the world) would extend its activities and convene a conference of composers and conductors for the discussion and settlement of this important matter, it would be carrying out a useful and profitable work. Possibly a concert next season might be arranged for the small orchestra decided upon by these experts, so that the general public could form an opinion on the subject. There is no other organization in England that could embark upon anything so vastly important, and so rich in the promise of results.

Occasional Notes

At the time of writing nothing is settled with regard to the proposed visit of the Vienna Opera Company. The trade-union objection to the visit has several weak points. To take one only, it is inconsistent to bar an orchestra or an opera troupe, and at the same time to leave an open door for performers who come singly or in small parties. Members of the Orchestral Players' Union have had no objection to accepting engagements under Weingartner, Furtwängler, Strauss, Ravel, and other foreign conductors; they have cheerfully collaborated with concerto players from abroad; and a few weeks ago the little party of eight (six instrumentalists, a singer, and a conductor) came and performed *Pierrot Lunaire*, without a protest from the Union. Evidently it is a question of numbers rather than of principle, and, this being so, we think the Union's action is founded on too vague a basis to be sound. None the less, we hope its protest will succeed, because it has been clearly shown by those at the head of the British National Opera Company that the proposed visit of the Viennese will be fatal to the British organization. There is not room for two opera companies in London in May, and it would be a scandal if our own Company, built up and carried on in the face of great difficulties, had to give place to any foreign rival, however accomplished its members or attractive its programme. London next summer will be full of visitors from the Colonies. We may imagine their feelings on finding Covent Garden occupied by a company from Vienna, while the B.N.O.C. performers were 'resting.'

The opposition to the Viennese visit is concerned almost entirely with this question of date. English musicians in general realise that the visit would do good in giving our public a standard, especially in such matters as production and orchestral ensemble. But they realise, too, that an enforced break of some

months in the work of the B.N.O.C. would be bad for the future of opera in this country, because that future, it is clear, is going to be largely in the hands of British artists. The postponement of the Austrian visit until the autumn has been widely supported as a way out of the difficulty—so much so that the letters of Dame Ethel Smyth and Mr. Kaikhosru Sorabji, in the *Daily Telegraph* of January 19, are beside the point. The writers are knocking furiously at an open door. Outside the narrow trade-union circle there is practically no opposition to the visit of the Viennese Company, so long as that visit does not clash with the interests of the B.N.O.C. Dame Smyth says: 'It is just because I believe with all my heart in our operatic possibilities that I want our own companies, public, and press to see what opera can really be.' But the 'operatic possibilities' of British companies will not be helped by turning the B.N.O.C. out of Covent Garden next May to make room for the foreign model. Let the object-lesson be postponed till later in the year, when it can be taken with advantage all round.

Whatever happens, the dispute is not unprofitable. Its significance is welcome to all but the superior, dispassionate internationalist, whose 'impartiality' usually ends in a preference for any country but his own. It is clear that our musicians are ready to kick against the old convention that they must humbly give way to the foreigner. Even in distant parts of the Empire there are signs of a refusal to be a door-mat for the Continental. Dame Nellie Melba has just discovered this in Australia. Readers will remember that the Dame recently started recruiting an opera company of her own (after the usual preliminary flourish of trumpets). Unfortunately she forgot that Australia did not cease to produce fine voices when it gave us Melba. There are lots of good singers there, and they naturally looked to her for the only kind of encouragement that cuts any ice—employment. When they found her engaging Italians they rose and protested.

The Theatrical Alliance has asked the Government to bar the entry of the Company, under the Immigration Law, the President of the Alliance adding that

... he viewed with indignation the effort to exploit the artistry of one Australian singer whilst the rest of the Company were foreigners imported not for art but for finance.

The President's implication that the Dame's only concern is with art is, we think, over-generous. We had not observed any signs that way when she was in England last, handing out *Minneltonka* and other clap-trap to an Albert Hall filled as a result of one of the most deplorable and prolonged 'boosts' the *Daily Mail* has ever stooped to. The Australian press is less respectful, and makes no bones about speaking its mind on what it calls 'Melba's Dago Chorus.'

In a general way Chauvinism is bad policy, but we are inclined to think that British music and musicians would be helped by a mild dose of it. Our performers especially have good cause to complain of the ease with which foreigners drop into practically all the fat engagements. We alluded last month to the fact that Sammons and Murdoch had been giving joint recitals to meagre audiences. They are merely two of our fine players who receive from their fellow-

countrymen nothing like the recognition they deserve. Take the case of Sammons alone. For some years past he has been unanimously regarded as a violinist of the front rank. Yet as a soloist we hear far less of him than of many foreign players who are certainly no better, and some of whom are not so good. Kreisler is a great player, but at all the crowded recitals he has given since the war the amount of really fine music he has played could be got through in a few minutes. The hysterical audiences who fell at his feet when he reappeared at Queen's Hall, and who kept on falling at his subsequent recitals, may be presumed to know something about violin playing, and even a little about music. How is it that so few of them will cross the road to hear Sammons—even with Murdoch thrown in, so to speak? We should not object to their crowding to hear Kreisler fiddle his way through a programme of trifles, if they would turn up to hear a British violinist playing something better, or at least as good. But they don't. Again, how often are any of our excellent British pianists heard at Queen's Hall orchestral concerts? Couldn't the Prokofievs, Cortôts, Schellings, Pachmanns, Sauers, Hambourgs, Pouishnovs, and Moiseiwitschs be given an occasional rest in their favour? The London musical public can spare only a few thousands of pounds for soloists in a season. It would be interesting to know how many of these thousands go to the Continent, while first-rate British performers are left to share the public's remaining shillings.

In saying this we are well aware that we run the risk of being included among those whom Mr. Kaikhosru Sorabji accuses of 'spluttering sempiternal balderdash about pro-Germanism if anyone has the temerity to admire a good German work or a good German artist,' but we take the risk cheerfully.

If a prejudice in favour of our fellow-countrymen be a crime, we are guilty up to the neck and with both hands. Dame Ethel Smyth regards protection in artistic affairs as 'uncivilised and hideous.' It would be, if all economic considerations could be ruled out where music is concerned. Unfortunately, as things are to-day, economics refuse to be waived aside with fine phrases. So long as the musical life of every European country is largely a struggle in which the bread and butter question is uppermost, no apology is needed for being 'pro' our own kith and kin. And if there be one country above all justified in adopting some measure of protection in music that country is England.

For generations she adopted the policy of 'Let 'em all come, so long as they are foreigners.' It is time to say instead, 'Let 'em come, *despite* their being foreigners. But there is a living for the best only, and if an engagement is to be filled, and the choice lies between an Englishman and a foreigner equally good, the Englishman gets it.' When the pendulum has swung this unwonted way for at least a generation, we may begin to talk about the hideousness and barbarity of protection, but not before.

A letter on the subject of turning-over in music appeared in the *Daily Express* a few days ago:

Sir,—I wonder why it is that one almost invariably has to turn over the music page at the most difficult passages. It has occurred to me that the difficulty

might be overcome by (1) limiting a page to one or more staves and leaving the rest blank, or (2) adding further pages. This would obviate the executant having either turn to over at awkward points or to turn one or more pages back. If these simple suggestions were adopted by music printers they would earn the gratitude of the musical profession. Clapham, S.W.4.

These 'simple suggestions' would also very considerably increase the cost of production. A long and difficult work served up in this way would probably make a formidable volume. Many works have few or no easy passages, and even if they had a good number no publisher would dream of spoiling the make-up of page after page in order to end them with an easy bar—though, of course, he considers the player's convenience as often as possible. Some years ago a move was made in the direction of printing music on a roll, which was fixed in the place of the pianoforte desk, and gradually unwound itself at the required pace. There was a good deal to be said for it, but evidently there was more against it, for it came to nothing. The fact is, in all but fairly simple music there are only two ways out of the difficulty—memorise a few bars, or ask her to turn for you.

The new Mendelssohn Scholar is Mr. Percy Purvis Turnbull, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. There were twenty-one candidates. Mr. Turnbull, who has just come of age, studied first under his father, and subsequently with Mr. Sigmund Oppenheim, of Newcastle. In June last he won a scholarship for composition at the Royal College of Music.

Reading from time to time of performances of the Vatican Choir in different parts of the world during the past year or two, we have often wondered how the singers managed to get permission to be absent from Rome for so long a period. If we may believe the New York *Musical Digest*, they didn't bother about so trifling a detail:

The Pope was quite bewildered recently to learn, when he wanted music for special services, that both the Vatican Choir and Sistine Choir had left Rome on concert tours. According to the official bulletin of the Vatican, they departed without his permission.

But it seems rather late in the day to miss a couple of important choirs, doesn't it? We cannot imagine the St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey choirs being mislaid for more than a week or two without some lynx-eyed official observing their absence.

It is pleasant to be able to add to the long list of Byrd Centenary Celebrations one that took place on December 27, at the Sala del Buonomore, Florence. Signor Vittorio Ricci gave an address on Byrd's life and works, followed by a programme that included five virginal pieces, a Fantasia for strings, the *Christmas Carol*, and *Iustorum Anima*, the two last-named items being sung by the Coro Polifonico Fiorentino, conducted by M. Sandro Benelli.

The following, from an American contemporary will be read with misgiving:

Mana-Zucca has done much in the past to bring her name prominently before the public as one of the leading American composers, but she has never before done anything of the magnificence of her new song,

The Cry of the Woman. Magnificent is the only word for it. From the first chords of the introduction—curious altered chords with impressive and trenchant passing-notes suspended over a double pedal bass—to the cry of anguish with which the voice part closes, the music has no moment of weakness, nor any faltering of the high inspiration that insured its creation. The words are real poetry, not the doggerel that so often serves for musical setting, and their strength lies not only in the well-balanced wording but in the theme, which is a prayer of a woman, a typical woman's prayer: 'Let me see Love's face before I die.'

Apparently we are in for another *Rosary*.

Like some sinuous golden peacock, Georgette Leblanc flashed upon our astonished view and gave us a recital the like of which has never been heard in San Francisco.—*San Francisco Journal*.

If we were Georgette, we should be vexed at that reference to the peacock. Sinuous? [we should say] By all means. Golden? Why not, being a prima donna? But peacock? Hardly, seeing that the mere name of the fowl has long been a synonym for strutting vanity; and as for voice—in tearing, long-range hideousness it can give the corncrake a start and a beating. So peacock in your teeth, young man, though no doubt you mean well.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN MUSICAL LIFE COMPARED

BY ADOLF WEISSMANN

A happy chance having led me to London three times within the past year, I gladly respond to the Editor's invitation to compare the musical life of London and Berlin. I remain conscious of the fact that London musical life is only a part of that of England. It is, however, important enough to serve as a criterion of what is going on up and down the country. That there has been marked musical progress in England during the past decade cannot be denied, yet undoubtedly a broader background of musical feeling must be assigned to Germany, that country having experienced a whole century both of production and reproduction hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. Though musical life in the English provinces is more important to-day than it was ten years ago, certainly it cannot be compared with the widespread musical culture Germany has enjoyed for generations. This highly-praised artistic advance may also have a *revers de la médaille*, yet it is based upon certain qualities not easily to be met with in England.

Looking back over three centuries of English history, we find the national capacity for common sense to be, in fact, the big stumbling-block in the path of English music. Common sense is opposed to what we call the Dionysian element in music. Now it is just that in which English music has been consistently found to be lacking. Had not the influences flowing from the Church and from the Universities been strong enough to withstand 'common sense' tendencies, there would at this time be no English music at all. The greater the English people became in the art and science of life—above all, in political life, which means the most universal utilisation of common sense—the more they were deterred from that art whose appeal is so much to anti-common sense faculties, *i.e.*, music. Germans generally admire in the Englishman that quality of self-control which

they themselves so seldom possess. This repressive habit is just that which has prevented the English from becoming a musical race, for as a national virtue it has rendered artistic personality much more difficult of attainment than with the German people, who are inclined to utter their feelings in a way which seems rather foolish in everyday life, but which may become precious in art.

Though English musical production had ever-increasing difficulties to overcome, on the other hand sentimentality, as a quality common to the bourgeoisie of the whole world, rendered the bulk of the English public ready to succumb to the influences of German music, which, being romantic, combined both poetical feeling and sentimental power. And so attractive proved this music that even outstanding English musicians were led to adopt the German musical idiom. As everybody knows, this went on during a century, and increasingly so as German composers were called to England to play and to conduct their works. There is in modern times a very intimate connection between creation and performance, a circumstance of which agents and managers are quick to avail themselves. The agent, indeed, knows very well that the performer is even a stronger attraction than the composer himself. It is on this regrettable truth that musical commercialism, the fatal disease of our time, is founded.

When, after the war, I again visited England, I was very well aware that its musical life was passing through a crisis. That music as an art did not play so important a part in the life of the English nation as in that of the German people was a fact well known to me, and may be considered as a natural conclusion of what I have already said. But undoubtedly the situation was changed. This change was due both to interior and external reasons. A younger generation of British composers had arisen, anxious to rid themselves of sentimentality and to make the best of what they had learnt from the French and from the Russians—*e.g.*, from Debussy and from Stravinsky. Though part of this new music was made *pour épater le bourgeois*, yet the best part of it was beginning to show a character of its own. There was, however, reason to believe that political tendencies had contributed to pave the way for the new music, which boasted of being British but could not conceal the foreign origin of the ideas which inspired it. As far as musical commercialism was connected with musical life, it could not but accept political views, even if it did not agree with them. Concert management, as a business, always depends on what the bourgeoisie demand; and the bourgeoisie asked for romantic sentimentalism, whose best representation lies in German music. But Richard Strauss still lived under the surface, although French and Russian influences seemed to have overthrown him, and the German *lied* could not be forgotten—in fact, British composers had themselves begun to write *lieder*. Yet the principal performers of German music were not allowed to appear, and managers had to content themselves with programmes which, from the political standpoint, were generally regarded as harmless.

Here I may be permitted to observe that in Germany, even during the hottest time of the war, political influences were far less apparent in the musical life of the nation than was the case in other countries, where everything that seemed deleterious was ordered to be sacrificed for the health of the

State. If this seems to prove that Germans are lacking in national unity, on the other hand it emphasises the far greater importance of art in the life of the people, even at the cost of heavy political disability. Admittedly there were exceptions to the rule, some living composers—as, for instance, Saint-Saëns—being excluded from German programmes; and recently, since the Ruhr occupation, French compositions have been boycotted. The last-named proceeding is very much against the prevalent feeling in artistic quarters, which privately is violating what officially has been established as a principle. National feeling, at present strongly against the French, has brought about a fatal confusion in the minds of the people, and not the German people alone. But as far as French compositions are concerned, it must be said that the material damage done by the Germans to the French is much less than the ideal injury inflicted on Art. Though this is true, it cannot, however, be denied that neither the abuse of music for political propaganda, nor the boycotting of compositions from political motives, has for six or seven years been practised in Germany nearly so systematically as in other countries. In Germany it was acknowledged as a principle that art must not be mixed up with politics. In England I found no system at all, but it was clear that much had been done to protect English musical life against foreign invasion. Whether it was more for political than for artistic reasons, could not always be decided. I have often been told that the question was rather an economic one. Certainly among several points of view this also deserved consideration, though, on the whole, I felt that above all German musicians were to be kept away. Competition had been excluded during the war, why should it be permitted again to enter as it had done before? To be sure, some protest was made, in support of names such as, *e.g.*, Richard Strauss, Fritz Kreisler, and Elena Gerhardt—but as I am to speak frankly, I must confess that this was an exception to a rule established not by written law but by covert agreement. German performers had generally greater difficulties to overcome than did Austrian, and though some first-rank conductors had been called to England, a free exchange between English and German artists had not yet been carried into practice. I fully understand the ambitions of English musicians to be appreciated both as creators and as performers, but, surely, not nationality (which, with artists, is mostly problematic), but quality, should decide the part to be played by them in musical life. Free artistic competition seems to me the first condition of musical progress. If, in the past, German composers and performers have been usurpers, they will perhaps be allowed to be so no more, not so much by force of statutory law or blockade, as by the power of British music itself, which is now strong enough, I hope, not to fear German competition.

I must apologise for having extended these general remarks to greater length than may seem necessary. It seemed, however, useful to point out the intimate contact into which art, economics, and politics have been brought by the events of the last decade.

In all countries music has been used and abused by the agent, who, as a driving and as a degenerating power, has led musical life where it now is. Creative forces ought to do their best to subvert commercial influences; but it is the artist's custom rather to be spoiled by musical industry than to fight it. Therein

lies the tragedy of our time, and political excitement contributes still more to poison the founts of artistic feeling. It is with a view to purifying the musical atmosphere, and to bring about the free exchange between the art of the nations, that the International Society for Contemporary music was founded. The appreciation of British neutrality was shown by the choice of London as headquarters of the Society. Let us take it for granted that the number of true music-lovers is by far larger in Germany than in England, and that musical life there rests on a more solid basis of real feeling and knowledge. Musical London and Berlin, however, have something in common, *i.e.*, the apparent dependence on an economic situation, which, for the musical life of both cities, has generated an ever-increasing concert crisis. The concerts held by the really musical section of the community are, of course, independent of the manager—as is the case of some chamber music concerts in Germany with frank modern tendencies. On the whole, concert-management is as powerful in Germany as it is in England, with the sole difference that the consequences of the German social revolution react against the agent's power more and more successfully.

Though the economic conditions of musical life in England are not very different from those existing in Germany, yet the larger number of German people for whom music is a necessity very clearly establishes the difference between the two countries. At an English orchestral concert, even of the highest rank, there will be a found a majority of persons who regard it as a kind of musical show or party. They have appeared there for social convenience. In England it takes a very long time for an artist to become fashionable—much more so than in Germany, where celebrity can be gained in a very few weeks. But the English public remains true to its dozen artists who must be heard. It would be false to say that the snob does not exist in the German concert world, but as a snob he is an exception to the majority of hearers, and is ashamed of confessing his own views on music, however different they may be from those of the connoisseurs. In Germany the snob is generally not allowed to exercise any influence on the style of the programmes. Programmes must have a certain style, even if the line of orchestral numbers is interrupted by solo items, as it is the case in the great Berlin Philharmonic concerts. In England variety rather than style is aimed at. A Verdi aria may be heard between Beethoven and Scriabin, and all of these will be received with equal applause. In Germany the degrees of applause are much more numerous than in England.

What specially struck me at English concerts was the startling contrast between the concert hall and the character of the music heard in it. I heard Kreisler play at the Albert Hall, where many details of his art must necessarily be lost, and I saw Goossens conduct his orchestra at Wigmore Hall—I say 'saw' him, because my ears were continually suffering from the shock of the orchestral sound against the wall of this small auditorium. It is to be regretted that such a venue should be selected for orchestral concerts.

Orchestral playing stands on a high level in England, where the wind players are even better than are to be found in most German orchestras. Of course, certain imperfections in the performance betray the lack of rehearsals. Similar

shortcomings are to be noticed also in Germany. My general impression was that modern works belonging to the French or Russian school received better interpretations in England, whereas in Germany idyllic purity of style is made a feature of the classical works presented—except, be it added, in those cases where the conductor has shaped his own idea of Beethoven or Brahms to such an extent that the work in hand can hardly be recognised. Such is the natural result of constant repetition; the work is subordinated to the performer. Weingartner, however old-fashioned and boresome he may be, probably stands alone in not being affected by this disease of the conductor.

The treatment of music in the English press, to speak frankly, seems to me to reflect much more the political mood of the moment than is the case in Germany, where, apart from one nationalist paper, only artistic views are expressed. I am speaking generally. I have some excellent English colleagues who are impartial judges, and I am sure that the more important music becomes for the average Englishman the more freedom will be shown in musical criticism.

The question of British National Opera is a very urgent one. It would certainly be premature to speak of failure. Why should not opera sung in English be successful? Of course, economic necessity is active in the field of opera, and opens the door for the English singer to replace the Italian or German singer. The first condition of success, however, would be the right method of singing, freedom of style in acting, and good management and staging. It is clear that, for the present, from each of these standpoints many faults can be found with British national opera. Will the British singer be able to acquire that complete self-expression which may be called the first essential of the operatic singer? That depends upon the opportunities he has for becoming less reserved, and upon his latent imaginative powers. Some progress has, however, been made.

I witnessed the performance of Holst's *Savitri* and *The Perfect Fool*, and found them very well done, but I was greatly disappointed to hear a very elderly singer, although a very celebrated artist, play the part of Mimi, in *La Bohème*, which ought to be sung by a young woman. Of course she sang in masterly fashion, with the *beaux restes* of a fine voice, but it was against all theatrical tradition, and I venture to say that the reception she found was characteristic only of a British audience, every ready to subordinate artistic outlook to sentimental feeling. There are very good voices among the English singers, and they may be educated to the point of singing with style, provided able teachers are found for the task. I hope I may be allowed to confess that at the present, performances such as *Valkyrie* and *Tristan* seemed to me unsatisfactory from this aspect, and not to be compared with German performances, where also both conductor and stage manager evidently work in perfect accord.

Opera in English, is, on the whole, as practicable as opera in German, and if Gustav Holst fully deserves the laurels of an operatic composer, his performers are also worthy of praise. But an international opera season, however expensive it may be, has the great advantage of producing models and opening the road for national opera. The British, as a nation, are at the beginning of their operatic career, and therefore need models.

I was asked to set down my impressions, and I hope I have done so with due respect and sympathetic feeling for what has been musically realised in England. A country able to produce men like, e.g., Arnold Bax, Gustav Holst, Arthur Bliss, and Vaughan Williams, and possessing so high a standard of choral singing, has something important to say in the domain of an art that, at first sight, seems to hold eternal riddles. Although musical commercialism may do its best everywhere to undermine real productive forces, and to spoil artistic life by its antagonistic ideals, yet we know that what is strong will survive every menace and emerge the purer.

ETHEL SMYTH'S MASS IN D*

BY SYDNEY GREW

Between 1889 and 1891, Ethel Smyth wrote her Mass in D. She returned from the Royal Choral Society (Barnby conducting), and Miss Palliser, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills. It was not taken up by other societies, and the Royal Choral Society did not repeat it.

But this large work was not given until January 18, 1893. The performers then were the Royal Choral Society (Barnby conducting), and Miss Palliser, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills. It was not taken up by other societies, and the Royal Choral Society did not repeat it.

Eighteen years later (1911), at a concert given by the composer in London, a portion of the Mass was sung. On the 7th of the present month, the entire work is to be produced by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society under the Society's new conductor, Dr. Adrian C. Boulton.

Various causes operated to keep the Mass in total neglect for thirty-one years, though the causes are not excuses. The chief of these is, in a way, economic. The 1890's was a busy period. A number of good composers were at work—Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie, Cowen, and several others—each of whom seems to have produced a good-sized oratorio or similar work every year. These works received their first performance, and during the year or two following they were repeated. Then their immediate successors came along, asserting themselves to the disadvantage of their slightly elder relatives.

The world of English music in that decade could not support and nourish adequately all its native-born citizens. The composers were responsible for bigger families than were wanted.

We are, it seems, now on the threshold of what might almost be called a revival of pre-Elgarian choral and orchestral music. Students begin to see there is substance in Parry, and that Stanford has something to say. The Birmingham revival of Ethel Smyth's Mass is symptomatic.

This particular work, of course, is not exactly the same in its circumstances as the somewhat similar works of the other composers. It is apparently without brothers and sisters from the same pen; but

this fact, while removing family competition, at the same time removed that publicity which a large family guarantees. Moreover, it is a Latin Mass, too big for the church, not (as was imagined in the 19th century) suitable for the Cathedral festivals, and difficult in performance. The Mass in B minor of Bach was only slowly making its way in those days, and it seems that this work by the Englishwoman was frankly overlooked.

The first appreciative word to apply to the Mass is that it is musicianly. The work comes from a well-trained and naturally musical mind; the composer, be it noted, being only about thirty-three years old. She thinks steadily and continuously; and the outcome of such thought is always art that has strength, impressiveness, and the qualities that are convincing, for the reason that thought of this kind is creative. There is therefore nothing hurried or indeterminate in the movements, but, on the contrary, that mighty leisure of classical music, which is as productive Nature.

The thought and its expression are not hindered by any weakness of technique; and the technique does not function in the abstract manner, with nothing to grind into shape. The contrapuntal writing is of high quality. Here and there the harmonies seem dated by their epoch, and one's prevision of some of the harmonic movement rather distracts attention; but as soon as the student has brought himself into the mood of the work, he sees that the composer handles her harmonies as well as she handles her counterpoint. Moreover—as is always the case with music of grand architectural stability, whether by Byrd, Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms—the harmonic element withdraws to a secondary place the moment the true character of the phrase-rhythm is apprehended; Elizabethan harmony, for example, appears restricted to a few conventional progressions; these, after a while, become irritating; yet as soon as we learn to read the music as Form they take on new character, proving to be the only harmony possible. Ethel Smyth's harmonies, again, have frequently the roughness we delight in; and even that old cadence of the 6—5—3 on the subdominant going to the tonic has a novel power. Some of the registering—the disposing of the masses of tone over the range of musical sound—is very striking. The writing for solo voices is perhaps less distinctive than that for chorus; but so much here depends on performance that a critical judgment on this matter needs to await actual hearing of the Mass.

The *Crucifixus* of the Creed is one of the clauses we turn to at once when examining a setting of the Mass. It is at this point that Ethel Smyth writes some of her finest music and expresses some of her profoundest thoughts. The pain of the fact itself is in the music, yet the section has all the restraint of true art. A powerful *fortissimo* climax is developed, and then the tone returns to *pianissimo* for the phrase 'passus et sepultus est':

Ex. 1. Cru - - ci - fix - us, pas - sus,



* Novello & Co., Ltd., 4s.



The sections of this work that strike most vividly on the imagination in silent reading are the *Kyrie* and the *Agnus Dei*. The *Credo* and *Gloria* are conceived in bold manner, splendid passages of choral treatment alternating with solo passages. The manner and mood of the composer's treatment of these troublesome numbers is the modern illustrative method: the music is by turns lyrical, ejaculatory, depictive, and dramatic; yet the whole seems bound into unity and consistency, and can certainly be made unified in performance. (By the word 'dramatic' it is not intended to imply that the composer 'stages' these numbers.) There is a pure blend of fancy and idealism in the treatment of the *Cum sancto spirito*, where a four-note phrase is repeated more than thirty times. It is, indeed, not unlikely that these two long numbers will, in performance, prove to be an achievement as simple and cohesive as sincere.

All through the Mass it is made clear that the young composer had made music a sort of native language: she composes as easily as a good organist plays, and her declamation is excellent:

Ex. 2. Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.
Allegro vivace.



The *Kyrie* is bold, original, and dramatic in the sense that its idea is not an abstract thought but an impassioned prayer. It is built on a foundation as pure as the depths of the sky or the *a cappella* art of the 16th century:

Ex. 3. Ky - ri - e e - lei - son.
Adagio.



(The theme in the bass is a key-theme of the work.) But in the *Christe eleison* the movement develops into a series of climaxes of which the total effect probably touches sublimity, especially in the return to the *Kyrie*. This third section is curiously disturbed in the depths of its emotion; and the use of the flute in solo but enforces that disturbance.

Space does not permit further exposition of the contents of this work. The composer asks for the *Credo* to follow the *Kyrie*, and for the *Gloria* to come at the end, after the *Agnus Dei*. But since 1893 the Bach Mass has taught us that this great liturgical creation ends most fittingly with the last group of pieces in the Office; and it seems to the present student that no sequel could be finer in Dr. Smyth's work than the leap from her *Kyrie* into her *Gloria*. The choral opening of the *Gloria* is so strong rhythmically that the blow it strikes on our imaginations ought to vibrate all through the performance. This opening (see the second quotation above) is preceded by seven bars of orchestral music; the form is that of the four-bar phrase, and the passage quoted is truly mighty in respect of syncopated emphasis and declamation, the syncopations being not of the bar but of the phrase; thus if the quotation is reduced to 12-8 time, the music appears in this manner to the eye:



Music in the Foreign Press

GERMANY'S PRESENT MUSICAL SITUATION

In *Le Ménestrel* (January 4), Jean Chantavoine writes:

Nowadays, Germany is anxiously searching the ranks of her composers for new men of genius. Schönberg was immoderately extolled—perhaps with an intention of pitting his music against Debussy's. The anti-semites, however, protested, as they had done against the Mahler boom. Franck Schreker's success seems to have been a mere flash. Hindemith is creating a sensation somewhat after the fashion of Milhaud in France, and his music is in close relationship to Milhaud's; but this does not imply that he is a genius. Alien elements are making headway—e.g., with Busoni, Bartók, Hába, Krenek—and Hans Pfitzner has lately protested against their influence, describing it as nefarious. This 'Deutsch-National' attitude is characteristic. But it should be obvious that by now, although Germany stands foremost in the matters of musical education and organization, the superiority of her musical output is a thing of the past.

BEETHOVEN'S METHODS

In *Die Musik* (December), H. H. Wetzler examines the genesis of Beethoven's musical ideas, pointing out how often introductory or transitional passages contain the germ of the themes that follow. He considers in turn the first movement of the seventh Symphony, the Fugue in the Sonata, Op. 105, the last movement in the E flat Concerto, the Overture *Weihe des Hauses*, and the Trios, Op. 70, No. 2, and Op. 97. He publishes a hitherto unknown sketch of this last.

TONE-PAINTING IN BRAHMS'S MUSIC

In the same issue, Paul Mies adduces various examples of descriptive or representative music by Brahms—most of them simple and obvious. He remarks that their function is never purely episodic; these passages either originate in motives used before the occasion to resort to description or representation arose, or provide motives that are worked out after the occasion no longer exists.

HOW BACH DEALT WITH THE ANSWER

In the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (November), Max Zulauf examines Bach's methods of devising

the answers of his fugue-themes. The conclusions of this valuable contribution are: The old rules are not such as always to apply logically in the major-minor system. But from the point of view of the old Church-modes, they made it possible for each voice to move freely within the limits of one mode. Bach is often under the influence of Church-modes; but his chief concern is always to give the answer as natural and fluent a form as possible. He applies the old rules when they prove helpful to that effect; otherwise he ignores them. The rules concerning the exposition are not so important as they are usually held to be. Bach teaches us that with regard to the structure of a fugue-exposition in a modern key, it is not the old rules, but the opportunities for cadences provided by the new system that should turn the scale. And the attempt to reduce these to a scheme, as effected by Riemann, originates in an utter misapprehension of Bach's spirit.

ON VARIOUS CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS

In *Der Auftakt* (1923, No. 10), Dr. Pfohl devotes brief notices to three young composers from Hamburg: Siegfried Scheffler, Ernst Roters, and Robert Müller-Hartmann. Erwin Schulhoff writes on Felix Petyrek, whose music he praises for its unaffectedness and genuineness. Hans Schaub writes on Gerhard von Kuessler, composer and poet, praising his song-cycles, and mentioning his oratorios and his 'symphonic drama,' *The Flagellants' Procession*.

D'INDY ON MODERN FRENCH MUSIC

Les Tablettes de la Schola (November-December) publishes Vincent d'Indy's lecture on 'The Evolution of Modern French Music,' which was delivered in London, but, owing to lack of adequate announcement, seems to have escaped most people's notice.

D'Indy, after describing the progress of the French School from Franck to Ravel, speaks severely of the ignorance and presumption of 'a few young amateurs in whom the seed sown by Arnold Schönberg has germinated.' Their onslaughts upon the art of music, he continues, represent a new outburst of the war periodically waged between crude sensation and artistic expression. Artistic expression has never failed to emerge victorious, so there is no cause for anxiety.

AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY BY MAHLER AND AN EARLY SYMPHONY BY DVORÁK

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (December), Frau Mahler declares that the time has now come to publish the two completed movements of Mahler's tenth Symphony. This Symphony was to consist of five movements: (1) *Adagio*; (2) *Scherzo*; (3) *Scherzo* (bearing the epigraph 'Purgatorio'); (4) a movement in *scherso* form; (5) *Finale*. Only Nos. 1 and 3 were actually completed.

The same issue contains an account (translated from the *Listy Hudební Matice*) of Prof. Feld's discovery of the manuscript of an early Symphony in C minor by Dvorák, which bears the title *The Bells of Zlonitz*. The work is in four movements, and the manuscript comprises two hundred and thirty-nine pages.

THE 'ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR MUSIK'

Readers will be pleased to hear that the *Zeitschrift für Musik* is to continue publication. It appears in a smaller size, handier and more attractive in aspect, and contains plenty of matter. In the November

issue, Dr. Fritz Reuter writes on Richard Kaden (1856-1923), a little-known but active teacher and writer, whose contributions to problems of aesthetics and technique he praises highly. In the December issue, Dr. Georg Göhler protests against the treatment meted out to Schubert's operas in Fritz Busch's revisions. Dr. Alfred Heuss passes severe strictures on Stravinsky, describing him as 'the Russian tormentor.'

EXIT A RUSSIAN PERIODICAL

I regret to have to record that the Moscow monthly *Towards New Shores* discontinued publication after its third issue.

COMPOSERS' ROYALTIES IN EGYPT

In *L'Orient Musical* (December 15) an article by I. Aboulafia states that although Egyptian law makes no special provisions for copyright of music, composers need have no fear as to their royalties. A recent lawsuit has shown that existing laws implicitly protect their copyright, without any special formality such as declaration or deposit of a copy being necessary. No unauthorized performance may take place, nor may royalties be withheld provided the mention 'All rights reserved' be made.

A STRAVINSKY NUMBER

The December issue of the *Revue Musicale* is a special Stravinsky number, far below the standard set by that excellent periodical's previous special numbers (on Debussy, Fauré, Wagner, &c.). It contains a forty-five-page essay by Boris de Schloezer, and briefer contributions by Cocteau, Coeuroy, Levinson, and Georges-Michel.

The Musician's Bookshelf

The Principles and Methods of Musical Criticism.
By M.-D. Calvocoressi.

[Oxford University Press, 6s. 6d.]

Mr. Calvocoressi courageously attacks a very difficult problem. If he does not solve it, if a good many questions are still left in the air, the cause lies in the fact that musical criticism contains too many factors of an unarguable kind. As the author says at the outset, 'we know less of music than of any other art.' He might have gone on to point out that the difficulty is doubled by the fact that not only do we know less; we feel more. Most of the conflicts between critic and critic, and practically all those between critics and public, result from this tug-of-war between strong feeling, liking, taste—call it what you will—and slender knowledge. For our knowledge remains slender, despite the stacks of text-books. You may call in these text-books as evidence that a piece of music is bad, and the piece confounds you and your witnesses by getting hold of you and showing convincingly that its faulty elements in combination have generated some essence of which the text-books have not treated. In fact, a work of art, as Mr. Calvocoressi says, is the product, not the sum of its parts, and the adage applies with special force to music. What can we know of an art in which the difference between success and failure so often lies in a factor that cannot be demonstrated?

Mr. Calvocoressi thinks that the critic's job is difficult, too, because 'although musical criticism is as ancient as all others, it lagged behind while others were progressing.' But surely it is a fairly new thing—a mere babe beside literary criticism, at all events. In England, for example, mountains of critical books on literature were in existence at a time when music had much ado to get itself printed, and public concerts were unknown. When musical criticism did get started it certainly lagged, but hardly through the fault of the critics. Copies of new works were less easily obtainable than to-day, and the opportunities for hearing adequate performances were less frequent. On the whole, I fancy that a random glance through such old journals as the *Musical World* will show a surprisingly acute summing up of virtues and defects of contemporary performers. Of reviewing of new works there seems to have been little, probably because there were few readers likely to be interested in a discussion that was bound to be largely technical, and which would often be unconvincing without the aid of music-type illustrations—costly and inconvenient even to-day, and doubly so a generation ago.

I am sorry to see Mr. Calvocoressi repeating (and half-supporting) a well-worn gibe, by speaking of musical criticism as a work 'which some people hold (not altogether without excuse) as the last resource of those who fail in other branches of music, writing, or reporting.' So far as the journalistic side of this remark is concerned, I believe the reverse to be the case. I would back any average writer on music to make a far better job of general reporting than is usually achieved by those responsible for the news side of our daily papers. The musical critic—or reporter, if you like, as he is bound to be in most cases—has often to make bricks with precious little straw. The marvel is that month after month and year after year he can go on serving up readable paragraphs based on such stale material as the run of recitals and concerts, with the same works and performers concerned. No wonder he is tempted to make the most of a contretemps of any kind! 'Performer breaks down'; 'Conductor stops choir and apologises for them'; 'Casals attacked by cramp,' and so forth. And he generally does so well with the mishap that we have no doubts as to his ability to acquit himself in first-rate style if he were transferred from the concert-room to the police-court—in a purely professional capacity, *bien entendu*. The sneer quoted above was probably first uttered by a composer or performer who couldn't take his unfavourable notice like a man; there are, and always will be, plenty of thin-skinned among the criticised, and its repetition should be left to them.

Mr. Calvocoressi makes it clear that technical knowledge will not carry a critic far. It 'may fail to improve a critic's capacity to disengage and interpret what is vital; but it will help him to classify his data and impressions, and to state things more clearly.' In other words, it will improve his efficiency as a reporter. Yet:

It does not matter two pins whether he who listens to music knows that a flute is a flute, a third a third, a Rondo a Rondo, and so on. But he must be able to derive distinct impressions, even if only unconsciously, from the tone of a flute and that of a trumpet, or the sound of a third and that of a seventh, the design of Rondo-form and that of the French Overture. He may be unable to give a name to anything he

encounters at a concert or a music-shop, and yet be an excellent judge of music, provided his ear, memory, and imagination are keen enough.

Hence it comes about that one of the best books on musical appreciation is not labelled with that forbidding term, but is modestly called *A Musical Pilgrim's Progress*, and is written by one whose technical attainments were of the slenderest. Such an one is well on the way to becoming a good critic. He lacks only the wide knowledge of music, without which there can be no more than an elementary sense of values, and the terminology that will enable him to give reasons for the faith that is in him—both adjuncts that call for no more than time and industry.

It was perhaps inevitable that Mr. Calvocoressi should quote a batch of examples of critical obtuseness. Some of them are old friends, but as only two are from the pens of musicians whose opinion is worth having, the list really proves nothing. Does it matter now (even if it ever did matter) what such pedants as Fétis and d'Ortigue thought of Mozart and Wagner? It would not be difficult to find examples of contemporary praise no more worth having than their short-sighted blame. And the two considerable names—Corder and Boughton—are attached to pronouncements on Schönberg and Stravinsky that, sweeping though they may be, may yet justify themselves. Are there not plenty of 'unmeaning bunches of notes' in Schönberg? Is it a desperately rash step to describe a good deal of the later Stravinsky (e.g., the pieces for string quartet) as 'cretinous babble'?

A good point is made on page 120, where Mr. Calvocoressi says that the conscientious discussion of music which one dislikes calls for greater pains than any other critical task. Incidentally, he adds:

It may be pointed out that the importance, from the educational point of view, of a close study of bad music is overlooked by all writers on musical appreciation. One reason probably is that these writers feel that the question why music is bad cannot be disposed of in a few vague generalities such as are held to serve the purpose of explaining why music is good.

I am glad to see a strong case made out against unsigned criticism. As the author says, judgments may be the fruit of long experience and weeks of anxious thought, or they may be dashed off by an ignoramus:

... The result is all one: if you do not know who wrote, the value of the judgment, to you, is exactly nil.

I have been able to touch on only a tenth part of the points I had marked for discussion. Not often does one come across so 'meaty' a book. Mr. Calvocoressi shirks no issue, however tough. As a result his book is one that cannot be skimmed through. You must bend your mind to it or leave it alone. I hope the title will not lead to the mistaken view that it is for critics only. It is for all musicians who really want to clarify their minds on their art—an art which from its nature is especially liable to suffer from sloppy views and vague generalisation. Mr. Calvocoressi's book has many virtues; among them (I mention it for the encouragement of the hesitating reader) an unusual merit in that the farther it goes the more interesting it becomes.

H. G.

Musiques d'Aujourd'hui. By Emile Vuillermoz.

[Paris : Crès. 6 francs.]

M. Vuillermoz is not a very profound critic, but he is more readable than most. He is warm-hearted. A delicate trifle pleases him, and the least he can say of it is 'prodigious, incomparable.' Of Gabriel Fauré's song *Reflets dans l'Eau*, he declares: 'Never before did any musician by means at once so simple and refined obtain so striking an evocation without leaving the domain of pure music.' But though his language is strained, M. Vuillermoz can write very prettily. He is sincere and, on occasion, witty.

His *Musics of To-day* (the French, by the way, are lucky to possess that plural) are, as befits a good Frenchman of to-day, nearly all French musics. The exceptions are Stravinsky, Schönberg, and the Catalan composer, Mompou. Some of the *post-bellum* youngsters would say that M. Vuillermoz's 'to-day' was really the day before yesterday, for he is principally the spokesman of the period of Fauré, d'Indy, Debussy, Ravel, Dukas—the masters, as he calls them, of 'the old classic writing.'

His chapters have the peculiarity of being not general studies, but reviews of newly published works, and to this form of musical criticism, which is usually the most flat and arid, M. Vuillermoz manages (and it is a credit to his talents) to give readability and picturesqueness. In the first paper he discusses Fauré's Quintet in C, and we already have 'a work of incomparable nobility' and a 'prodigious *Andante*.' The Quintet

... sums up half-a-century of harmonic conquests. It is rich with all the sonorous treasures that have been heroically seized on in the teeth of routine, indolence, and bad taste. Each of these chords once, at its birth, stirred up endless strife and controversy. In these four movements there are more victorious annexations than in all the trophies that are nowadays flourished by certain musical students anxious to rig up a profitable revolution for their own benefit.

This last phrase points to some lack of sympathy with a younger party of Paris musicians, and as we go on we find that M. Vuillermoz is little enough impressed by the Satie-Cocteau group, with the exception of Honegger. Of old, he observes, æsthetic theories sprang from the consideration of masterpieces. Nowadays the latest musicians decline to leave the theorising to others. In fact they start with the exegesis before the work itself exists. One day when the absorbing cares of publicity will allow they may find time to compose something. What they have made certain of is that when the masterpieces come we shall all know exactly what we ought to admire in them. Then M. Vuillermoz sighs when he looks on the new musical generation and sees so many who have clearly followed the wrong calling—young musicians who were so certainly destined to make better solicitors or pastry-cooks.

On another page he suggests that the uncomfortable phase of to-day's music may be to the eventual gain of the art, however little fun the average music-lover derives from it. Of course we ought by now to know that we do not listen to music 'for fun':

... art is simply a series of fightings, aggressions, conquests, annexations, and violations of frontiers. Out of all these brutalities, the æstheticians will later on make a peaceable and reasoning beauty. But poor folk who find themselves too near a field of battle are always apt to have a rough time.

Apparently we Londoners are not alone in suffering from economic hindrances to our music:

The use of a chorus has become such a Sardanapalian luxury that no composer now dare introduce human voices into a score. To perform an oratorio, Mass, or Passion means a financial undertaking needing the help of a Mæcenas. Even the classic Wagnerian orchestra comes under the heading of articles of luxury liable to super-tax. A proper performance of the *Finale* of the *Twilight of the Gods* costs an extra fifteen hundred francs for the special bass notes.

Florent Schmitt's 147th Psalm remains an almost legendary work, to be seen in score but never heard—it needs a chorus, and 'the race of choral singers is not acclimatised in France.'

M. Vuillermoz has nothing to say about our music, except for a cut at Mr. Goossens's contribution to the *Tombéau de Debussy*, in which he detects Tristanisms, and so sneers at Mr. Goossens for 'wiping his eyes on a handkerchief bought long ago at Bayreuth.' We should deserve to be reproached by M. Vuillermoz if we represented him as reactionary. How little he is that will be seen by his agreeing that

... the contemporary ear, slowly educated and rendered subtle by finer and finer perceptions, can now enjoy the advantages of the persistence of auditory impressions, and so follow simultaneously three themes evolving on three distinct planes, without needing them to be pinned pitilessly down by the rivets of classic harmony and counterpoint.

Which at least may look well in print. M. Vuillermoz does not pursue the subject in a way to show us that it means anything.

He gives a chapter to *Pierrot Lunaire*, which attracted him:

Our harmonic, tonal, and contrapuntal systems do not go far towards explaining this composition, which flourishes with an astonishing liberty of bearing; which is supple; which is naked; which discovers the earthly Paradise, and seems not to suspect that ever before it were music and musicians.

Kœchlin, Aubert, Inghelbrecht, and Migot are some of the less-known French musicians to whom M. Vuillermoz gives papers. Towards the end of the book he writes neatly on French music-hall ditties, jazz music, and the ballet. C.

A History of Music. By Paul Landormy. Translated (with a Supplementary Chapter on American Music) by Frederick H. Martens.

[Charles Scribner's Sons, 10s. 6d.]

The faults in this book are of a type that will make the English reader fail to appreciate its excellences. On page 62, after discussing Purcell, M. Landormy asks:

Was not this greatest among English musicians the last as well? After him English musical history seems to have come to an end. . . . Yet why should musical inspiration not be born again, some day, in a nation which has already given so many proofs of the fine inborn artistic faculties it possesses, which, nevertheless . . .

And so on.

At the foot of this page the translator also asks a question:

In view of what Elgar, Arnold Bax, and Eugène Goossens—the last-named in particular—have given us, is this question well founded?

(Continued on page 149.)

Chloris in the Snow

February 1, 1924

PART-SONG FOR S.A.T.B.

Words by WILLIAM STRODE (1602-1645)

Music by PERCY E. FLETCHER

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO. SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

With grace and charm

SOPRANO *mp* I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a - lone, When feather'd rain . . came soft-ly

ALTO *mp* I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a - lone, . . When feather'd rain . . came soft-ly

TENOR *mp* I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a - lone, When feather'd rain . . came soft-ly

BASS *mp* I saw fair Chlo - ris walk a-lone, When feather'd rain came

With grace and charm. $\text{♩} = \text{about } 72$

(For practice only) *mp*

cres. down, As Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her *dim.*

cres. down, . . As Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower . . To court her *dim.*

cres. down, As Jove . . de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her *dim.*

cres. soft-ly down, As Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower . . To court her *dim.*

slightly slower

in a sil-ver show'r: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

in a sil-ver show'r: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

in a sil-ver show'r: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

in a sil-ver show'r: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

slightly slower

With more animation

The wan-ton snow flew . . to her breast, Like pret-ty birds

The wan-ton snow flew . . to her breast, Like pret-ty birds

The wan-ton snow flew . . to her breast, Like pret-ty birds

The wan-ton snow flew . . to her breast, Like pret-ty birds

With more animation

mf **slowing down** *dim.* *tenderly*

in-to their nest, But, o-ver-come with white-ness there, For grief it thaw'd in-to a

in-to their nest, But, o-ver-come with white-ness there, Thaw'd,

in-to their nest, But, o-ver-come with white-ness there, Thaw'd,

in-to their nest, But, o-ver-come with white-ness there, Thaw'd,

slowing down *mf* *dim.* *tenderly*

CHLORIS IN THE SNOW

slower and expressively

February 1, 1924

tear: Thence fall - ing on her gar - ments' hem, To deck her,

a tear: . . . Thence fall - ing on her gar - ments' hem, To deck her,

a tear: Thence fall - ing on her gar - ments' hem, To deck her,

a tear: . . . Thence fall - ing on her gar - ments' hem, To deck her,

slower and expressively

lingering Original time

froze . . in - to a gem. . . I saw fair

froze . . in - to a gem. . . I saw fair

froze . . in - to a gem. . . I saw fair

froze . . in - to a gem. . . I saw fair

lingering Original time

froze . . in - to a gem. . . I saw fair

Chlo - ris walk a - lone, When feather'd rain . . came soft - ly down, As

Chlo - ris walk a - lone, . . . When feather'd rain . . came soft - ly down, . . . As

Chlo - ris walk a - lone, When feather'd rain . . came soft - ly down, As Jove.

Chlo - ris walk alone, When feather'd rain came soft - ly down, As

Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her in a sil-ver

Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her in a sil-ver

de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her in a sil-ver

Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her in a

slowing down

shower, As Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her in a sil-ver

shower, As Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her,

shower, As Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her,

shower, As Jove de-scend-ing from his Tower To court her,

slowing down

still slower

shower: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

to court her: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

to court her: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

to court her: I saw fair Chlo-ris walk a-lone.

still slower

(Continued from page 141.)

Catechism being the vogue, perhaps this reviewer may take a hand and ask Mr. Martens if he seriously regards the contribution of Goossens as more important than that of Elgar. And while he was trying to show M. Landormy that we have had a few composers since Purcell, he might have found a batch of names at least as important as those of the 'Paris Six,' to whom the author devotes a page and a-half.

Mr. Martens is somewhat to blame in this matter. In his copious bibliography he includes lists of magazine articles on living composers. He cites articles from the *Musical Times* on Prokofiev, but entirely overlooks the long series by Mr. Edwin Evans on 'British Composers'—a series which ran from February, 1919, to July, 1920, and probably did more for contemporary British music than any other literary effort during the past decade.

After such a floorer as that on page 62, we turn to the chapter headed 'Music of To-day' with no great hopes, and find meagre anticipations well justified. England is allowed twenty-one lines—which is almost as much as Stravinsky gets all to himself. We are told that this country possesses an 'important group of composers,' which is true enough, though the statement cannot be squared with that about English musical history having ended with Purcell. The author seems to have got his information rather too easily. He says:

The 'Musical League,' founded in 1904, includes the names of Edward Elgar, Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, Joseph Holbrooke, Bell, Frank Bridge, Frederic Austin, Vaughn Williams [*sic*, here and in the Index], Arnold Bax, Lord Berners, Goossens, Arthur Bliss, and others.

Perhaps Holst is among the 'others,' or perhaps he didn't join the 'Musical League.' And there are a few other British composers of to-day who count for a good deal more than at least six of this lot. Of the above group only three are deemed worthy of special mention—Lord Berners, Eugène Goossens, and Arthur Bliss! M. Landormy is good enough to say that 'Day by day the English School assumes greater importance in the musical life of Europe.' If he really thinks that, he should have treated it seriously, instead of making up his catalogue from a fifteen-year-old list of members of an institution that appears to be dead. Contemporary French music gets so handsome a show on this side of the Channel, both in the Press and on the concert-platform, that it is high time for something like reciprocal treatment, if only on the score of good manners.

Perhaps the translator, rather than the author, is to blame for some of the numerous slips that leap to the eye. For example, on page 87 we are told that *The Art of Fugue* was written for the organ. The fugue form is discussed misleadingly, the *stretto* being described as 'a return in compact form of all the elements composing the fugue above the organ point,' whereas a *stretto* has nothing to do with such important constituents as the counter-subject or the episodes, and is not necessarily above an organ point. On page 91 it is stated that 'Bach wrote four short Masses (*Missa brevis*), and especially a *Mass in B flat minor*, which is one of his masterpieces.' There are a good many cases of gush and over-statement, e.g., 'Handel's art is always impeccable, its forms rigorously correct,' praise that can be given to no composer, least of all to one who was so often hasty in his methods. In view of this laudation, by the by, it is damping to

find Handel spoken of later as 'well-nigh a classic.' Franck's Symphony is described as being in B minor. M. Lenormand considers that until he was fifty, Franck produced 'little else but promises,' and among these promises includes the Six Pieces for organ, which are certainly not inferior to the Three Chorals, and are by many considered to be better. In the list of Franck's works, the *Prelude, Choral, and Fugue* is given as 'Prelude,' 'Choral et Fugue,' and the Three Pieces for organ are described as being for 'pipe-organ'—a term rarely used anywhere but in America. The translation reads far too much like a translation to be a good one. E.g. (of Saint-Saëns), 'He lived like an amateur of life, voluptuously culling the occasional pleasures which our wretched existence offers.'

On the credit side has to be placed the fact that M. Landormy has not succumbed to the usual temptation of musical historians in the matter of proportion. He packs what he has to say about early music into small space, and on page 86 is well away with Bach. As a result, modern music—or rather the Continental (and especially the French) side of it—gets a far better show than it usually does in one-volume histories. The author does well, too, in treating the really important men at considerable length, instead of trying to squeeze in everybody. The latter plan usually results in a mere annotated catalogue. There is a full index and copious bibliographies, but M. Landormy must not complain if the reviewer's last word is like his first—a strong protest against the absurdly inadequate treatment of British music. With a new edition of *Grove* on the way, as well as the *Dictionary* promised for this spring by Messrs. Dent, a work of the kind coming from abroad must be a good deal better than Mr. Landormy's in order to ensure a place on our shelves.

H. G.

Hugo Riemann's Musik-Lexikon. Tenth edition.
Revised by Alfred Einstein.

[Berlin: Max Hesse.]

The new *Riemann* is a monstrous volume of fourteen hundred and sixty-nine pages, all tightly packed with countless facts which busy German bees have so wondrously collected. To English eyes, the use of ugly Gothic type seems a perversity. An artful use of various types can enormously help the usefulness of a reference book. Riemann knows nothing of this. Thus, all the Hoffmanns who have adorned music (eight of them, from 1582 onwards) are lumped together in one unbroken paragraph nearly three columns long.

Riemann is essentially a reference book, and as such is a prodigy of careful toil. Its scope of course is entirely different from *Grove*, and it could not be expected to be readable as *Grove* is. Its thoroughness is remarkable, and there are hardly any fish too small to come into its net. The range may be seen from the inclusion, among the notices of modern British composers, of such new-comers to fame as Philip Heseltine and Eric Fogg. English musicians may be said to be well treated, though when it comes to detail there is plenty of room for *Riemann* to be made more useful still.

For an example, let us take the article on Elgar. It is given about two-thirds of a column, or rather less than half the space allotted to Richard Strauss, which in a German dictionary seems pretty fair dealing. There is a summary biography and a list

of Sir Edward's honours. Elgar's position is presented thus:

The very marked successes of his later years (in 1904 a three-days' Elgar Festival was held at Covent Garden Theatre) have given E. a foremost place among the newer English composers.

The greater part of the article is a list of Elgar's works, beginning 'His principal works are—'. The list is rather a jumble. It is not on the one hand a list of everything, nor, on the other, a discriminating selection of the masterpieces. Among the 'principal works' are mentioned the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*, Op. 34, alongside the three great oratorios, and the *Secilliana*, *Salut d'Amour*, and the little *Serenade* for strings, among the Symphonies and Concertos. The compiler flags towards the end of the list, and dates, keys, and opus numbers are missing for the Pianoforte Quintet and Violoncello Concerto. We have, then, to ask, What good can such a list be? It is not ample enough for a specialist, and it is not discriminating enough to give to the seeker after knowledge a simple notion of Elgar's greatest achievements. The Holst article mentions a *Cotswolds* Symphony (do our Holstians know anything of this?), but not *The Hymn of Jesus*. And it is to be feared that intending visitors from Germany to the Three Choirs Festival next September will find themselves in the wrong county if they accept Riemann's view that the Festival is held at 'Glocester, Hertford, Worcester.'

These are trifles, not meant to disparage a remarkable volume, but to indicate (in view of future editions) that Riemann is not perfect. Many musical people will find it uncommonly useful, not to say indispensable. So much about music and musicians has never before been contained in one volume. Riemann's successor, Alfred Einstein, acknowledges help from Mrs. Violet Balkwill and Mr. E. J. Dent. The indefatigable Riemann died in 1919, when the ninth edition of his *Lexikon* was in the press. C.

Modern British Composers: Seventeen Portraits. By Herbert Lambert, with a Foreword on Contemporary British Music by Eugène Goossens.

[F. & B. Goodwin, 15s.]

Favourite Musical Performers. By Sydnew Grew.

[T. N. Foulis, 6s.]

These fine portraits are worth a good deal more than the modest price of less than a shilling a-piece. The plates were prepared under Mr. Lambert's personal supervision, and printed in rotary photogravure by the Rembrandt Intaglio Company. The portraits are about 6-in. by 5½-in. on a page 12-in. by 9-in. Nothing better of their kind could be wished for. In addition to the book form they may be had in a portfolio, on detached mounts, and separately on mounts suitable for framing, at 2s. 6d. each. The seventeen subjects are Elgar, Smyth, Bantock, Vaughan Williams, Holst, Quilter, Boughton, Holbrooke, Frank Bridge, Cyril Scott, Ireland, Berners, Bax, Armstrong Gibbs, Bliss, Howells, and Goossens. The Foreword by the last-named is pleasantly generous and modest.

Mr. Grew's book gives us portraits of ten musicians—Wood, Beecham, Harrison, Mullings, Radford, John Coates, Terry (R. R.), T. W. North, Sammons, and Ronald. The term 'performers' is not unreasonably stretched to include conductors. Mr. Grew writes discursively, as is suitable in a

book dealing with persons rather than with purely musical questions. In a work of this kind one thing brings up another, and as a result Mr. Grew finds or makes an opening for a lot of interesting and useful comments on a variety of topics. The volume is extremely well produced. X.

There is no need to do more than mention the fact that a second edition of Ethel Smyth's vivid autobiographical works—*Impressions that Remained* (two vols.) and *Streaks of Life* has just been issued (Longmans, 6s. each vol.).

The excellent *Miniature Essays* issued by Messrs. Chester have just been added to, the subjects being John Ireland, Casella, and Poulenc (6d. each).

New Music

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Of a batch of new pianoforte works received from Messrs. Durand, nothing is more French than Blair Fairchild's *En Voyage*. Mr. Fairchild is an American who has not lived and studied in Paris for nothing. *En Voyage* consists of eight pieces, some of them descriptive of various ways of getting about—by train, boat, on horseback—together with others entitled *Près d'un lac le Wisconsin*, *Paysage d'été au Canada*, *Soir d'été aux environs de Chicago*, and *Dans les bois à Pointe-au-Pic*. Mr. Fairchild writes with vigour and brilliance, and shows fine command of keyboard idiom—so much so that only first-rate players will be able to tackle the work. Rhené-Baton's *Danse à sept temps* sticks to seven-four time and works an angular little theme very hard. But we get to the end convinced that seven-four can be as monotonous as any more usual measure when there is little of melodic interest to save the situation. The piece is on the difficult side.

Difficult, too, are Marcel Labey's *Prelude* and *Scherzo*. I fancy that the *Prelude* demands overmuch of the pianoforte as a melodic instrument, with a slow melody rather high on the keyboard over a widespread arpeggio accompaniment that will not always admit of the use of the sustaining pedal. It is surprising how many composers appear to forget the limitations of the pianoforte—a shortness of memory equalled only by that of the violin composers who seem to prefer ineffective chords and part-playing to a good melody. Alfred Bachelet's *Barcarolle Nocturne* and *Petite Histoire* are of moderate difficulty and comparatively old-fashioned in style, with hints of the idiom of such composers as Chopin and Henselt.

A set of *Sonnets* by H. V. Jervis-Read, published separately (Murdoch), show genuine fancy. They are fairly difficult, and call for a good deal of taste in performance. There are seven of them, and they vary in length, some being quite short, e.g., No. 5 is only about thirty bars long. It happens to be one of the best, too, a delicious morsel that might have been written by the earlier Scriabin. John Davis's *Preludium* is a capital piece for concert use—not strikingly original in its material, but so well laid out that a good player could make a hit with it (Murdoch). Of a *Moto perpetuo* little is demanded beyond perpetual motion. J. Stuart Archer's example breaks away from custom, by contradicting

the *perpetuo* with a slower middle section of different character. A pleasant piece that will give little trouble to a nimble set of fingers (Paxton). Edric Cundell's *Valse Fantastique* is an effective concert study with plenty of spicy harmony. It is dedicated to Lydia Lopokova, and would lend itself well to ballet purposes. I prefer Mr. Cundell's composing to his arranging. His version of the *Londonderry Air* is far from happy. A stodgy effect results from too many chords being used (instead of some of the melody notes being treated as passing-notes), and some of the chords are weak and some are clumsy. Both these pieces are from Paxton's.

At what stage in a composer's career is he justified in dropping prefixes and appearing on the title-page with the bare name? Hitherto the distinction has been regarded as one to be conferred by posterity. But the lady who composes under the name Poldowski (her plain English name being, presumably, a hindrance) makes no bones about describing herself as such, *tout court*. Her *Caledonian Market* (Chester) owes a good deal to some familiar models, not only in the subjects chosen—*Street hawkers, Child talking to the cat, Mouth organs, Humming tops, The bouncing ball, &c.*—but also in the methods. You will find some of the imitations successful—if you know the title of the piece. Of musical beauty there is not a scrap. There are some directions which are intended to be funny, but are merely silly—e.g., in the *Bloomsbury Waltz*, 'mincingly,' 'wooden,' 'genteel.' But satire is not easily expressed in music, and the *Waltz* is not likely to interest those who have not the music before them. In *Picture of Clouds* the player is bidden to be 'shrill,' 'violent,' and to play 'with affectation,' 'as though laughing,' 'with imbecile regularity,' and at one point the effect is to be 'like exaggerated groans.' Such aids to the appreciation of the composer's intentions are seen only by the player, and nobody else is likely to grasp the point of most of the passages so labelled. There are some ingenious effects, of course, but a little of this sort of thing goes a long way. However, there are players and hearers who like a composer to have his tongue in his cheek all the time, and I suppose the limited demand for elaborate leg-pulling has to be met. But most of us will be glad to see this clever composer once more take to writing music. It should be added that the pieces are difficult.

Francesco Santoliquido's *Ex humo ad sidera* has a serious programme, as its title suggests. The struggle of humanity from barbarism to the ideal is depicted with vividness, though we feel at times that more is demanded from the pianoforte than that useful but after all rather limited instrument can supply. The piece ought to be scored for a big orchestra. Still, as it stands a good player could make a highly exciting thing of it. Perhaps the proportions of the piece would have been better had the final section been a little longer. Having struggled out of the abyss, we should have been allowed a little longer on the mountain top. The programme is set forth in Italian: a French or English version would have been a convenience. The work is not desperately difficult, given a player on familiar terms with the fashionable dissonances (Chester).

Air à danser, by C. Chaminade, contains far too many full closes, and shows little of the grace and spontaneity that we associate with the composer's name (Enoch).

An album of three *Twilight Pieces*, by William Baines, serves to remind us of the loss we sustained in the early death of this gifted boy. These pieces are short, moderately difficult, and show his instinctive knowledge of pianoforte effect. I like especially the third, a significant kind of *ostinato* (Elkin).

Percival Garratt's *Two Epigrams* (Curwen) are curious and a bit on the gruesome side, No. 2 especially—a kind of muffled ghostly whisper for the most part. Both show the terseness of the epigram without the clearness.

Felix White's *Bumpkin's Dance* is a capital piece, attractive in melody, rhythm, and harmony. Perhaps the bumpkin becomes a trifle over-civilized as the dance goes on, but that is a detail that will worry nobody. The work is to be had in an orchestral version also; in any form it is a welcome new recruit to the stock of really good light music.

The same composer's *A Viennese Echo* is a piece of delicate fancy—a Viennese waltz in a wistful retrospect. Mr. White ought to score this for small orchestra. Its delicate detail of colour and decoration seem to call for muted strings and *sotto voce* wood-wind. These two pieces are among the best moderately difficult pianoforte music published for some time. Both are published by Curwen.

H. G.

CHAMBER MUSIC

E. J. Moeran's Sonata for violin and pianoforte (Chester) is, in some ways, if not a good, a typical example of modern music. There was a time—not long ago—when we felt a mad desire to break away from the tyranny of the common chord. At present we feel more like revolting against the tyranny of dissonance. Once we questioned the right of theorists to bar the path of progress with set rules and untenable claims. Now the pioneers have set up claims of no-rule, which are at least not less absurd—for while, before, the theorist could point for confirmation to the past and its masters, the modern can only hope to obtain approval from a future which has still to come. The morrow is in the lap of the gods. To anticipate the future may be the duty of the statesman. It never can be the duty of the artist who, if sincere, is concerned with his own immediate present, his own feelings and impressions. It may be that a public that is yet to be will delight in the feeling of hopeless restlessness which so much modern music portrays; on the other hand, it is equally possible to imagine the audience of the future turning on the present futurists with 'You all like sheep have gone astray.' Must we really have ninths and ninths all the way, as before we had 3-5's and 4-6's? Must really the common chord be reserved for special occasions, as once they reserved the diminished seventh? Doubtless great men can say great things without using either the one or the other, but it is also certain that a more conciliatory attitude would be becoming in composers who have some way to go before being counted 'scratch.' In the Sonata under review, for instance, certain qualities of the composer would be far more easily appreciated if they were set in a less ambitious harmonic scheme. None objects to the use of a dissonant chord. But dissonance, like consonance, should be used in its proper place. There is nothing to be gained by employing it in season and out of season; time

comes for all things—for consecutive ninths as for the humble chord of C major. The composer uses consecutive fifths very effectively in the last movement. But Gustav Holst used them in a similar way in *The Planets*, and still more effectively. B. V.

VIOLIN MUSIC

From Messrs. Chester come also two pieces for violin and pianoforte, by Poldowski. The first is a *Tango*, the second a *Berceuse de l'Enfant Mourant*—both are exceedingly and unnecessarily difficult. 'D'une façon canaille' may be a novel direction to the player; it is hardly illuminating. A passage like this:



is simply meaningless, for you cannot have *vibrato* and *portamento* in one—presuming the wavy line to indicate *portamento*. *Vibrato* in a quick descent from a high note to a low gives a *glissando* effect. If this is what the composer requires, then she should have written *Glissando* instead of *Con vibrato*. But perhaps, since the *Berceuse* has all the air of having been written to provide a swift, if not a sweet, ending for the sufferings of the 'enfant,' these technical details are of little importance. B. V.

SONGS

Arnold Bax's *When I was one and twenty* is a setting of the well-known lines of A. E. Housman—lines so full of significance that one would think music could add nothing to them. But this music does. Well sung and played the result is almost painfully poignant. The constituents are not elaborate—a folk-song-like melody, and a pianoforte part that gradually grows in quiet intensity, with not a superfluous note—which is saying much where Bax is concerned. The compass is for medium voice. A couple of bad misprints on page 5 should be put right: in line 2, bar 2, the minim B in the left hand should be natural, not flat, and the C that is struck with it needs a sharp. On the last page, line 3, bar 3, surely there should be a natural before the semibreve F in the bass as well as before the quaver. This appealing song has in its favour the fact that it is not unduly difficult for either singer or player; it calls, however, for musicianship, and, above all, temperament (Enoch).

The folk-song style is present also in Roger Quilter's *The Fuchsia Tree*, a setting of an old Manx ballad. It is short—a couple of verses—and typical of the composer (Winthrop Rogers). Elvira Gambogi shows no marked originality in melody or harmony, but she writes attractively. Of the two short songs published together—*Dew* and *The Little Rain*—the second is the better. The words are from old Japanese and Chinese sources. *The Dream* (also from the Japanese) hangs a bit at its opening. In *The Letter* (words by Tennyson) the thematic material is very ordinary, but the situation is perhaps saved by the animation (Elkin).

The folk-song idiom is present in almost all the songs received for review this month. Here, for example, is a set of five songs by Peter Warlock, published together under the general and pretty title of

Lillygay (Chester). Most of the vocal part might have been drawn straight from folk-song. It is a pity the accompaniment occasionally owes something to quite another quarter—is it wild to suggest Schönberg? Even if one likes the harmony in itself, it is difficult to avoid a feeling of a misfit, e.g., some bars in *The Distracted Maid*—a delightful song, despite its jagged moments. And at the close of *Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane* we have a simple vocal part, plainly in A minor, fighting hard against some terrifying structures of dissonant notes that cannot be described briefly, and that I have no space to quote. The pick, I think, is *Rantum Tantum*, a rousing example of Warlock at his best. The whole set is full of interest and enjoyment for those who can overcome the rather formidable difficulties. A high voice is necessary.

Michael Mullinar's *Cotswold Love* is an example of the diatonic way of treating a quasi-folk-song melody. The interest is well-maintained by a well-written, animated pianoforte part, the result being a capital song. The words are by John Drinkwater (Elkin).

Cyril Scott's *In the Silver Moonbeams* combines the diatonic and chromatic methods. The tune is an old French air, and on the whole Mr. Scott treats it simply and delightfully. I part company with him at the end, when he parts company with the tune, tonality, and style of the rest of the song, and falls back on a string of slithering consecutive ninths of the kind we know but too well. The words are elaborated by Mr. Scott from an old French song (Elkin).

From Rushworth & Dreaper, Liverpool, comes T. Hopkin Evans's *Ingeborg*, for contralto or mezzo-soprano. It is an exacting song in many ways, calling for a big voice and compass, as well as for a lot of dramatic power. The title-page tells us that it is to be the contralto test-piece for the next National Eisteddfod. The text is in Welsh and English, the latter being written by Mr. Evans. His verse is not so good as his music. This song—really a dramatic scena—should be very effective, especially in the orchestral version.

Song Fancies is a set of four songs by Landon Ronald, of which it is sufficient to say that they are characteristic. Sir Landon does not share the fashionable objection to emotion in music. Here, as usual, he serves it up liberally, with his customary knack of setting forth somewhat superficial material to the best possible advantage. The album is issued in three forms—for low, medium, and high voice (Enoch).

After these warm, unreticent songs, Eugène Bonner's *Flutes* are bleak indeed. The title covers an album of four, in French—humorous in the new, blandly simple way of the Paris 'Six.' As a sample, the close of *Chameaux* may be quoted:





The same composer's *Two Songs from the Chinese* are less meagre. The first, *Satire on paying calls in August*, is not unfunny. The querulous, matter-of-fact text, sung with a straight face, would raise a laugh, at all events on a first hearing. But such Satie-like japes easily become tiresome. These songs are published by Chester.

Rhené-Baton's *Au coin de lâtre*, on the other hand, are four delightful songs, finished and expressive, and not over-difficult. They call for a medium-to-high voice (Durand). H. G.

MINIATURE SCORES

A remarkably fine set of miniature scores is being issued by the Wiener Philharmonischer Verlag—the Beethoven Symphonies, two of Haydn's (the *London* and *Surprise*), Mozart's G major and *Jupiter*, and several overtures and works by Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, &c. Two particularly good examples are the *Choral Symphony* and *Elijah*. Both have the text in German and English, the print is clear and bold, and the paper and binding stout. The series is notable, too, in that each number contains a portrait of the composer, a brief preface in English, French, and German, and a synopsis of form.

From Durand comes a miniature score of Louis Aubert's *Habanera*. All the above are to be had of Novello.

Inquiries are often made for a form of Passion-tide musical service suitable for churches where the choral resources are of the most modest description. The right thing has just been issued by the S.P.C.K.—*A People's Passion Music*, arranged by Eleanor C. Gregory. It consists of readings from the Gospels, interspersed with hymns and other devotions to be used by the congregation. The Passion Tones are included for optional use, effectively harmonized by Professor Buck. The work is published in two forms—words only, and abridged edition with music, the latter containing only so much of the text as is necessary to enable the choir to follow the service. Simple as this *Passion* is—being in fact a return to the earliest type—the musical material is so well chosen and arranged that it can hardly fail to be helpful and impressive. C. W.

Gramophone Notes

By 'Discus'

H.M.V.

Two late for notice in the January number came a fine lot of new records of Christmas music. The English Singers were recorded on five 10-in. d.s., singing motets and carols by Byrd, Walford Davies, Pearsall, Praetorius, Vaughan Williams (the ever-welcome *Wassail Song*) and Boughton. The last-named was represented by five numbers from

Bethlehem—arrangements of familiar tunes. The recording is first-rate, and the performance excellent in every way, save for a slight feeling of hustle, especially in the Boughton numbers. The result is that such decorative treatment as that of *Adeste fideles* sound rather trivial—which, in fact, it is. Boughton here adopts the idiom of an all too efficient student writing florid counterpoint in a hurry.

The special problems of choral recording are being overcome, judging from the success of three 12-in. d.s. of choruses from *The Messiah*, performed by an admirable choir and the Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. The balance is first rate—in fact, it seems very likely that these records give us an effect pretty much like that of Handel's day, when the choir and orchestra were about equal. Here the choir is evidently small, but picked, so the result is never heavy, and the orchestral part can be heard clearly throughout. There should be a warm welcome for these records of evergreen music. The choruses recorded are 'For unto us,' and 'Glory to God'; 'His yoke is easy,' and 'Surely He hath borne'; 'All we like sheep,' and 'Lift up your heads.' I was sorry 'And the glory' was not among them, but no doubt we shall in due season have the whole of the work.

Solo records from Handel issued at Christmastide are of Tudor Davies in 'Every valley' and 'Comfort ye' (too strenuous in style for this music, I feel); Edna Thornton in 'O thou that tellest,' and 'Return, O God of Hosts'; and Robert Radford in 'For behold,' and 'The people that walked.'

Orchestral records are well up to the mark. Elgar's *In the South Overture* is on two 12-in. d.s., played by the Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by the composer—a brilliant work well reproduced. Excellent, too, are a couple of 11-in. d.s. of extracts from Delius's *Hassan* music, played by His Majesty's Theatre orchestra, with Percy E. Fletcher conducting.

A fine band record is that of the Coldstream Guards (conductor, Lieut. R. G. Evans) in a transcription of Liszt's *Les Preludes*. The wood-wind playing is delightful (12-in. d.s.).

Many gramophonists have been waiting for some Bach played by Harold Samuel. Here is a first instalment—two 12-in. d.s. of the *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*, with the *Bourrées* from the *French Suite* in A to fill up the fourth side (the *Fantasia* has a couple of sides to itself). These are among the most notable pianoforte records so far issued. Gramophonists who don't know these works will find the second of the two records the more easily understood and enjoyed. The *Fugue* is clearness itself, and the *Bourrées* are a joy.

It is a drop from these records to a 10-in. d.s. of Una Bourne in Palmgren's *Evening Whispers*, and a transcription of a familiar Mozart *Minuet*, but the playing is first-rate in its daintiness, and again the tone is good.

This month's vocal solo records are not on the same level as the instrumental. The outstanding one is a 10-in. d.s. of Elizabethan songs by Campion, Dowland, and Bartlett, arranged by Frederick K'el, and sung by Sarah Fischer, with string quartet accompaniment. Miss Fischer's tone is hard at times, but her singing is full of life and rhythm, and the string accompaniments are so effective that I wish the recording companies would more frequently use string arrangements of the pianoforte parts.

George Baker sings Quilter's *Three Shakespeare Songs* (10-in. d.-s.). The label describes these songs as 'arranged' by Quilter—a curious slip in the case of works so well-known and so very Quilterish. Mr. Baker's singing strikes one as somewhat mincing and affected in *O mistress mine and Blow, blow*; he is far better in *Come away, Death*.

Why does Robert Radford trouble about such feeble things as Franz Abt's *Still is the night*? However, we can forgive him for the sake of the two Martin Shaw songs on the other side of this 12-in. d.-s.—*Full Fathom Five* and *Old Clothes and Fine Clothes*, the latter being especially good. Remaining vocal records are of Leila Megane (*Land of Hope and Glory*—with Coldstream Guards Band—and Goring Thomas's *A Summer Night*); Ben Davies (Schumann's *A Spring Night* and Purcell's *I attempt from love's sickness to fly*—of the singing one can only say that it is a pity Mr. Davies did not enter the recording room twenty years earlier); and Sydney Coltham (an air from Debussy's *L'Enfant Prodigue* and Löhrr's *Margarita*).

ÆOLIAN VOCALION

The pick of this month's output—a smaller one than usual—is a 12-in. d.-s. of the London String Quartet's performance of the first two movements of Beethoven's Quartet in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6.

The only orchestral record is a 10-in. d.-s. of the Æolian Orchestra playing four little pieces on Russian folk-songs by Liadov, conducted by Cuthbert Whitmore. They are of no great account, but a special word is due to the highly-enjoyable *Rondo*, in which the piccolo player has the time of his life.

Liadov is represented again on a 10-in. pianoforte record—Sapelnikov playing his piquant *Musical Box* and Tchaikovsky's well-known *Humoresque* in G, from Op. 10—a good reproduction of some capital playing.

The vocal records give us some fine voices wasted on poorish material: Ethel Hook in Hullah's *Three Fishers* and Roeckel's *Angus Macdonald*; John Charles Thomas in Frank Tours's *Trees* and Fleeson von Tilzer's *If you only knew*; Eric Marshall in Löhrr's *Roadways* and d'Hardelot's *Never mind*; and Malcolm McEachern in Kennedy Russell's *Young Tom o' Devon* and Coningsby Clarke's *The Golden City of St. Mary*.

Two operatic records are of Giacomo Rimini in an air from *L'Africaine*, and Armand Tokatyan in 'Cielo e mar?' from *La Gioconda*, and a cheerful Neapolitan air.

COLUMBIA

It was a happy idea of Sir Henry Wood's to give gramophonists an opportunity of hearing the wind and string departments of his Orchestra separately. Here is a 12-in. d.-s. of Beethoven's *Rondino* for wind instruments, and Bach's *Gavotte* in E for strings. As a piece of music, much cannot be said for the *Rondino*; but it makes an interesting and instructive gramophone item, because, the reproduction being excellent, it gives us an unusually good chance of studying the tone-colour of wood-wind and horns in combination.

A fascinating record is that of Ravel's Septet (harp, flute, clarinet, and strings), played by some of our finest soloists. But I wish the Company had not cut it into four short sections (two 12-in. d.-s.). It looks as if it could have been got on two sides of a 12-in. disc. The interest of novelty attaches to

some records of the band of the R. Marina Italiana. A 12-in. d.-s. of the Overture to *Egmont* shows them to be a good deal less brilliant than the Service bands of this country and France. The work suffers, too, in the transcription. A 10-in. d.-s. shows us the band playing the Prelude to Act 4 of *Traviata*, and on the other side a dreadfully inane affair which the label assures us is a *Nibelungen March* by Wagner. Of course, there are Wagners and Wagners, and this may be any one of the clan. But if the March is by the one and only Richard, I will eat the disc on which it is recorded, labels and all.

Two vocal records call for a note. Norman Allin sings Peel's *The Lute Player* and Korbay's *Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane* (10-in. d.-s.). I have heard this magnificent voice to better advantage.

A 12-in. d.-s. gives us Ulysses Lappas singing a couple of extracts from *Andrea Chenier*. I can imagine no worse object-lesson for a young singer than this record. Lappas, as his voice reaches me *via* the gramophone, is nearly always slightly flat, almost invariably wobbly, and the rest of the time either raucous or snivelling. Listening to records of operatic tenors of the Mediterranean breed, I have often wondered what depths of blatant vulgarity they could plumb. I think Lappas has managed to reach bottom.

Church and Organ Music

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

DIPLOMA DISTRIBUTION

On Saturday, January 19, Dr. Alan Gray, LL.M., President of the College, presented the diplomas to the recently elected Fellows and Associates. Among those present were Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., Vice-President, and the following members of the Council: Dr. P. C. Buck, Mr. E. T. Cook, Mus.B., Dr. H. E. Darke, Dr. H. G. Ley, Dr. C. Macpherson, Dr. G. R. Marchant, Dr. H. W. Richards, Mr. E. S. Roper, Mus.B., Dr. F. G. Shinn, Dr. E. T. Sweeting, and Dr. H. A. Harding, hon. secretary.

The President began the proceedings by saying—I am quite sure we should all like to express our sincere regret that Sir Walter Parratt has been seriously ill, and I feel that we should send a message to him expressing our sympathy and our great hope that he will soon be better again. I therefore propose the following Resolution:

'It is the unanimous wish of the members gathered together to-day at the public distribution of the R.C.O. diplomas that much sympathy be sent to you in your illness, and deep gratitude to you for all you have done for organists and the organ world. It is their earnest wish that your health may be speedily restored, and that they may have the great gratification of welcoming you back again in the near future.'

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE seconded the motion.

The Resolution was carried with acclamation, and on the suggestion of Dr. Harding, it was agreed to send the message to Sir Walter in the form of a telegram.

Dr. HARDING (Hon. Secretary): For the Fellowship Examination there were seventy-seven candidates, of whom fifteen passed; for the Associate Examination there were a hundred and sixty-four candidates, of whom fifteen passed. The Fellowship Lafontaine Prize was awarded to W. J. F. Avery, and the Fellowship Turpin Prize to H. Marsden.

The Associateship Lafontaine Prize was awarded to L. Forrester, and the Associateship Sawyer Prize to E. J. Down.

There were altogether two hundred and forty-one candidates, and only thirty passed! Two candidates who had obtained pass-marks in organ-playing and paper-work, failed because their Essays were so thoroughly inadequate.

We wish it generally known that the Essay is a failing subject, and that it is possible to pass in everything else and yet to fail on the whole through inability to write an Essay of two hundred words.

I have two things to mention as Secretary. First of all, I want to tell you that the syllabus for the Choir-training Examination is now available. I do commend these examinations to you. We hear from clergymen nowadays that they do not attach so much importance to the playing; they want choir-trainers. It is in your power to show the ecclesiastical authorities that you are good choir-trainers. Then I would like to point out that all the new regulations for F.R.C.O. and A.R.C.O. come into force next July. Do not be afraid of them. To the musician, I believe they are easier than they were before. In any case, I assure you the examination will not cramp the genius of any budding composer. We are on the eve of publishing Specimen Tests of all the tests we are going to give next July. They are sixpence per set, post free, from the College. They show you exactly the character and difficulty of the new tests.

The Diplomas were then presented by the President to the successful candidates:

PASSED FELLOWSHIP, JANUARY, 1924

Allen, C. V., Winchester	Masser, W. E., Reading
Avery, W. J. F., London	Miles, T. P., Eastbourne
(Lafontaine Prize)	Newman, S. T. M., Bristol
Franklin, O. Le P., London	Pritchard, T. C. L., Glasgow
Jarvis, C. E., Port Sunlight	Rablen, A. W., London
Jones, W. Probert., Reading	Sykes, H. H., Huddersfield
Lawrence, A. H., Normanton	Thorne, G. H., Felstead
Marsden, H., Oughtibridge	Veitch, W., Enfield
(Turpin Prize)	

PASSED ASSOCIATESHIP, JANUARY, 1924

Balkham, A. E.,	Hannah, S. H., Newcastle-
St. Leonard-on-Sea	on-Tyne
Boraston, F. R., Formby	Jolly, W., Peterborough
Cartner, H., Carlisle	Minay, W. O., Manchester
Crick, G. F., Bury, Lancs.	Phillips, Walter, Wrexham
Downs, E. J., Southport	Richards, J. H., London
(Sawyer Prize)	Salmons, C. L., Bedford
Evans, D. M., Tonbridge	Smith, H. F., West
Forrester, L., Stoke-on-	Hartlepool
Trent	Strange, H. A. W., Reading
(Lafontaine Prize)	

ALEX. W. SHINDLER, Registrar.

Appended are the Reports of the Examining Boards:

FELLOWSHIP ORGAN-WORK

Of the pieces, the Bach number (Chorale Prelude on *Lord Jesus Christ, unto us turn*) was phrased better, and the pace was more even than usual. Bairstow's Toccata-Prelude on *Pange Lingua* proved to be a searching test, the meaning of which many failed to grasp; others ignored the *staccato*, or seemed quite unable to cope even tentatively with the printed registration marks. In spite of this, however, the actual ability to play the right notes continues to show a higher standard of attainment. This ability proved to be the undoing of certain candidates, who entirely failed to perceive the innate gracefulness of the Mozart piece (*Andante* from fifth Quintet, arranged by Best), which was consequently played in the majority of cases far too heavily.

On the purely mechanical side, there were several instances where candidates did not notice for pages on end that they were playing on the Great organ without the Pedal coupler. As the R.C.O. organ has three ways of giving this coupler to the performer, it is advisable to know for certain beforehand how to employ at least one of them at a moment's notice.

Of the practical tests, that for score-reading was too often played in a way that would hinder rather than help a choir, and mistaken clefs were common. The unfigured bass seemed to be thought out from the wrong way up. Very few apparently seemed to make the effort of imagining a melody to which the printed notes would supply a suitable bass, nor did many resort to the obvious and helpful expedient of contrary motion when in difficulties.

Too many candidates merely played chords with each note of the bass, and there were few instances where a practical knowledge of passing-notes was apparent.

The sight-reading was disappointing, the faults in time being more numerous than those of wrong notes.

The extemporizing showed signs of improvement, though the following faults were still much in evidence:

- (1.) Inability to play the subject in correct time.
- (2.) A tendency to make the second phrase an exact copy of the first both in melodic and rhythmic outline.
- (3.) Failure to continue in any recognisable time.
- (4.) Introducing middle sections quite out of keeping with the opening.
- (5.) Pumping the Swell pedal, or playing the subject on a solo stop in order to cover up the lack of inventive ability.

Taking it all round, the melody was not well done. As in the bass test, few showed more than a nodding acquaintance with accented or unaccented passing-notes, a fact that accounted for failures far more than the mistakes attributable to the state of candidates' nerves supposed to be inevitable in the examination room.

CHARLES MACPHERSON (*Chairman*).

A. HERBERT BREWER.

WALTER G. ALCOCK.

FELLOWSHIP PAPER-WORK

Melody.—This was on the whole creditably done. But in many cases there was a tendency to over-elaboration and over-harmonization. There were not many attempts to use definite figuration, the parts moving in a somewhat aimless fashion.

Unfigured Bass.—Generally satisfactory, and better than the working of the melody, showing more appreciation of what is meant by 'style.'

Counterpoint.—The strict counterpoint was generally good, the free counterpoint poor. Candidates are in too much of a hurry to get their parts in. The result is, the entries are often pointless and clumsy.

Fugue.—There is the same old difficulty in making the free parts interesting and relevant. If candidates would try to state one or two definite ideas on figures in the counter-subject, they would then have material capable of development in the free parts, beside that afforded by the subject.

Orchestration.—Generally passable, but of only average standard.

Ear-Test.—Very good in most cases.

Questions.—Fair. There were some curious ideas as to the meaning of the words 'right' and 'wrong' in music, and also of 'tonality' and 'key-colour.' Further, it should be pointed out that when asked to give brief headings for a lecture on 'Organ Composers since Mendelssohn,' candidates do not give any indication of what they are going to say by writing down a list of such composers.

J. F. BRIDGE (*Chairman*).

P. C. BUCK.

C. H. KITSON.

ASSOCIATE ORGAN-WORK

The standard generally seemed to be below the average, and many of the failures were due to quite elementary faults—e.g., the hands not together in chord-playing; fugue subjects given out un rhythmically, and not phrased consistently throughout the work; lack of continuity in rhythm (this was especially noticeable in Frank Bridge's *Allegro Marziale*); bad time, pointless *rallentandos*, &c. The Psalm-Prelude of Howells almost invariably suffered from vagueness of rhythm, and apparent ignorance of the psalm-text on which the piece is based. The repeated L.H. chords in the Lloyd piece were usually made unpleasantly abrupt in effect.

Registration: Many players used a 16-ft. pedal, uncoupled, with the result that the bass of the harmony was often uncertain; the reeds and doubles were over-used, especially in the Bach C minor Fugue, the 16-ft. manual stop being frequently used in giving out the subject; more attention to balance of manuals and pedal was needed in the Bach Sonata; *cres.* and *dim.* were generally too sudden.

The tests were often attacked recklessly, the key- and time-signatures sometimes not being grasped until the test was well on its way. (The accompaniment-test was in G minor; several players began in G major, and continued in that key till half-way through. On the other hand, the score-reading test, in G major, was several times started in G minor, C major, or in an unclassifiable compound of keys.) The accompaniment-test suffered badly in the matter of wildly incorrect time-values, and was often played as a piece of organ music, no notice being taken of the text; here, and in the transposition, the pedal part was frequently played an octave lower than written, and indications as to *ped.* and *man.* were disregarded. Without exaggeration it may be said that seventy-five per cent. of the faults and slips in both solo playing and tests were either elementary or of a type that could have been avoided by the use of a little observation and common-sense.

EDGAR T. COOK (*Chairman*).
HARVEY GRACE.
HENRY G. LEY.

ASSOCIATE PAPER-WORK

The paper-work, as a whole, did not attain to the usual level, although elementary mistakes were rather less in evidence. The primary cause of many failures was that much of the music which came before the examiners was built upon commonplace bass parts and weak harmonic foundations. Crude progressions and monotonous harmonies were the inevitable result.

Many slips in workmanship are excused, provided that some musicianship is shown; without this essential the tests cease to have any value.

Under the new regulations for paper-work there will be wide scope, and we may reasonably expect that this fact will be taken advantage of and realised by all candidates.

G. J. BENNETT (*Chairman*).
H. W. RICHARDS.
H. A. HARDING.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

I propose this morning to say something on the appreciation of music. This is a subject on which a good deal has been written, but the only book on the subject that I have lately read is an admirable little work by Mr. Calvocoressi. This goes far more deeply into the subject than I propose to do to-day; and, indeed, it is written for the guidance of professed musical critics. These gentlemen certainly should be grateful for any help in their difficult task, for the records of their predecessors' opinions make, indeed, a sorry show. Any new departure in the art creates a problem, and at the present time the critic's task must be more difficult than ever. But as regards estimation of older work, one fact stands out clearly. That is that one generation will inevitably disparage the work of its immediate predecessors. This is true of other things besides music. Take literature. There is the supreme case of Shakespeare. In the 17th and 18th centuries it was found necessary, even by so great a writer as Dryden, to alter and rewrite Shakespeare's plays. In the latter part of the 18th century interest in these gradually increased, but it was not till the 19th century that his greatness was fully realised by Coleridge in England and Goethe in Germany. Shakespeare's eclipse was not a total eclipse like that of Bach, but it lasted longer. In later days the same thing is perceptible in the appreciation of Victorian literature, which to my mind is the greatest literature since Elizabethan times. Even Dickens had a period of depreciation, though in his case recovery seems to have set in, as well it might. Thackeray and Tennyson have also suffered, but their turn must come again. Then Stevenson. Thirty years ago the best judges worshipped him, but that does not seem to be the case nowadays. The

same is true in other things besides Literature and Art. There is the question of dress. Take up an old *Punch* and see how absurd the fashions of only a few years ago seem. Further back there were dresses that saved the street sweeper trouble, Dundreary whiskers, and crinolines. Perhaps all may come again. Then there is furniture. I have seen fashion run the gamut of revival of mahogany, old oak, Queen Anne, Georgian, Chippendale—note that all of them come on in chronological order. I am told now that even early Victorian is showing signs of vitality. What a satisfactory thing it is that dealers are always ready to supply as with furniture of any period! But it is time we returned to music. In the 'seventies and 'eighties we were, of course, very German. Mendelssohn was beginning to wane, and Schumann was a new discovery. We had previously only known his Album and a few songs. Brahms and Wagner were alive and working, and the *Ring* was being produced. And as a confession, I may say that we thought rather well of Raff. I have not seen any of his works for years, but I have the idea still that he does not deserve the complete oblivion into which he has sunk. Of these composers, Schumann has declined most; partly, I think, for his deficiencies in technique, and partly for the general decay of romanticism in all art. 'Romanticism' is a blessed word, and I should be sorry to have to define its boundaries, but I imagine that most people would agree that Schumann was a prominent exponent of that state of mind. Brahms and Wagner have also declined relatively, but this falling back can be only temporary, though Wagner's operatic theories may hamper him. Then to turn to the other side. We fully appreciated Bach as far as we knew him—at all events, organists did—but we knew comparatively little of him. For those who heard it, the first performance of the B minor Mass in England was an epoch, but we knew few of the cantatas, and nothing of the *Brandenburg* Concertos. The revelation of Bach's amazing versatility, and the gain of insight into his spiritual qualities, have been the work of the last twenty years. We also, I am ashamed to say, decidedly underestimated Mozart. Richter's often-quoted remark, 'There is a future before Mozart,' loses point if this is forgotten. In later times we heard much of two composers—Tchaikovsky and Dvorák. Tchaikovsky is denounced as morbid, but he wrote many things besides the *Pathetic Symphony*. There is nothing morbid about the *Casse-Noisette*. Dvorák was very uneven. I have a vivid recollection of the first performance of *The Spectre's Bride*, which, in spite of a gruesome libretto and ridiculous words, gripped one absolutely. And I have also a melancholy remembrance of the first performance of *Ludmila*. But surely no modern writer has ever written such tunes. And I confess to a weakness for tunes. I do not think that these two composers will be entirely forgotten in the future. There is not much to be said for our early Victorian music before 1880. But Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist* was hailed as a masterpiece by all the critics in the 'seventies. I regret to say that certain irreverent young men of my acquaintance have been lately giving private concerts of what they call 'bad music,' and it is a sad fact that extracts from Macfarren's later oratorios formed a part of the entertainment. I hope the shade of George Alexander Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Professor of Music at Cambridge, was not present. Theory was the ruin of Macfarren as a composer. Before he became a convert to Day's theory his music is often fresh and interesting—in later times he seemed to be always trying to justify this theory by his work. 'Day' chords appear in all sorts of unsuitable situations, and the result is an extraordinary angularity which, coupled with an amazing lack of humour in setting the words, has resulted in his suffering the indignity I have described. In his early days he wrote a very pleasant Overture, *Cherry Chase*, which Mendelssohn liked, and to which Wagner alludes in his letters under the name of *Steeple Chase*! Another curious reversal of taste occurs in the case of Sullivan. In former days all the wise heads regarded Sullivan as a very talented man who had gone astray, and shook their heads violently over his comic operas. To-day the enthusiasm of the young men over these same operas is delightful to behold, and Sullivan's attempts at more solid work are discarded. But I confess

I should not mind hearing again a string of choruses from a much despised work, *The Martyr of Antioch*, though I don't suppose I ever shall have the opportunity. I have said enough, I think, to prove the proposition I began with. We may now consider some more immediately practical points. In estimating such music as we may happen to hear at a concert, there is one thing to bear in mind, and that is the enormous power of the performers to influence our judgment. We have long been acquainted with the spell of a great artist to put a new meaning into music that we know quite well, and similarly we have learnt what havoc an inferior performer can play. But in later days the amazing power a modern conductor has to make or mar a piece has to be recognised. May I give a personal reminiscence? I was well acquainted with Brahms's first Symphony from its first performance in England conducted by Joachim. I heard it afterwards with several conductors, and was familiar with it as a pianoforte duet. Richter was one of these conductors. Now Richter was the most eminent orchestral chief of his day, in fact he was the father of the modern conductor. He did things with the orchestra which no one had done before. But Richter had his limitations, and as Wagner was one of his specialities, it almost followed in those days that he had scant sympathy with Brahms. Be that as it may, though I knew that Symphony so well, and admired it so much, I was never able to get over the feeling that as an orchestral work it was stodgy. Then about twenty years ago the Meiningen Orchestra came to London, conducted by Steinbach. They played this work, and it became a living thing. As a very eminent musician said to me afterwards, 'Well, I did think I knew that work.' Now if this result could happen with a familiar composition, what an enormous power a conductor-performer has over an unfamiliar composition! (I might add that we also owe a debt to that concert for the first introduction to London of the *Brandenburg* Concertos.) We have some good examples of English conductors doing fine work in both ways. I need mention only what Sir Henry Wood and Sir Thomas Beecham have done in popularising Bach and Mozart. Then again at a concert so many things may interfere with calm judgment—an uncomfortable seat, a missed meal, and other such drawbacks. Fortunately, most of us have not got to write a report of the proceedings that same evening, but the professional critic has to do so, and he, like us, is subject to such infirmities. So let us pity and not blame him if he writes what we do not like. What are we to say when two men of the highest competence and distinction give us diametrically contradictory opinions on a technical point? Mr. Calvocoressi quotes paragraphs from D'Indy and Ravel on the respective merits of the development of sonata form by Brahms and César Franck. And there is no doubt that these two eminent men contradict each other. On which Mr. Calvocoressi remarks: 'The reader is bound to come to the conclusion that judgments on form, in spite of appearances, are very much more a matter of opinion than fact.' Can it be that criticism is reduced to the elementary position of 'I like this' and 'I don't like that'? I confess to a certain growing mistrust as to the possibility of a proper appreciation of a new piece of music by reading the score. Of course every educated musician can read a score to at least a moderate extent, and the ability of some people in this matter is perfectly marvellous. It is always possible of course to decide whether the music is generally bad or good; bad work can be detected and fine points noted, but music is meant to be heard and not read. Cannot many of us recall melodies which on first hearing produced little effect on us, and only revealed their full merits with familiarity? Personally I can recall many Bach melodies of this kind. If we fail then in the proper estimation of a melody at first hearing, it is not likely that we shall always come to a correct judgment of a more elaborate work at first sight. It is well at all events to play the work over either with two hands or four. For music is a great mystery, and we must in the last instance appeal to the senses by which it is ordained that its mysteries are to be conveyed to us. And, above all, we need not accept blindly what people write about it.

The following pieces from the selected list for the Examinations in July, 1924, were played upon the College organ by Dr. Alan Gray:

ASSOCIATESHIP

Psalm XII Charles Wood
No. 1 of Three Preludes, from the
Genevan Psalter.

Cantabile in G Jørgen
Sonata No. 4 (1st movement) Mendelssohn

FELLOWSHIP

Canon in B minor Schumann
Prelude and Fugue in E minor ('Wedge') J. S. Bach
(Novello: Book 8, p. 98.)

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE: It gives me great pleasure to propose our best thanks to our President. I appreciated his address very much. We also owe him a great debt for undertaking this onerous task at the organ, of playing before such a highly critical audience. Those who are coming up for examination next July have had a first-rate lesson for nothing at the expense of the R.C.O. There are advantages and disadvantages in being spared so long as I have been beyond the allotted span of life. I am almost inclined to think I am the oldest member of the College. I rejoice to have been spared so long to see the great results that have been achieved. I propose that our best thanks be accorded to our President, Dr. Alan Gray. More power to his elbow, and more agility to his feet as well! At any rate, it was a very great feat that he performed this morning.

The vote having been accorded with acclamation,—

The PRESIDENT said: I am very much obliged to you for this kind reception. I tried to do my best. I was doubtful whether I ought to accept the invitation to play, but as the Council was kind enough to invite me to do so, I thought it would be ungracious to refuse. Before we part this morning I should like to propose a vote of thanks to our worthy secretary, Dr. Harding. I expect you are all aware of the enormous amount of work he does for the good of this College, and has done for so many years. It is not too much to say that the really extraordinary state of efficiency of this Institution is due to his initiative, and I am sure you join me in according him our warmest thanks, with the hope that he will continue to give us his services for many years to come.

The meeting then concluded.

LOUIS VIERNE AT WESTMINSTER

In the last few years we have had visits from five celebrated foreign organists—three of them Frenchmen—and all have drawn huge audiences. The wonderful playing of brilliant young Dupré is still fresh in our memories, and we shall not soon forget Bonnet, Schweitzer, or Lynnwood Farnam.

Having entertained, and been entertained by, the pupil (Dupré), it was but fitting that we should extend our hospitality to the tutor (Vierne), and that he should tour the country giving recitals. This fine musician already had many friends in England. It was therefore with particular pleasure that we welcomed him, now restored to some degree of good health. And it says a great deal both for him and for the public that, notwithstanding the absence of press 'puffing'—which is so often given indiscriminately to foreigners—one of his first recitals in this country (at Westminster Cathedral) attracted an enormous crowd.

We have still to become thoroughly accustomed to the characteristics of French organ playing, but we are well on the way, and if at times M. Vierne seemed to give us rather an overdose of high-pitched registers and twangy reeds, the effect was considerably less unpleasant than on former occasions. Of course, the player gave us beautiful phrasing, highly artistic registration in the quieter movements, and his finger and foot agility were quite up to expectations. Only one item was below the standard we looked for, and that was the improvisation on *Adeste Fideles*—a splendid tune which, if already rather overworked, gives ample scope

for original extempore variations. Making every allowance for M. Vierne's state of health and the fact that he had had a tiring day (in the morning he gave a recital at Trinity College, Cambridge), it is impossible to deny that this extemporisation was not what it ought to have been. Somehow, where a famous recitalist is concerned, one instinctively shrinks from using such terms as 'aimless, rather puerile meandering,' but—well, anyway, it was unconvincing. The second effort in the same direction was distinctly better, but even here one missed the unity and balance of a good improvisation.

But, on the whole, one finds less fault with the playing than with the build-up of the programme. Was M. Vierne wise in conceding to the request for a programme entirely devoted to his own works? His Symphonies have long been recognised as very fine compositions, but we can have too much of even good things, which is what most of us felt at the end of the recital. Vierne's music is usually fine, but it has its dull moments. As individual numbers these Symphonies and the shorter works are delightful, but lumped together in one programme, they are apt to become wearisome. As a whole the recital lacked verve and energy—there was too much of the *pastorale, cantabile* style. The most energetic number was the *Carillon*, though for me even this was spoilt by the pedals appearing to speak about half a beat behind the manuals. Perhaps this was the fault of the building, but one cannot help thinking that it is another case of the mistake of writing quick passages for heavy, sluggish pedal stops. Having delivered oneself of these grumbles, it is only fair to repeat that otherwise the event was an enjoyable one. We may hope that before long M. Vierne will pay us another visit, and give recitals in which he includes a few bold, energetically diatonic works of Bach, Rheinberger, and some English composers. A final point: When will some of our leading players, like Wolstenholme, Hollins, Alcock, Henry Ley, and others, be invited to show the French what we can do in the organ playing line? STANLEY LUCAS.

The London Sunday School Choir will give its annual concert at the Albert Hall on February 16, at 6.30, when the programme will consist of selections from *St. Paul*, and short miscellaneous items. The soloists will be Miss Kate Winter, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Allan Brown. There will be a choir of a thousand, and a large orchestra.

A concert will be given at Bishopsgate Institute on February 28, at 7.30, by the boys of the City of London Choir College, assisted by gentlemen from St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and other choirs. The programme will include *The Hymn of Praise*, madrigals, part-songs, &c.

Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* and *Two Psalms*, Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, and Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral Symphony* will make up the programme at Southwark Cathedral musical service on February 9, at 3 o'clock. The London Symphony Orchestra will play. No tickets.

Dr. Harold Darke has just begun his twenty-third series of recitals at St. Michael's, Cornhill. Mondays, at 1. The programme on February 11 will be devoted to Bach, and Mr. John Adams will sing an aria and the cantata *Ich Lasse dich nicht*.

Parts 1, 2, and 3 of the *Christmas Oratorio* were sung by the City Temple Choral Society, on January 12, conducted by Mr. Allan Brown, with Mr. G. D. Cunningham at the organ, and Mr. E. E. Withall playing the drums.

ORGAN RECITALS

- Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, St. Mary Magdalene, Ashton-upon-Mersey—Pastorale, *Frank*; Overture to 'Occasional' Oratorio; Choral-Improvisation on 'In dulci júbilo,' *Karg-Elert*; Fantasy on two Christmas Carols, *John E. West*; Christmas Postlude, *Grace*.
 Dr. Wilson, Manchester Cathedral—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Sonata No. 2, *Bach*; Fugue in G and Preludes on 'St. Thomas' and 'Eventide,' *Purby*.

Sir Ivor Atkins, Manchester Cathedral—Fuga on the Magnificat, *Bach*; Allegretto in B minor, *Vierne*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*.

Mr. Norman Cocker, Manchester Cathedral—Overture to 'Otho,' *Handel*; Prelude and Fugue in B minor and two Chorale Preludes, *Bach*; Allegro (Symphony No. 2), *Vierne*.

Mr. Herbert Hodge, Bishopsgate Institute—Sonata No. 7, *Rheinberger*; Air with Variations in A, *Lyon*; Chorale Prelude, 'I give to thee farewell,' *Bach*; Capriccio in F, *Purcell*; *J. Mansfield*.

Mr. Philip Dore, Queens' College Chapel, Cambridge—Toccata and Fugue ('Dorian'), *Bach*; Chorale No. 1, *Frank*; Two Versets on 'Ave Maris Stella,' *Dupré*; Minuet and Final (Symphony No. 4), *Vierne*; Pastorale, *Frank*; Fantasia on 'In dulci júbilo,' *Karg-Elert*.

Dr. J. Kendrick Pyne, Whitworth Hall, Manchester—Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; 'Aspiration,' *Kitchener*; Sonata in F sharp minor, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. C. Hopkins Ould, Wesley Methodist Church, Fort William—Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*; Introduction and Fugue on BACH, *Liszt*; Andante Cantabile (Symphony No. 4) and Toccata (Symphony No. 5), *Widor*.

Mr. Edward J. Robinson, Pitt Street Congregational Church, Sydney—A Bach programme: Fantasia and Fugue in G minor and eight Chorale Preludes.

Mr. William Robson, St. George's Presbyterian Church, Stockton-on-Tees—Toccata and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Theme with Variations, *Tchaikovsky*; Evening Song, *Bairstow*.

Mr. F. A. Mouré, University of Toronto—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Sonata in G minor, *Carl Püttli*; 'Evocation à la Chapelle Sixtine,' *Liszt*; Sonata in C major, *Rheinberger*; Symphonie No. 6, *Widor*.

Mr. W. W. Thompson, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—'Ode Héroïque,' *Cyril Scott*; Rhapsody and 'Cradle Song,' *Grace*; Pièce Héroïque, *Frank*.

Mr. Wallace G. Breach, Tytherington Church, Gloucester—Prelude on 'In dulci júbilo,' *Bach*; Minuet and Trio (Symphony in G minor), *Sternedale Bennett*; Fantasia on Christmas Carols, *John E. West*.

Mr. Ernest F. Mather, St. Velast Foster—Prelude on 'Old 104th,' *Purby*; Réverie on 'University,' *Grace*; Sonata No. 5 (first movement), *Bach*; Pièce Héroïque, *Frank*.

Mr. H. Percy Richardson, Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne—Largo ('Sea' Symphony), *Vaughan Williams*; Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Prelude on 'Old 113th,' *Charles Wood*; Étude Symphonique, *Boss*.

Mr. Godfrey Seats, St. Saviour's, Ealing—Four Advent Preludes from the 'Orgelbüchlein,' *Bach*; Double Fugue on the name BACH, *Karg-Elert*; Choral Preludes by *Reger* and *Karg-Elert*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Sonata in D, *Ivimey*; Toccata-Prelude on 'Pange Lingua,' *Bairstow*.

Mr. Frank B. Porkess, St. Decuman's Parish Church, Watchet—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Chorale No. 3, *Frank*; Postlude in D minor, *Stanford*.

Mr. Philip Miles, All Saints', Eastbourne—A Bach programme: Prelude and Fugue in B minor, Pastorale, Sonata No. 5 (first movement), Toccata and Fugue in F, two Chorale Preludes, *Passacaglia*.

Mr. Cyril Pearce, St. Thomas's, Norwich—Preludes on 'Sleepers, wake' and 'In dulci júbilo,' *Bach*; Fantasy on two Christmas Carols, *John E. West*.

Miss Ada Petherick, Parish Church, Turnham Green—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 4, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. Gilbert H. Grice, Free Christian Church, Longsight, Manchester—Sonata in D minor (first movement), *Bach*; Rhapsody, *Herbert Howells*; Choral Prelude on 'Rhosymedre,' *Vaughan Williams*.

APPOINTMENTS

- Mr. Arthur C. Bennett, organist and choirmaster, Andover Parish Church.
 Mr. H. A. Bennett, organist and choirmaster, Doncaster Parish Church.

Mr. Wilfrid Dunwell, organist and choirmaster, Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds.
 Miss Doris Fenner, organist and choirmaster, St. Cuthbert's, West Hampstead.
 Mr. Henry C. Hart, organist and choirmaster, Kentish Town Parish Church.
 Mr. Frederic Lacey, organist and choirmaster, St. James-the-Less, Westminster.
 Mr. G. McNaughton Harvey, organist and choirmaster, Wallasey Parish Church.
 Mr. J. L. Slater, assistant-organist, York Minster.
 Mr. B. M. Waugh, organist and choirmaster, Christ Church, Bootle.

Letters to the Editor

THE CONDUCTOR AND HIS FORE-RUNNERS

SIR,—In your January number Mr. Wyatt challenges my accuracy. He has overlooked a somewhat material point, namely, that he, in the 20th century, is impugning the statements, not of myself, but of writers from the 12th to the 17th centuries, or even later. He does not support his argument with those categorical references without which historical research is valueless. I must refer him to my earlier chapters for my attitude in this respect.

Two further quotations may be of help to those of your readers who have been interested in those chapters:

'Iubili [*i.e.*, Alleluia] nomen tribuerunt Antiqui. Ab aliis sequentiae dictae sunt quia sunt quaedam veluti sequela et appendix cantici Alleluia, quae SINE VERBIS [my capitals] post ipsum sequuntur.' Mr. Wyatt can find this and a dozen similar references in one of the authors whom I have mentioned. It is not unreasonable to believe that these were the sources of the almost literal statement in *Grave* (2nd ed., iv., 416): 'Sequentia originally was a long jubilus or melody without words.' Whatever the later meaning of the word 'sequence,' at first it had nothing to do with words. Paradoxically the Prose 'followed' the Sequence.

The second quotation is this, which touches upon a far-reaching question of philology quite as much as of music: 'Neuma canit sine p; cum p sit Spiritus almus.'—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM WALLACE.

11, Ludbrooke Road, W.11.
 January 7, 1924.

MUSIC IN WORSHIP

SIR,—I think the reasons for drawing upon the *English Hymnal* for illustrations, rather than *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, are:

(1.)—The latter book so often plays fast and loose with the 'old' tunes. Compare, if you will, such examples as:

8 A. & M. with 259 E.H.	
439 " " 202 "	
86 " " 86 "	
201 " " 277 "	

(2.)—It is scarcely necessary to point out how impossible the plainsong tunes become as set out in A. & M. Compare:

15 A. & M. with 264 ² E.H.	
45 " " 1 "	
96 " " 94 "	

The 1880 edition of A. & M. is indicated here. The 1904 book is infinitely superior to the 'old,' but this very fine hymnal has not received the attention it deserves.

In answer to Mr. Marriner's aspersion, may I refer him to the Preface, which reads: 'It is not a party book, expressing this or that phase of negation or excess, but an attempt to combine in one volume the worthiest expressions of all that lies within the Christian creed,' &c., &c.

History repeats itself. Fifty years ago it was said, 'Ah! that book A. & M., which is administering popery to our people in homoeopathic doses.'—Yours, &c.,

Christchurch.

JOHN NEWTON.

SIR,—Mr. H. A. Marriner's letter in the last issue of the *Musical Times* surely advises a difficult task to those responsible for the careful selection of our church hymns and tunes, when the *English Hymnal* is so infinitely superior to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

The beautiful Bach settings to such hymns as *Wachet auf* and *Nun freut Euch*, mentioning two only, to say nothing of the delightful collection of plainsong hymns and melodies, and the Communion hymns, the majority of which are quite congregational, in the E.H., bear no comparison with such a quantity of bad hymns and ironed-out tunes as are found in the A. & M. collection.

Our congregations sorely need healthy and robust hymns, full of melody, not sickly sentimentalism.

Many people are apt to cling tightly to the things they learnt in their youth without pausing to ask whether such are now worthy their riper experience.—Yours, &c.,

Frensham,
 Surrey.

VICTOR J. C. G. BALL.

SIR,—I have just finished a close perusal of *Hymns of the Kingdom*, edited musically by Sir Walford Davies, and if we have not at last the ideal hymn-book (there are only some two hundred hymns in the collection), I venture to say we are now nearer to it than we have ever been before.

Those of us who, while agreeing that the sentimental part-song type of tune so largely represented in the old A. & M. book has now fulfilled any purpose it ever had, yet refuse to bow the knee to the secular and other monstrosities which form so large a proportion of the much vaunted *English Hymnal*, will find in this new book a real *via media* between the two extremes, and no fads—folk-song, sugar, or any other variety! On the other hand there is evidence of real musicianship in the setting out and arrangement of practically every tune in the book.

I write this letter quite as an outsider, entirely unacquainted with any of the promoters of the book; but in the hope that it may perhaps cause an organist or clergyman here and there to obtain a copy, and above all to read and if possible act upon the inspiring suggestions set out in the Musical Editor's preface.—Yours, &c.,

Wells, Somerset.

M. P. CONWAY.

DO COMPOSERS UNDERSTAND THE TRUMPET?

SIR,—Is the trumpet understood? Judging by a good deal of modern music I should say this is very doubtful. In the first place, why do composers write for seven different trumpets? A few players, and only very few, use a C trumpet, the instrument in general use being the B \flat . Are composers aware of this? If so, why do they score for seven instruments, when with the very small exception mentioned only one is used?

On entering an orchestra a player finds parts for B, C, D \flat , D, E \flat , E, and F trumpets. He cannot take seven instruments about with him, and would not if he could; he has therefore to transpose everything a tone, third, fourth, and so on.

It happens very frequently, almost invariably, that the composer writes for three or four trumpets in one work, so that the player has to keep switching off from one transposition to another. Why this is so puzzles me. Why does the composer leave the transposition to the player? I suppose he can manage it, therefore why doesn't he do so, and write for the instrument in universal use. He would be better served in numbers of cases if he did. The difficulties of reading and execution are quite sufficient without the transposition.

Another point is the constant use of the mute. All modern writers seem to think that it is necessary every few bars. I suppose if they want or prefer a penny trumpet effect they can have it; they certainly get it. It kills all the brilliance of tone; and apparently they do not know that mutes throw the instruments out of tune, on some notes very badly.

Then, again, where is the sense in writing *ff con sordino*. A trumpeter can blow his hardest, and is hardly audible with the mute in use—at all events, against a full orchestra. No doubt the piercing quality of the high notes is wanted at times, but why so much?

In Lalo's *Le Roi D'ys* there are fifty-four consecutive bars of one recurring note, viz., B above the stave, in triplets. I don't know how it sounds to the listener. I know it is very difficult to play. I should think it sounds something like a siren or steam whistle. I wonder whether Lalo knew what he was writing. No doubt he was aware of the compass of the instrument, and he wrote half a tone from the top note. He couldn't know the difficulty, the high and tiring tension of the lips. It is something like writing pages of A's and B's for tenors to get on with. We know how much they would enjoy them!

Occasionally music is met with that is impossible. There are some passages for trumpets in a Suite by one of our foremost composers which I should say are unplayable. These consist of several recurring bars of eight semiquavers, in two-four time, *Presto* (I quote from memory, but correctly, I feel sure):



The Suite is taken at about the same tempo as, or perhaps a little faster than, the well-known quick-step in *William Tell*. At moderate tempo or even *allegro* there is not much difficulty—but *Presto*. . . ! It is like the rattle of a side-drum. A piccolo might manage it, but not a trumpet.

I think it would surprise some of our conductors if they asked their trumpets to play it and similar passages alone, without the cover of the full orchestra. In this instance it is taken too fast to render correctly, or to tongue it really as it should be tongued. The player simply scrambles in here and there, coming in well on the last note.

In another composition, *Kikimora*, by Liadov, the composer seems to have no use for any but top notes. He has written bar after bar of monotonous repetitions of one note, the highest on the instrument. Writers like Liadov may be gifted or talented in other directions, but they would not seem to know much about the trumpet.—Yours, &c.,

‘TRUMPETER.’

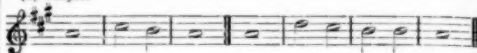
THE DOH-MINOR: A WARNING

SIR,—I feel the letter in your January issue should not pass unanswered.

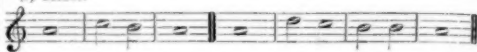
I have no personal or other interest in *Doh*-minor or *Lah*-minor, but as a teacher of sight-singing, ear-training, and harmony, all of which subjects must be linked together for purposes of study, I have an interest in discovering the most musical and the most logical method of presenting pitch-relations to the minds of young music students. Your correspondent quotes a short melodic extract with its translation into Sol-fa notation. Taking that as his text, he holds up to ridicule what is known as the *Doh*-minor method of representing in Sol-fa the minor key. I know nothing more of the extract or of its source than what is stated in the letter. From the Sol-fa translation supplied, those responsible for this regard it as belonging to C minor. Their decision is, I suppose, based upon a study of the complete piece, melody and harmony. That is the way a musician would instinctively approach the subject. If the Tonic Sol-fa College, intent upon demolishing a method with which it does not agree, can find condemnation only in short melodic extracts of a quasi-modal character, then its case must indeed be a weak one. Believers in the *Doh*-minor are not yet reduced to methods of this kind. Only recently there came before me a piece of evidence in support of the *Doh*-minor which to my mind is conclusive. In the *Cathedral Psalter Chants*, the first

Psalm for the sixth morning is set to the following chant by Hayes:

(a) Major.



(b) Minor.



The first six verses are sung in the major key (a), then five in the minor key (b), and the last verses and Gloria in the major key (a). The harmonies are simple, and identical in each key, allowing for the difference between major and minor. Can anyone who has a feeling for the mental effect of the different notes of the scale feel that when we pass from the major form to the minor form, and back again to the major, with similar harmonies in each form, that the *Doh* has been altered? Surely if the major form is

{ D m : r D || D f : m r : r D ||

then the musical and logical representation of the minor must be:

{ D ma : r D || D f : ma r : r D ||

To link up the minor version to the key of C and call it

{ L d : te L || L r : d te : te L ||

seems to me opposed to musical feeling and to common sense. Surely this latter is the method which all who aspire to be musicians rather than Tonic Sol-faists should be warned against, even if it is true, as your correspondent states, that ‘all the leading music publishing firms in this country adhere to it.’—Yours, &c.,

Sydenham, S.E.

FREDERICK G. SHINN.

January, 1924.

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Walter Harrison's letter (January number, page 64), one would like to know exactly what he means when he says, ‘out of this simple phrase of ten notes, not one of which is out of the key, no less than four are chromatically altered in the *Doh*-minor version.’ To what key does he refer?

If he considers the passage as being in E flat major there is nothing more to be said. But if he regards it as being in C minor, as presumably he does, it cannot be correct to call the intervals of a minor third, minor sixth, and minor seventh from the key-note ‘chromatic.’

We shall all agree as to the construction of the minor scale, the difference of opinion being in the nomenclature of the various degrees.

It is my humble opinion that until the keynote is called *Doh* in both major and minor modes, the real differences existing between the two modes will never be thoroughly understood by the majority of students. The method is difficult only because it is new.—Yours, &c.,

Forest Gate, E.7.

LOUISE DUGDALE.

VOICE FAILURE

SIR,—I have read with interest and considerable puzzlement, Mr. David Houston's letter in your issue for October last.

It seems to me that all these arguments about reeds and vocal cords, as well as false vocal cords, referred to by Mr. Hunt in the same issue, are swept aside by the established fact that Mr. White tested his Sinus tone-production theory, before proclaiming it as a fact, by restoring the voice of a man of twenty-eight years, who had had his vocal cords totally excised as a child. The restored voice was a normal man's voice, and as Mr. White alone has given us a constructive alternative in his Sinus tone-production, the vocal cord enthusiasts are placed at a disadvantage at the very outset—and Sir James Cantlie's teaching gives them the ‘knock-out.’

Mr. White restored my voice after my throat had been pronounced incurable, an operation being suggested

according to the usual orthodox idea. I am therefore content to leave it to Mr. Houston, my friend, Mr. Ernest Hunt, and others, to theorise, Mr. White carrying on his beneficent work the while, based on sound, and above all, practical lines. *Magna est veritas*.—Yours, &c.,

'Restharrow,'

W. H. CHISHOLM.

Longfield, Kent.

SIR,—With reference to the criticisms of Messrs. Hunt and Houston, which appeared in your October issue, I should like to make it clear that I have never adopted any militant attitude with regard to my theory of sinus tone production. After expending considerable time and money upon research, I discovered facts which I believed—and have since proved—to be of special value to the vocal world. These facts were published (at a pecuniary loss to me) so that my fellows might if they wished have the benefit of my labours. I have no wish to make converts of those who prefer the accepted ideas of vocal culture.

Taking Mr. Hunt's letter as being the more important, he remarks: 'Mr. Lunn's illustration of the two pairs of lock-gates is illuminating.' I would alter the qualification, and say it is misleading. Let us consider the matter. The object of the lock-gates is (a) to hold back a flow of water, and (b) to arrange for two distinct levels of water. The object of the vocal cords is the reverse, viz., to control and direct a column of air which must be moving. Then one pair of lock-gates, either the upper or the lower, must always be closed in order to effect their purpose, whilst in voice production both pairs of vocal cords must be open. Let Mr. Hunt open his two pairs of lock-gates, and he will soon find that Mr. Lunn's parallel does not hold good. It is obvious that there is not, and could not, be any variation in level with respect to the air in the body as there is in the water of a river. Further, the two sets of lock-gates are in all respects similar to each other in mechanism and structure, whilst the true and false vocal cords are dissimilar in every respect. Then, as I pointed out in your August issue, in the case of the river current it is the pressure on the first gate that shields the second, whereas Mr. Lunn would have us believe that the second gate shields the first from pressure, the false cords being above the true.

Last, but by no means least, it has never yet been shown that there is any air pressure on the vocal cords; any damage sustained by the vocalist in these regions is caused by muscular contraction, and not by air pressure at all. The small column of air which we use would be quite incapable of inflicting such damage. Mr. Hunt admits that neither the true nor the false cords can be seen whilst good vocal tone is produced. It is, therefore, purely a conjecture on his part as to whether the false cords are operative or not.

With regard to Mr. Houston's letter, as you inform me that you cannot spare space for my reply, I have no choice but to leave it, but would remark that any one who can state, as Mr. Houston does, that the vocal cords are one inch in diameter, can have but a very slight acquaintance with his subject.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST G. WHITE.

Æolian Hall Studios,

New Bond Street, W.1.

[Many letters are unavoidably held over.—EDITOR.]

Dr. H. A. Harding has retired from the post of honorary conductor of the Bedford Musical Society, after twenty-three years' service. Our columns have frequently borne witness to the enterprise and success of the Society, and we are glad to see that the Doctor's services to Bedford's music have been recognised by his fellow-townsmen. At the Society's concert on December 18, the President handed him an address on vellum and a cheque for £100, the presentation being followed by musical honours. Dr. Harding is succeeded by Mr. A. F. Parris and Mr. H. J. Colson, who will act as joint-conductors.

The Apostles will be performed at the People's Palace on February 9, at 7.30, under the direction of Mr. Frank Idle, the soloists being Miss Stiles-Allen, Miss Dilys Jones, Mr. John Adams, Mr. David Evans, Mr. Arthur Rose, and Mr. Joseph Farrington.

E

Sharps and Flats

My technique is my shield. My personality is my sword. . . I sit down at the pianoforte, well-armed, unafraid. With my shield I protect myself. But with my sword I strike.—*Moris Rosenthal*.

The music at the movies may not appeal to you, but at least it drowns out the gum chewing.—*New York Evening Telegram*.

I have often thought that music and all art have become impossible in England.—*Sir Thomas Beecham*.

I wish I could be as optimistic as that.—*Ernest Newman*.

It's a terrible responsibility to have a soul. I sometimes wish I didn't have one. Or if a soul, not a brain. But both! The combination is terrible.—*Marguerite d'Alvarez*.

There are three categories of people who have any liking for music: (1) the people who really know about music; (2) the people who think they know, and don't; and (3) the people who think they don't, and DO.—*Sir Hugh Allen*.

I owe much to broadcasting. My neighbours now have their wireless set and I can enjoy a Sunday nap in peace, instead of having to listen to the continual thumping of the pianoforte.—*Allen Gill*.

The composers of to-day? Atonality! All unimportant. A way out? They know nothing and try to capitalise the fact. Stravinsky? As bad as the rest!—*Moris Rosenthal*.

Beethoven's fifth Symphony is one of the great masterpieces of music; but after forty years the mention of it on a programme is enough to keep me away from any concert. Yet it must be played.—*James Agate*.

By his singing of *Arise, ye subterranean winds*, Mr. — gained such applause that he was determinedly encored, and sang *The Vulgar Boatsman*.—*Local Paper*.

After that, we suppose, the audience left him alone.—*Punch*.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

First tenors wanted, male-voice choir. Wood Green district.—Write, GOODE, 58, Mayes Road, N.22.

Lady pianist, good sight-reader, wishes to meet vocalists or instrumentalists for mutual practice. Kensington district.

—Write, N., 6, Wellington Terrace, W.2.

A few sight-readers wanted to form a madrigal party. Regular and keen. Weekly, near Victoria Station.—E. T. BATES, 11, Cheltenham Road, Leyton, E.

West London Choral and Orchestral Society, Whitefield's Institute, Tottenham Court Road, W.1, resumed rehearsals, Orchestra, January 7, Choir, January 9.

Wanted: basses, flute, 'cello, clarinet, and trombone.—E. PUDDINGTON, 00, Tantalton Road, Balham, S.W.12.

Experienced violinist wishes to join, as leader, good trio or quartet. Classical music. East district preferred.—M. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young lady pianist wishes to meet violinist for mutual practice. Lady or gentleman. S.E. district.—H. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Experienced lady pianist desires to meet accomplished instrumentalists for chamber music. N.W. district.—G., c/o *Musical Times*.

Experienced string players are invited to co-operate in church music service. South Kensington.—W. MACK SMITH, 18, Colet Gardens, W.14.

Good jazz-drummer and violinist wanted immediately for small dance orchestra. S.W. district.—'MUSICAL,' 16, Lambton Road, Cottenham Park, Wimbledon, S.W.20.

Pianist (gentleman) wishes to meet violinist or 'cellist for mutual practice.—G. V. D., 259, Brownhill Road, Catford, S.E.6.

Good amateur viola players required for Civil Service Orchestra. Also second oboe and second bassoon. Queen's Hall pitch. Rehearsals, Law Courts, Thursdays, 5.30 to 7.30.—ERNEST J. STEVENS, 50, High Road, Chiswick, W.4. Telephone: Chiswick 1824.

Timpanist offers services to orchestral society (N. London district preferred) which possesses its own instruments.—W. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Accompanist (gentleman) wishes to meet 'cellist or other instrumentalists for mutual practice. Good music only. Keen amateurs, also able vocalists interested, please write. Croydon district preferred.—C. P. COCKS, 'Trenance,' Morland Road, Croydon.

Young lady accompanist would like to form or join a trio, for mutual practice. Good music only. Also would like to meet pianist for two-piano-forte work.—I. M. BOWELL, 12, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.5.

Violin-violist would like to meet string players or pianist, Clapham Junction district, for practice of classical or standard music. Advertiser is experienced string quartet player.—'VIOLA,' 6, Hauberk Road, S.W.11.

Good amateur instrumentalists (all instruments) will be welcomed by the N. B. & M. Operatic and Musical Society. Rehearsals in the City on Thursdays at 5.30.—SECRETARY, 66, Watling Street, E.C.

Pianist (young gentleman) wishes to meet vocalists, with a view to practising accompaniments. Birmingham or surrounding districts.—K. A., c/o *Musical Times*.

Will volunteers willing to assist at fortnightly evening services at St. Paul's Church, Aldgate, E., kindly apply to F.R.C.O., 22, Shelley Avenue, E.12? Mixed choir. Bach, Mendelssohn, Stainer, secular, &c.

The Ladies' London Orpheus Choir has vacancies, especially for contraltos. Rehearsals, St. Andrew's Hall, W. Kensington, Tuesdays, 8.15.—Mrs. BRIER, 8, Erpingham Road, Putney, S.W.15.

Bass singer wishes to meet accompanist for mutual practice. If a lady who also sings, contralto preferred. Brighton or Hove district.—BASS, c/o *Musical Times*.

Vacancies in N. London Orchestra for French horn, viola, 'cello, double-bass, and drums.—Write, A. J. PICKETT, 4, Burghley Road, Kentish Town, N.W.5.

Leader and 'cello player wanted to complete string quartet, in East Finchley. Must be first-rate experienced players.—S. J., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist (lady, L.R.A.M.) wishes to meet 'cellist and/or violinist for mutual practice; classical works. Victoria district.—M. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

The Coleridge Glee Singers have vacancies for contraltos, tenors, and basses. Must be good readers.—SECRETARY, 38, Chestnut Avenue, Crouch End, N.8.

Wanted, good viola or 'cello player, also pianist, to join quartet. Good library. Sunday mornings, at 11. 6, Newton Street, Hyde.

Liverpool readers on the look-out for a pleasant method of improving their knowledge of music will find what they want in the Liverpool Music Study Circle, which meets on Mondays, at 7.30, at 107, Canning Street. An excellent syllabus of lectures, recitals, &c., has been arranged. The hon. secretary is Mr. John F. Ward, 91, Windsor Road, Tue Brook.

The fifty voices of the Railway Clearing House Musical Society, conducted by Mr. John E. West, gave some excellent music at Kingsway Hall on January 10. The programme included Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody* (with Miss Nora Scott as soloist), Morley's *My bonny lass*, Gibbons's *The Silver Swan*, Wesley's *I wish to tune my quivering lyre*, Arnold Bax's *Boar's Head Carol*, Balfour Gardiner's *Sir Eglamore*, two of Stanford's Newbolt settings, and Mr. West's arrangement of *The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond*. The whole programme, well sung, was of high quality.

Mr. Alan May will lecture on Elizabethan music (with special reference to the forthcoming Festival) at King's College, Strand, on February 11, at 5.30 p.m. Illustrations by the Choir of the Church of English Martyrs, Streatham. Admission free.

BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN

'ALCESTIS'

The performance of Rutland Boughton's *Alceste* claims, for many reasons, special consideration. In the first place there is the interest of the Euripidean text, translated by Gilbert Murray, which attracts both for its great beauty of expression and for the new problems it set before the producer. Then there is Boughton's music, very beautiful at times and rising to something akin to greatness in the choric sections—which is all in accordance with Greek tradition and with the importance given to the chorus by the Greek tragedian. *Alceste* moreover is the third British opera which the National Company has produced in the few years which have gone since its creation, and we are thus reaping some of the benefits of possessing such a Company. When, however, we have subscribed wholeheartedly to all the good things that have been said about the text and the music of *Alceste* one disturbing factor remains—the production. Those of us who saw its modest first performance at Glastonbury could not but miss some of the points, of the thrills, the work afforded when it was given with a piano-forte instead of the orchestra in a little hall accommodating, perhaps, an audience equal in numbers to the ushers and ticket-collectors of Covent Garden.

The London production laboured under a load of misadventures. In the first place Mr. Percy Pitt, who conducted the rehearsals, was not well enough to conduct the performance, and had to be replaced at the last moment by the composer. Now there is no question of skill and ability. As a conductor Mr. Boughton may be as good as, or better than, Mr. Pitt. But an orchestra cannot possibly fall into the ways of a new conductor at a moment's notice. Then there was the illness of Miss Rennie, and the important part of the Handmaid had to be taken by Miss Davies, of Glastonbury. Miss Davies's singing was quite good in its way, but her range is somewhat restricted. It was excellent miniature work which, in the small hall of Glastonbury, proved very attractive and effective. At Covent Garden, unfortunately, it never got over the footlights. In its turn the staging was utterly unsuitable. Admetus's house at the back of the stage (on the steps of which most of the action takes place) left a wide gap between actors and orchestra. Greek plays are at the opposite pole from modern cinema horrors, in that they give the utmost importance to the word, while for cinemas all that matters is the action. But the absence of action implies closer contact between spectators and performers, and at Covent Garden the depth of the stage and indistinct pronunciation acted like a film of mist between interpreters and audience.

It was, of course, almost inevitable that some of the Glastonbury effects should go by the board. There the procession led by Thanatos and bearing the body of the dead Queen passed right through the hall, and one recalls the thrill of feeling these heroes and demigods getting nearer and nearer at each step—Thanatos the messenger of Death; Admetus, irresolute where even a hero may be irresolute, but a human, intensely pathetic figure; and those who had loved the hallowed victim, the representatives of a world which at the same time congratulates and blames the King for having allowed the sacrifice. This procession would have been impossible at Covent Garden without some radical change in the customs and traditions of the house.

For my part, I confess that had I been responsible for the production I would have insisted on carrying out all the changes that would have seemed necessary to bridge over the gulf between the spectators and the performers. It is preposterous that while theatre managers are ready with all kinds of suggestions and devices to add to the effect of a parade of mannequins in a revue, they should be so dull of hearing when they are asked to show a little more initiative and intelligence in the staging of great operas. In *Alceste* they had a good opportunity to strike a new line and attract a public tired of old conventionalities. The opportunity was lost through that moral laziness which is the besetting sin of opera.

Finally, something should be said of the orchestral scoring which, candidly, seemed wholly inadequate.

This takes the critic on to dangerous ground, for if a composer says, 'This is the effect I want,' then of course there is nothing more to add. But, at any rate, let the reasons be stated for the objections here set down. Mr. Boughton's harmonic scheme, his melody, his general outlook, are entirely of our own time. Like the wise man he does not believe in the enormities of the ultra-modern; he delights in four-part harmony. He is not a blind follower, and still less an imitator, of Wagner, but he employs the tools that Wagner—and many another besides—have used. Yet when it comes to scoring this excellent modern music he seems suddenly anxious to give it an archaic colour. He deprives certain branches of the modern orchestra of their inevitable complement (inevitable for modern music); he denies himself the use of instruments Beethoven would have used; he gives his drummer a sinecure, and thus robs himself of every means the composer has to secure effective contrast. Surely there is little consistency in this. Had he written his choruses in unison—in the Greek way—or given prominence to Greek modes, the orchestral limitations would have been accepted as a matter of course. But there can be no logic in dressing Peter in the modern way and then denying a similar garb to Paul. The impression we thus had, sometimes, was as if an old composer had scored the music of a modern—instead of a Handel Overture scored by Elgar, the *Dream of Gerontius* scored by Handel. Mr. Boughton seems reluctant to use any 'alloy' in his orchestra—to add, say, to the violins, the oboes, or the flutes, in order to give them a new tint, or to use certain instruments to support others, or to stress an accent or a phrase. I speak, of course, without ever having seen the score, but the strings sounded distinctly 'undiluted,' and the strings predominate to the point that we sometimes longed for the reedy sound of the oboes and *cor anglais* (as, for instance, in the poignant phrase of the Funeral March), or for the low, brooding notes of the clarinet (as in the exquisitely pathetic music of the Handmaid's tale of *Alcestis*'s gentleness and suffering). This at least is what I felt during the performance, and it is quite probable that some evidence which could be used against my argument escaped me partly because, beside the usual claims on our attention, we were all trying desperately to understand what the singers were saying.

For the actual music of *Alcestis* there can be little but high praise. All the choruses are arresting, individual, and often moving. The solos are perhaps unequal, but the great beauty of the leading themes stands unchallengeable—the theme which we may associate with Admetus's sorrow, the touching pathos of the Eldest Child's music—above all, the very delicate music which accompanies the Handmaid's narration, which in the orchestra, alas, sounds more thin than delicate. If the characterization appeared now and again a little weak—this is particularly the case with Heracles—that is most likely the consequence of an incomplete orchestra. Heracles the slayer of monsters, the reveller who overcomes Death, surely deserves as large an orchestra as ever accompanied the songs of drunken monks in Russian opera.

The chief parts were taken by Miss Clara Serena (*Alcestis*), Mr. Walter Hyde (*Admetus*), and Mr. Robert Parker (*Heracles*). They all sang well enough, but Miss Serena alone took pains to make her words intelligible. The minor parts, adequately filled, revealed the same imperfect appreciation of the value of words, the only exception being Miss Doris Lemon, whose singing of the Child's music was admirable in every way.

'GIANNI SCHICCHI'

The revival of *Gianni Schicchi* and its performance in English evoked much interest. Indeed any good comic subject set to good music is bound to appeal to the public just now, for we all feel the load of care that has been put on our shoulders since 1914. What we need is not the softening influence of tragedy, but the tonic of good comedy. There is surely a rich harvest for the enterprising manager with a *flair* for a great comic-opera of the present or of the past. A really adequate revival of *Fra Diavolo* might carry the town by storm. *Gianni Schicchi* is not like Auber's masterpiece. But it is genuinely comic, even if

its wit is the wit of a pessimist. A rogue, two moonstruck lovers, and a pack of fools—this is the world in which such exceedingly practical jests as the forging of a will are perpetrated. Of the rich humanity of Falstaff, of the frankly farcical humour of Fra Diavolo there is not a trace. But author and composer have done their work very ably. They have told a witty story in a witty way. They hardly give us time to weigh up the action. Incident follows swiftly upon incident, and when for a moment the action halts to give the composer the opportunity to indulge his lyrical vein, Puccini steps in smiling, friendly with his old tricks with a full-throated song about Florence and the surrounding hills, the beauty of May, the flowing Arno—all done so easily, gracefully, pointedly, that it would indeed be ungracious to recall how closely related musically is the beauty of Florence to the beauty of Puccini's other heroines—the ever pathetic Mimi and the exotic Butterfly.

The translation offered at Covent Garden is effective. Hardly any of the points of the original were missed. The production was exceedingly creditable. Mr. Herbert Langley made a lively and resourceful Schicchi. Miss Doris Lemon sang and looked like the young heroine eager to win at one stroke both wealth and love. Mr. Tudor Davies sang of Florence and Schicchi with such delightful ardour that his jest could not have been greater had the subject been down on the Welsh hills and Mr. Lloyd George. The minor characters were excellently enacted, and Mr. Percy Pitt conducted an acceptable orchestral performance of a clever, if not too subtle, score.

'OTELLO' AND OTHER OPERAS

The performance of Verdi's *Otello* showed clearly two things. First, that the company does not lack singers of ability; second, that it does not by any means make the best of the resources it possesses. The orchestra is not as numerous as it should be—especially in the lower strings its weakness is lamentable. But there are ways of hiding, to some extent, such a flaw, either by inducing the string players to put more vigour into their playing, or else by moderating the exuberance of the other branches of the orchestra. And, with another rehearsal or two, Mr. Goossens no doubt would have got the right balance, as his father used to do before him, with the less competent body of players of the old Carl Rosa Company. The chief weakness of the production lay in a conception of the score more in keeping with the style of *Traviata* than the style of *Otello*—unsteady rhythms, tendency to stress the wrong accents and the wrong notes. All this could have been avoided by a more thorough preparation. But it was a great pity that these details had been neglected, because the performance just missed real greatness. Take, for instance, Mullings, who sang the title-role. He is one of the very few singers who possess the physical qualifications the part demands—the range and the endurance. Moreover, he is what the celebrated Tamagno never was, an intelligent and admirable actor. What might have been a great achievement lacked just that discrimination between the relative value of different phrases which makes the difference between promise and achievement. Mr. Herbert Langley's Iago was all that could be wished, vocally and histrionically. Iago and Otello omitted a note at the close of the 'oath' duet, but this, we presume, was merely an accident. The choice of Miss Miriam Licette as Desdemona was not very wise. Miss Licette has great qualities, but the part demands a robustness in the middle and lower registers, which is not Miss Licette's strongest point. The other characters were all well represented. It is also important to note that there was a good attendance and much enthusiasm. With a little more care we should have seen one of those successes which often are the making of a season. By the way, the changing of the scene in the middle of the third Act is not a good innovation. The arrival of the Venetian ambassadors, however unexpected, need not cause the roof and rafters of the old castle to shake as if in an earthquake, nor the chorus to give their welcome before the lights have been turned on. Of the other performances given by the Company *Die Meistersinger* was notable chiefly for the fine Beckmesser of Mr. William Michael, and *Aida* for Miss Florence Austral's inspiring interpretation of the title-role.

In *Die Meistersinger* Miss Constance Willis (late of the 'Old Vic.') also gave us a capable interpretation of Magdalen. *Phœbus and Pan* and *Hänsel and Gretel* had the same cast as last year, and the two Holst operas gave special opportunities to Mr. Joseph Farrington (Death in *Savitri*) and Miss Gertrude Johnson (the Princess in *The Perfect Fool*). The *Magic Flute* on the whole was more creditable to the men than to the women, and the chief honours went to Mr. Norman Allin (Sarastro), Mr. William Anderson (High Priest), and Mr. Ranalow (Papageno), with Mr. Tudor Davies a capable Tamino. These are chiefly the outstanding features of the productions so far given. It should be added that the conductors, besides those already noted, included Mr. Aylmer Buesst (*Hänsel and Gretel*), Mr. Julius Harrison (*Magic Flute*, *Phœbus and Pan*), and Mr. Leslie Howard (*Savitri* and *The Perfect Fool*). F. B.

MOZART AT THE 'OLD VIC.'

The annual Mozart Festival—and may it continue as long as the 'Old Vic.' has walls and we have ears!—which Miss Lilian Baylis provides for us ended on January 19 with *Don Giovanni*. It deserves more than a cursory record. We have heard a good deal lately about English opera and opera in English apropos of the scramble for Covent Garden, and it has been gravely said that the future turns on the possession of that repository of foreign memories during the coming summer. We wonder if those who allow their judgment to be thus clouded by the prestige of a single opera-house ever visit the 'Old Vic.' on Thursdays or Saturdays. And more particularly have they ever been there when the Mozart Festival was in progress?

Had they done so it is probable that they would be less disposed to pessimism about the future. For the 'Old Vic.' by sheer brains and hard work, has proved that not only can opera be given under such comparatively modest conditions as enable prices to be charged for admission which really bring it within the reach of the people, but that such limitations do not preclude a standard of achievement which in the case of Mozart opera attains undeniable excellence.

We do not mean to suggest that Mozart at the 'Old Vic.' is sung as he ought to be. Mr. Herman Klein asserts that the art of *bel canto*, which found its most perfect expression in Mozart's later operas, is as good as lost. If that be so we must not expect to find it preserved in Waterloo Bridge Road. But thanks in no small degree to Mr. E. J. Dent—whose admirable translations led a critic last year to write of a *da Ponte* Festival—at least we get very close to the Mozart tradition of setting and playing the operas. Take *Don Giovanni* for instance, in its wit and irony thoroughly typical of the 18th century, which refused to take life or death too seriously. The usual modern setting of this opera ends with the forced exit of the unrepentant Don, whom the devils remove to the place reserved for such libertines. But at the 'Old Vic.' no such concession is made to the *amour propre* of the leading tenor and the crude desire of the management for a drastic curtain. The original ending is given. The other characters clear up the intrigue. Anna agrees to marry Ottavio after a year of mourning. Elvira decides at length to enter a convent, Zerlina and Masetto go home to dinner. Leporello, in the same spirit of reason which was the distinguishing mark of that age, repairs to the nearest tavern to find a new master. But the *convenances* must first be observed. Leporello therefore, since it appears that Don Giovanni has gone 'to hell,' draws the moral:

'So to you, good friends before us,
We will sing a moral chorus,
Pray take heed and note it well.'

And the others join in with

'Sinner, pause and ponder well;
Mark the end of Don Giovanni,
Are you going to heaven or hell?'

This restores that atmosphere of comedy without which the opera is meaningless, or even revolting.

The same respect for tradition is shown in *The Magic Flute*, where the original division into two Acts is followed, and the many scenes are not separated by intervals while the

scene-shifters get busy. These only give us time to ponder on the curious mentality of Schikaneder, who was responsible for the thousand absurdities of the libretto for which a thousand reasons have been adduced to prove their beauties.

To deal in more detail with the actual performances, *The Marriage of Figaro*, which led off the Festival, was given five times—twice more than either of the others. Technically it was the best of the three. Mr. Sumner Austin, the life and soul of the Festival, was quite admirable as Figaro, and acted with the most infectious high spirits. He gave us the accustomed thrill in 'Non più andrai'—Figaro's one great opportunity in the opera—and fairly brought the house down. How Mozart would love the way the applause at the 'Old Vic.' continually bubbles up—to the annoyance of highbrows who object to clapping till the music is over.

Miss Winifred Kennard, another old favourite, was the Countess, and sang her invocation to the god of love with much charm. Miss Kathleen Lafta, who was new to the part of Cherubino, after overcoming some preliminary nervousness, established herself in the affections of 'Old Vic.' audiences by her singing of 'Voi che sapete.' Her voice is of clear, attractive quality, and she has an unaffected style that suited the part well. Miss Muriel Gough, also well-known to 'Old Vic.' opera-goers, and a thoroughly competent soprano, played Susanna. Amongst those who took the minor rôles, the amusing Antonio of Mr. S. Harrison should be mentioned. He helped to bring out the delicious humour of the scene in the Countess's boudoir, in which Mozart reaches his high-water mark in the broader comedy.

Chorus, and especially orchestra, were more at home in *Figaro* than in *The Magic Flute*, which was the second opera of the Festival, though if anything its popularity appears to be greater than either of the others, in itself a tribute to the sound taste which the 'Old Vic.' has instilled into its patrons. Certainly it was thoroughly enjoyable, but without asking for impossibilities we should have liked to hear it better sung and the music better played. Papageno (Mr. Sumner Austin) deserves all the praise we can give him. Miss Cecile Whitefield as the Queen of Night did not disappoint us. But on the first night Miss Winifred Kennard appeared tired, and rather uncertain of her voice, and if the Three Genii were adequate, the same cannot be said of the Three Ladies. One of them, we believe, had just stepped into the part, so there may be an excuse. Miss Mary Bonin, by the way, made an elish little Papagena, and we ought to mention Mr. Ewart Beech's amusing Monostatos. Doubtless the obvious imperfections of the first night were eliminated afterwards. The staging of the opera, the celerity with which the incidents succeeded one another, and the simple, yet effective, mounting were in the best traditions of the 'Old Vic.'

We have kept *Don Giovanni* till the end only to suffer the fate that so often happens to those who come last. Another year it shall have precedence. It must suffice to say that it brought the Festival to an end amidst great enthusiasm, and established Mozart more firmly than ever in the affections of those who in humbleness of heart go to the 'Old Vic.' to learn and not to criticise. H. E. W.

'BETHLEHEM' AT THE REGENT THEATRE

Mr. Rutland Boughton's setting of the old Coventry Nativity play, *Bethlehem*, at the Regent Theatre, was a Christmas entertainment out of the ordinary, for our theatres have principally in the past considered that season to be properly dedicated to transformation scenes, fairies in 'tights,' red noses, and the like. Nevertheless, the unassuming, homely presentation of the sacred story found a willing public, and it ran throughout January. Those who were the least pleased were those who had seen *Bethlehem* in its original circumstances—that is, as a village production, sung and played by the 'local talent' for which it had been composed. In that 'upper chamber' at Glastonbury everything was harmonious and apt. Mr. Boughton's frankly Victorian treatment of the carol was in place—it was what the local choristers expected and understood. And such strains as the *Virgin's Lullaby*

—sung with all faultless grace by Miss Silk—made, in that little corner of the world, where it was always such a surprise to find anything at all musically good, an effect really fresh and affecting. The show at the Regent Theatre was, of course, very handsome and artistic, but the original rustic touch had gone. It was no improvement, surely, to have banished the carol-singing folk in favour of angels. Mr. Boughton's carol arrangements are so much more characteristically folkish than angelic. And we didn't at all care for the Regent Theatre's notions of Gothic.

The Glastonbury Virgin was a Perugino. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies at the Regent was a Burne-Jones. The shepherds watching their flocks by night were again delightfully of the English countryside. The good artists of the cast include Messrs. Johnstone-Douglas, Colin Ashdown, Frank Titterton, and Frederick Woodhouse. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted. C.

THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS

The thirty-fourth annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians was held at the Examination Schools, Cambridge, on December 31 to January 4, under the presidency of Mr. Allen Gill. The chief papers read were by Sir Hugh Allen on 'The Man in the Street,' by Sir Dan Godfrey on 'Municipal Music and its Influence upon Musical Education,' and by Dr. Adrian C. Boulton (in the place of Sir Walford Davies) on 'The Ideal Concert Programme.' There were discussions on 'The Place of the Amateur in Music' and 'Harmony of Yesterday and To-day.'

On the morning of January 3, M. Louis Vierne, of Notre Dame, Paris, gave a recital on the Harrison organ at Trinity.

'THE MAN IN THE STREET'

'There are three categories of people,' Sir Hugh Allen said, 'who have any liking or aptitude or ability for music: (1) the people who really know about music; (2) the people who think they know, and don't; and (3) the people who think they don't, and do! The last sounds contradictory, but it means that they sometimes know without realising it! The "Man in the Street" seems to belong largely to this third category. Those who have learnt a little, dabbled in or potted around in music, are perhaps the second class, and the first are the elect, the I.S.M. and such like who create, perform, think, and teach music with inspiration and intelligence. The second may be likened to those on the door-step, and the first really inside.

'In music it is difficult for the expert to see things with the eyes of the non-expert. We may say that most people are susceptible to music, and enjoy it in some kind of simple-minded way. Of these a certain number are qualified by training and natural ability; are able to get down to bed-rock, and enter into the beauty and meaning of the finest music. A great body is working to qualify to enter the select group. Outside this is by far the biggest number, who have no opportunity or time or means for developing their abilities by instruction and practice, and who look on music as a thing to fill up the chinks of life with jolly sounds, requiring no mental effort to absorb, and entailing no responsibilities. This body is the "Man in the Street." He has in him vast material for a fine musical development if carried on to the right lines of simple, good music. And he has, without knowing it, the means of doing incalculable damage to musical progress.

'The number of people who have learnt or are learning music is perhaps a million. The rest form the body of the "Man in the Street." He is under no law as regards music; he belongs to no school; is free of all standards but the one he likes to adopt; is tied by no conventions, and is responsible to no one but himself. He might be considered as virgin soil from certain points of view. He has not, except in a few cases, been trained to listen. When he does listen, how does it affect him? He has got an ear all right, and it is trained for ordinary affairs of life and could be made much of for music.

'What is the influence of music on the "Man in the Street"? If only he could be reached by as much good music as possible he would be willing to trust to his judgment, for he is curiously apt to like good things if they

are simple. If only he could get a standard, all would be well. This is being supplied in increasing quantity to children.

'Music is exceptionally under the public's control—more and more so as taste gets diffused. We rather overlook the fact that the wide promiscuous public has remarkable capacity for exercising an influence on music. The undeveloped mind which has no real musical intelligence likes being helped by being told that music represents something he understands. This undeveloped mind is especially subject to be imposed on and to fall a prey to commercialism.

'What is our attitude as musicians towards the "Man in the Street"? We always hope that he will be on our side. Composers want him to come and hear their works, when they must know that he is entirely unacquainted with their language. A great deal is being done in teaching children. The pianola, gramophone, and wireless are also influences, and some day a broadcasting set will be provided in every home. The Broadcasting Company is supplying a great deal of good music, and much other music. The danger is that people who do not like to listen-in to good music will bring pressure to bear on the Company.'

'MUNICIPAL MUSIC'

At the outset Sir Dan Godfrey claimed that it was the duty of Municipalities to take a deep interest in Music in all its aspects—and in Art generally—because it was incumbent upon them to do everything to elevate and refine the people. The question of profit or loss should not be made the first consideration. No direct profit was expected from public parks and pleasure grounds, which were for the benefit of the health of the people; and the same attitude should be adopted with regard to music.

Municipal music was no new thing, and nowadays it was more vital than ever before. It had been of long and slow growth, and at the present day there was on every hand active interest in the provision of music by civic bodies.

It should not be imagined that health resorts were the only place that provided Municipal Music. For example, one of the most flourishing Municipal enterprises was at Manchester—hardly a health resort!

At Birmingham the City Orchestra had been doing good work, and that city was well provided for educationally owing to the work done at the Midland Institute under Prof. Granville Bantock. The same account could be given of Liverpool, and Bath and Municipal Music were inseparable. A definite attitude had also been taken up by the Glasgow Corporation, who provided Saturday afternoon recitals, and organ recitals at various places in the city. Recently the Corporation had instituted a series of Evening Concerts in the City Hall. At Harrogate the Corporation spent something like £12,000 each season for concerts, which had been given for the past twenty-five years; at Leeds the Orchestral Concerts were well attended. Similar activity was going on at Eastbourne and Hastings. At Eastbourne amateur players had been introduced side by side with professionals. Eastbourne was to be felicitated upon the fact that it had been able to do this, and others might perhaps be able to follow the example, though personally, said Sir Dan, he had very serious doubts as to its real value.

The tradition so ably carried on in his day by the late Julian Clifford was being carefully fostered at Hastings. At Norwich, Municipal Music had been going on since the days of Sir Francis Drake. Bournemouth deserved every praise in the matter. There they had Symphony Concerts, festivals, and general work, and the young British composer was encouraged by granting him good opportunities for presenting his works. Sir Dan claimed that the day had passed when people stayed away from a concert because a British work was included in the programme.

He passed in review many other places, including London, and mentioned that the great difficulty was the increased cost of musicians' salaries. The only real solution was, he thought, the formation by the various Boroughs of permanent Municipal orchestras to give periodical concerts, and for the purpose of playing during the dinner-hour in factories or other business centres, thus applying the humanising influence of music to industry. This was a plan that might be adopted everywhere.

Touching upon municipal music in Germany, Sir Dan said that even compared with that country forty years ago we were much behind the times. When, as a boy, he passed six months at the town of Brunswick, there was a Municipal Theatre at which could be heard a concert one night, another night Shakespeare or Goethe, another night light opera, and another grand opera—and all at a very moderate cost. He mentioned this to show what could be done without profit-making!

Sir Dan also spoke of the great possibilities of the gramophone as a means of musical education in schools—given proper tuition. In cultivating the art of understanding, the use of the gramophone, in illustrating lectures in schools, was invaluable.

In conclusion, Sir Dan said it was the duty of the State, as represented by the Municipality, to see that there was proper amusement for the people, and if music were made that amusement it should combine education, for the more one knew of music the more one learnt. The future was in the hands of the young, and to the young they must look for the expression of public opinion which would force Municipal Music to be as universal as Municipal control.

THE IDEAL CONCERT PROGRAMME

Dr. Adrian C. Boult said that the ideal concert programme was comparatively rarely achieved. The art of programme-making was one of the most elusive things in the world. It might be possible to imagine a programme made up of acknowledged masterpieces and yet arranged in such a way that one-half of the audience would call it a bad programme, and the other half would call it a good programme. It might be of interest to try to discover some of the reasons for this divergence of taste and the principles which governed the whole question.

The first principles, Dr. Boult explained, were Unity and Variety. The question then arose, How were these qualities to be applied? The principle of Unity was much the more difficult to maintain, and was often sadly lacking in this country. Our audiences were partly to blame. Their preference was usually on the side of Variety, and they seemed inclined to treat the concert like a succession of turns at a music-hall instead of following it almost as they did the scenes of a play, leading them forward from the first words to the ultimate conclusion. But this blame also reflected on the concerts given, for how was an audience to know what a well-built programme was if it never experienced one?

In concerts where smaller forces were engaged, from the string quartet to the recital of the single artist (and in this category may be included the unaccompanied choir), Unity was largely supplied by the nature of the forces employed, and for a not very musical audience Variety was the virtue to be cultivated. In a concert of an unaccompanied choir, as in a vocal recital, a large number of very short works must be assembled into groups which must themselves obey our two conditions.

Dr. Boult then dealt with the special problems of miscellaneous concerts organized by local associations. The personal wishes of performers should, he said, be disregarded so far as possible, and the music should be arranged with reference to its poetic and musical content. Chronology was worth considering, modern works coming more readily later in a programme. It was as well to alternate vocal and instrumental things. Items involving a large number of performers come best at the end. It was wise to have an interval, for the social side should not be neglected, but short concerts were best—those which could be taken in one gulp, so to speak, with no need for rest in the middle. Real enjoyment would come only when the mind was keen and active throughout a performance. Any work in which the audience could be invited to join should be welcomed; the mere physical act of standing up and singing was a tonic itself, to say nothing of the mental and moral stimulus.

There were two factors, said Dr. Boult, to a successful concert: adequate performance and sympathetic listeners. Both must be considered in relation to our two principles. Take listeners first. Some audiences, those at Amsterdam, for example, enjoyed a one-composer programme. With an audience like that of the I.S.M., which was keen on Unity,

the stiffest programme was welcome, and it disliked too great violence of contrast. London was changing remarkably. Time was when the famous Promenade Concerts ran on night after night in an unbroken stream of unblushing Variety. Now Unity was asserting itself, and the most crowded nights were Mondays, when Wagner was played, and Fridays, which were devoted to classics (including at least one work by Bach). The popular Saturday programme was also crowded, but Sir Henry Wood was gradually leading his audience on to the Unity of good music.

Dr. Boult said that a quite unmusical audience would accept the classics in a most remarkable way.

THE PLACE OF THE AMATEUR

Sir Hugh Allen, in opening this discussion, quoted the remark that Handel was so great and simple that only professional musicians could misunderstand him. Dr. Markham Lee pointed out the wide knowledge and keen critical faculty of the modern amateur—largely fostered by mechanical reproductions. Mr. Frank Roscoe said that the amateur should strive with all his might to become a professional, and the professional should keep his soul alive by remaining an amateur.

HARMONY OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Dr. Eaglefield Hull dealt with the technical aspect, and Mr. E. J. Dent with the historical aspect of this subject; it was regretted that Mr. Eugene Goossens could not be present to deal with the composer's side.

Sir Hugh Allen said that harmony must be defined as making things fit. But we had not yet found out whether modern harmonies fitted. That was for the future to tell, and was an important thing to remember. If harmony had done nothing else, it had provided more ground for conjecture and criticism than anything else, and the subject needed a whole Conference to itself.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

During the vacation a competition for the recently-established Wesley Exhibition took place, and as the conditions run on somewhat unusual lines, it may be of interest to describe some salient features of this award.

The Exhibition was founded by the bequest of the late Rev. Francis G. Wesley in memory of his grandfather, great-uncle, and father—Samuel, Charles, and Samuel Sebastian Wesley—with a view to encouraging among students of the College an art closely associated with the Wesleys, namely, extemporising. But the exercise of this art being nowadays something more than the prerogative of church organists, the conditions of the competition go farther afield, and provide for the improvising of 'bridges' between the numbers of a cycle or group of songs, and even for the extemporising of incidental music to a film shown on a screen.

On the occasion of this, the second competition for the Exhibition, the competitors were first tested in their ability to improvise on certain themes—especially on some selected from the organ works of the Wesleys.

They then repaired with the examiners to the Strand Cinema, where, by the courtesy of Mr. Bockbinder, the proprietor, a special film was privately shown. This film illustrated a short, romantic episode, full of variety and not too sudden changes of mood, affording scope for development of musical material as well as for atmosphere and characterisation. The film was first shown to the competitors together, and was then run through to each of them separately. Having thus had some warning of the length and moods of the various scenes, the competitors had to improvise incidental music simultaneously with the presentation of the pictures. The level of performance in this test—both in invention and execution—was high, and no little skill was also shown in the extemporisation on the Wesley and other themes. Taking all the circumstances of the competition into account, the examiners decided that the award of the Exhibition should go to Mr. Thomas Armstrong, who may count himself fortunate in that the distinction is worth £40 for one year, with a possible extension for another year.

At this early date of the term it must suffice to record that the College reassembled for the Easter term on January 14, when a large crowd of students and their relatives attended to hear the terminal address of the director, Sir Hugh Allen. These 'director's addresses' have been an informal means of opening the term ever since the foundation of the College, and though they are personal to members of the College, and therefore not amenable to public comment, it is permissible to say—and we could hardly say more—that the addresses of the present Director fittingly uphold the tradition laid down by Sir George Grove and Sir Hubert Parry.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

It is encouraging to be able to state that the New Year for the College has opened brightly, the number of students again showing an increase. A prominent feature of the enrolment is that of the larger number of students who continue to enter for tuition in the theoretical musical subjects, in addition to pianoforte and violin playing, singing, &c.—a fact surely indicating a more fundamental interest in music on the part of the amateur.

The College class for training clergy and candidates for Holy Orders in the efficient rendering of the priest's part in the services of the Church, has also proved a most successful institution under the direction of Dr. George Oldroyd.

The inaugural address, delivered by Mr. W. W. Cobbett, a member of the College Corporation, on the subject of 'General Culture among Musicians,' was attended by an appreciative audience. The address was followed by the distribution of diplomas and prizes recently gained by students, and a short programme of music was performed.

A College student—Eric Harding Thimann—was one of the three successful B.Mus. candidates at the recent London University examinations. Mr. Thimann has held one of the three 'University degree' scholarships at Trinity for the past three years.

The result of the Scholarship competition in January, 1924, is as follows (all these scholarships are awarded for one year, except where otherwise stated): *Pianoforte*—Elga V. Collins, Helena A. Horgan, Norman W. G. Tucker; *Singing*—Violet Annear, Dorothy N. Fox, Richard F. Reader, Myrtle C. Stewart, Ted Warburton; *Organ*—George E. Ansell; *Double-Bass*—Jessie Mason; *Violoncello*—Gastone Marinari; *Clarinet*—Walter H. Scrutten; *Violin*—Harry Blech, Albert Bregman. For one term only—Helen M. Sharman (pianoforte); for two terms only—Alexandrina Stringer (singing).

London Concerts

THE BACH CHOIR

The Bach Choir's concert at Queen's Hall on December 18 gave no rest to those who like to get on terms with music while listening to it. Every work was either new or one that does not yield easy acquaintance. The *Pastoral Symphony* of Dr. Vaughan Williams, for instance, does not tell its secrets to a casual friend, but has to be wooed into self-revelation—and what chances have we for courtship? Here is a work which we are permitted to like or not to like, just as we may like, or not like, our Bartoks, Schönbergs, and French half-dozen. But these we may dislike, and freely say so. The *Pastoral Symphony* we may not dislike, or we lose caste. Wrapped up in it is a composer's self-confession, and it says, on every page, 'If you don't follow this, admit that the fault is in your understanding.' The same challenge, or apologia, has been read into other works of our day that have failed to reach the multitude, but none of them speak it with truth as this simple-speaking, remote Symphony. The music has no bar of striving or stumbling. It is like a dream of sad happiness—a requiem for Pan, with no word of grief. It should have a small Bayreuth, somewhere in Kent or Surrey, and no overtures, tone-poems, or other unpoetical things should be let in to jostle it.

If the Symphony must have a setting, Dr. Vaughan Williams gave it the best that could be devised: Harold Samuel in a Bach Concerto and Byrd's *This day Christ is born*. This was the Choir's most dignified task; the most anxious was Holst's *Ode to Death*. This again is a work that ingratiates itself gradually even after a prepossessing start. It does for Walt Whitman just what music should do—not 'reproduce the spirit of the poem, &c.,' but get deeper into it and tell of the mystic lower strata that the average reader of the poem might not contemplate. The technical ingenuities of the music, too, take on a fresh interest at every hearing, and as the *Ode to Death* came twice in the programme, it rode into great esteem. Holst's *Festival Te Deum*, a very decided utterance, opened the evening. The finale was Three Carols by Mr. Peter Warlock, which came in as aptly as a *Finale* of an old-time symphony does. The second of them, sweet in tune and harmony (sweet as a bed of flowers rather than a bowl of sugar) was encored. Choral society conductors, if present, surely took notice. Criticism, on its best behaviour, nods benign approval. M.

CAROLS

Even plain folk among us own the sway of music as the handmaid of sentiment, to put it no higher. At the traditional Christmas concert of the Royal Choral Society they assisted, as usual, in filling the Albert Hall to capacity. Sentiment put the trained singers on their mettle, sentiment induced the audience to join them with obvious sincerity in *Adeste Fideles* and *Noël*, and, by the same token, the usually callous critic found it irksome to produce the serviceable foot-rule of his calling. Occasion for its strict application was, however, infrequent. The Society has rarely given more sensitive exhibitions of unaccompanied part-singing than some secured by its conductor, Mr. H. L. Balfour. *The Coventry Carol* might have been breathed by the angelic host itself. Its primitive strains represent perhaps the ideal type, surpassing the gold, frankincense, and myrrh distilled by subsequent sophistication for the allurements of intellect. In Bach's harmonization of *In Dulci Jubilo*, *God rest you merry, Gentlemen*, *The Wassail Song*, and *Good King Wenceslas* expert expression was wedded to simple conception—only in *What Child is this?* was mortality seriously betrayed. The more complicated beauties of Holst's *Lullay, my Likings*, and the garland woven by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams were displayed with similar fidelity. Ballads of an appropriate burden were interpolated by Miss Dora Labbette, Miss Carmen Hill, Mr. Archibald Winter, and Mr. Herbert Heyner. Messrs. Berkeley Mason and R. Arnold Greir were at the pianoforte and organ. H. F.

ARNOLD BAX'S SYMPHONY

As Mr. Holbrooke has frequently urged, second performances are as important in their way as the first. And as they usually do not obtain the same notoriety, all the more credit goes to Sir Henry Wood this winter at his Saturday afternoons at Queen's Hall. Among his various second performances of interest, that of Arnold Bax's Symphony in E flat minor on January 12 stood out. Has Mr. Bax ever been reproached with easy-going diffuseness? In this Symphony, and other pieces of its period, he certainly earns nothing of the sort. Here he is consciously concentrating with clenched fists and unyielding foothold.

We have in this Symphony music of a tense violence, and gather that a poetic soul has been affronted with something of singular monstrosity and woefulness in the doings of a wicked world. And what should that be, for a poetic soul of our generation, but the events of 1914 and after? We may wonder if the composer is not still too freshly quivering under the outrage to his sensibility to have made a final expression—this music is not 'emotion remembered in tranquillity,' but an immediate reaction to the shock, in a moment in which all raging retorts are good. The slow movement, a Lament of deeply sombre but rich colouring, is that in which pure music has most indubitably disengaged itself from the conflict. Elsewhere we may feel that his crowding thoughts and passionate feelings are not entirely

solved. The Symphony remains a work of a rare order of imaginativeness, not to speak of its abundant technical invention.

Emil Sauer, the pianist, was heard again at this concert after his long absence. He played in Chopin's E minor Concerto. The venerable artist was consummately elegant. It was pleasant to see the audience so taken with this aristocratic sort of pianoforte playing. C.

MR. GOOSSENS'S CONCERT

The first of Mr. Eugène Goossens's projected series of five chamber concerts was given at Æolian Hall on January 16. We are to have from them between now and next May works of Armstrong Gibbs (new String Quartet), Eugène Bonner (songs), E. Goossens (songs, pianoforte, and harp pieces), Arnold Bax (Oboe and String Quintet), Herbert Bedford (songs), Arthur Bliss (new String Quartet), and Stravinsky, Schönberg, Roussel, and Charles Lefebvre.

The first concert began with Goossens's *Philip II*. Overture, played by a small orchestra of the first quality, which later on gave us Bedford's *Hamadryad*, which had been heard at Queen's Hall a few weeks before. Darius Milhaud's *Catalogue de Fleurs*, for voice and small orchestra, was new. M. Milhaud has been struck (as who has not?), with the peculiar unctuous lyricism of a seedsman's catalogue—apparently very much the same thing in France as here. The text of this composition might almost be an extract from an actual trade catalogue—thus the seventh song: '*Eremurus Isabellinus*'. It is guaranteed to bloom. The stem of this magnificent species sometimes attains six feet. Its flowers are of a fine colour between yellow and pink, and last well. Prices on application.

Such is the reaction against the poet's praise of flowers in the past. They certainly overworked their roses and lilies, and so did their attendant composers, to the point that a truly modern youth can hardly bear the name of them, still less their traditional symbolism. Sing a song of the crocuses most suitable for growing in saucers, either alone or with other seasonable bulbs? It was a nice idea, only we couldn't help feeling that M. Milhaud had left most of the song out. Only the advertisement of a new line in hyacinths (No. 4), which was brief and rather pretty, made anything of a song-like effect. Possibly a bold kind of *farlando* was wanted, with humour. Miss Esther Coleman delivered the text (which, after all, is a joke) with a rather timid sort of grace. It was sung in French, of course, and everyone at a Goossens concert knows French, at least, as well as English; but to sing an elaborate joke tellingly in French is not so easy. Miss Coleman might, by the way, note that in '*œufs*' the *f* is mute.

There was an extraordinarily accomplished performance of Stravinsky's ballet suite *The Soldier's Fiddle* (*L'Histoire au Soldat*), a work not heard here since the Ansermet performance of 1920. This is more or less the Stravinsky of *Petrushka*, only a degree or two bolder, more direct, eliminatory, cutting, and rasping. The ballet is a rustic ballet, and Stravinsky with his cornet, trombone, and drums has set out to make music that should be the equivalent of the crudest sort of coloured wood-cuts on a broadsheet. The source of suggestion has been the sounds of the merry-go-round at a fair. We do not forget that the soldier's fiddle was, as the synopsis tells us, a cheap fiddle, and the soldier made no vain pretence to elegance of execution. He scraped on the strings with primitive zest. The noise all along is barbarous—but of what a sharply calculated barbarousness! This music, so far from flattering gentle tastes, outrages them at all points. But how can the fantastical wit of it be denied? The little score is written for seven virtuosi. They were: Mr. Reillie (violin), Mr. Watson (double-bass), Mr. Draper and Mr. Dubrucq (clarinet and bassoon), Mr. Barr and Mr. Stamp (cornet and trombone), and Mr. Wheelhouse (percussion). C.

EMIL SAUER

The reading of Beethoven's *Appassionata*, which M. Emil Sauer gave at his recital at Wigmore Hall, on January 19, might be explained by a plea that he is an elderly man and past the fire of youth, or another that he is naturally

incapable of the musical and emotional depths that are necessary for a proper playing of this work. The true explanation is, however, far simpler, and can be found in the reading he gave of Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*. Than his playing of this, it is hard to imagine, and perhaps impossible to remember, a more exquisite performance, though we do not admit such ignorance of the work itself as the writer of the programme-notes, who, because it is not in the regular concert repertoire of the bigger pianists, says that 'it is possible that (he) would write of it entirely differently after to-day's performance than before it'! The quality of mind which M. Sauer here displayed has no one technical term: it was the quality of understanding the pianoforte in precisely the same way that Mendelssohn, when writing this admirable *Rondo*, understood it. He is simply a pure pianist, a man whose mind and fingers are exactly suited to the instrument itself, more than to the music, unless the music happens to be wholly suited to and conceived in the soul of the pianoforte. There is the supporting evidence of his technique, which is entirely under his control, perfectly even, and never gives the faintest suspicion of a fault—except in the use of the sustaining pedal. There is, too, his manner of classical restraint. Further, if anything else is necessary, there is the testimony of his handling of the rather unmusical ending of Chopin's first *Impromptu*; by his pianistic ability M. Sauer made it explicable, if not excusable. So, what can we expect with the *Appassionata*? That is not pianism, but music, and it is not part of M. Sauer's *multier*. His handling of the repeated chords that link the two last movements was alone enough to show this, for as mere loud chords they are not significant in repetition. The whole lacked continuity, rhythmic drive, darkness of colour; the rhythm was individual without being full of meaning. But turn to Rameau's *Gavotte and Variations*, to the *Rondo Capriccioso*, to the Chopin *Etudes* which were played as encores—and you have exquisite playing, playing of the highest rank, playing that shows the real value of the pianoforte. M. Sauer has not perhaps quite the Chopin hand: in the *Nocturne* (Op. 9, No. 2) the pianism was perfect; only the sentiment was lacking—and the same with Schumann's *Romance*. Here the attenuated Romanticism had the compensation of a lovely handling of the mere notes. The programme closed with pieces by the player and by Smetana, and with Liszt's *Mazepa Etude* and *Rêve d'Amour* (as he called it in his book of words). H. J. F.

SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Miss Dorothy Silk sang some Bach and Purcell at Mr. Gerald Cooper's concert on January 11, and we were reminded of the singing which is an art—something altogether beyond the stumbling and stammering of everyday singing. Mr. Leon Goossens's oboe playing was as good, and everything else helped to make this evening bright and beautiful.

Miss Katharine Arkandy's singing at Æolian Hall was somewhat faulty, and it was explained that she was indisposed. We were the sorrier for this since there were signs that in favourable circumstances she might have won exceptional praise. At its best moments Miss Arkandy's voice was steely bright and so lightly poised and flexible that the vocal ornaments in the music were indeed ornamental. Her breath control was firm enough, and though she did not strive for big tone her slender voice had carrying power. The programme was an assembly of coloratura pieces. It included moderately interesting novelties by Braunsfels and Pfitzner.

Mr. Ingo Simon sang at Wigmore Hall a good programme which testified to his taste and ingenuity, and his singing was that of an artist. It was not faultless. It was marred by certain mannerisms and hybrid vowels. But it had the dignity and interest of a good chamber style, seriously calculated, not ardent (*Eri tu* even was given with a certain discretion which took us far away from operatic associations). It was precisely this urbanity of the singer, this absence of electrical disturbance, which gave the right tone to some of the sensible English songs—songs 'with no nonsense about them.'

Miss Esther Coleman, at Æolian Hall, should have endeavoured to persuade us that she was more interested in

her songs (Brahms, Cyril Scott, Milhaud). She was steady, she kept to pitch against difficulties, and her voice was pretty up to a point. But the effect generally was lukewarm. In *Immer leiser* the singer was at sea.

Miss Norah Pasley, at Wigmore Hall, sang with a light soprano voice that was agreeable in the more modern items of the programme. Mr. Percy Judd, made a premature appearance, and ought to go back to study. His voice was dry, his singing unpersuasive. But he has assets in good diction and a straightforward platform manner.

Miss Helen Henschel, at Wigmore Hall, accompanied herself as usual with neatness, although the imposing newspaper article which, a day or two later, urged other singers to go and do likewise, was something near an absurdity. It is rather pleasant to hear Miss Henschel so intelligently contriving a double debt to pay, especially in folk-songs, but all the while we reflect that not the concert-hall, but the drawing-room, is the place where her accomplishments would be most appropriate.

In various directions there has been marked progress in the singing of the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden since last summer. Whatever the shortcomings, we must more than ever hope that the Company's existence is adequately secured, and will increasingly flourish—for in the long run its activities, maintained at the present level, must count enormously in developing English operatic singing. A destructive critic could—nothing easier—pick holes in a good many of the performances, but what it is much fairer and more useful to recognise is the abundance of true talent, quick wit, and honest intention, which (often with inadequate guidance, scamped rehearsing, and no traditions) are here busily at work, sometimes achieving capital things, and, still more, laying foundations for a better future.

Several of the younger members of the Company are quite touching in the way they assert themselves. If we were not so certain that they mean well we could call them aggressive in so boldly putting themselves forward instead of the parts they are playing. It simply is that they have not yet realised how to fit themselves into the frame. What more than anything hampers the inexperienced singer is the impossibility of hearing himself as others hear him. A properly produced voice escapes the singer, and it takes time to learn that tones apparently ineffective are very possibly one's best. Even singers of eminence may be uncertain. A celebrated bass told me that once when singing as one of the giants in *Rheingold* he felt so overwhelmed by the power of the voice of his fellow-giant that he was tempted to throw prudence to the winds and shout. Happily he resisted, and in reality he had no cause for any concern.

Several of the younger B.N.O.C. singers are over-impressed by the size of Covent Garden, and consequently exert themselves for big tone at the expense of finely modelled phrasing. There is too little artistic delicacy. We have heard far too rarely a true *mezzo-voice*, and singers who ought to know better adopt at moments a curious *parlando* style of their own, from which music is nearly dropped. But whatever we miss at these performances, we are grateful for much that is done, and heartily believe that the B.N.O.C. deserves of the community still more than it gets. A permanent English opera company means everything for the future of singing in England. Present confused standards and inadequate technics are the fruit of the old quasi-monopoly of Covent Garden by foreign languages and foreign singers.

H. J. K.

The Ealing Philharmonic Society sang Stanford's *Blue Bird*, Elgar's *After many a dusty mile*, Balfour Gardiner's *Cargoes*, Holst's Hampshire folk-song *Swansea Town*, and other folk-song arrangements, on January 17, under the direction of Mr. E. Victor Williams. The orchestra played a *Brandenburg* movement, Elgar's *Serenade in E*, a Mozart *Rondo*, and Grainger's *Mock Morris*. Both choir and orchestra acquitted themselves with great credit.

Two lectures will be given at King's College, Strand, on February 14 and 21, at 5.30, by Dr. E. W. Scripture, on 'What the voice looks like' (illustrated by experiments and lantern slides) and 'The Psycho-analysis of the Poet.'

THE BALANCE OF EXPRESSION AND DESIGN IN MUSIC

On January 8, Sir Henry Hadow gave the second of his three lectures on the above subject, before the Musical Association, at the College of Preceptors.

He began by pointing out that there were two theories in regard to music. One was that it was the youngest of the arts, and was therefore just beginning to face problems which the other arts had had to encounter years, even centuries, ago. The other was that it was the oldest of the arts, as we found at the beginnings of human history evidences of susceptibility to music, and even some means of expressing it. Though contrary, both propositions were true. It all depended upon whether we regarded music as a separate entity, with laws and methods of its own, or whether we regarded it as an accessory to something else—to the words of a poem, or to the rhythms of the dance.

The beginnings of our music could be illustrated by two tributaries, the Greek and the Hebrew. There were certain examples of Greek music still extant, such as the *Hymn to the Muse* and the *Hymn to Apollo*. There was a glamour about anything which contained the word Greek. We thought that anything Greek must be the best possible of its kind, and we were not far wrong. Yet when we came across specimens of Greek music we were woefully disappointed, for of all the wearisome forms of music in the world these were the worst. So far as we could see, there was no sense, no music, no delight at all in the *Hymn to Apollo*. That was a thing needing investigation. How was it that the Greeks should have excelled in sculpture and poetry, in philosophy and politics, and other occupations of the human spirit, and yet have failed so lamentably in music?

Greek music aimed at something totally different from what we mean by music to-day; it was a method of reciting poetry. If we thought of it from that point of view, many of the difficulties disappeared. The whole aim and object of Greek music was expression; there was no evidence of what we called musical design in it at all. In its origin it was intended entirely for the recitation of verse, and the Greek musical instrument was used in the first place solely for doubling the voice, without an idea of playing an independent part. The Greek writers on music all regarded the instrument as being secondary to the voice. The whole aim was directed towards fixing the actual up and down movements of the speaking voice.

We all had our favourite landmarks in the history of music, and perhaps one of the most important was the time—if we could ascertain it—when tune was first detached from the words for which it was originally written; when it went out into the void and became an entity itself; when it could be used by itself or appended to another set of words than those to which it belonged. Of the existence of a tune in itself, a tune which was not necessarily verbal, there was no evidence in Greek at all. The criticisms we got of Greek music by Greeks, all were rhythmical, not musical; they dealt with merely the emotional effect of the particular kind of thing sung.

Music must have held an extraordinarily meagre position in the everyday life of the people. Some dances no doubt had instrumental accompaniment, but not many of them; the greater portion of the dances were choral. But there was enough evidence, so far as it went, to indicate that in Greek music the whole effect was produced by the treatment of words. The idea of music as a detachable thing had not yet come into existence.

But turn to the Old Testament—it was saturated with music. The Jews held themselves debarred from pictorial representation or sculpture, and therefore the whole of their artistic nature was concentrated upon music. The Old Testament was full of it. There was the great Music School which David established at Jerusalem, with a choir of four thousand voices and an orchestra of harps, &c., which varied in size. At a big ceremonial there would be a hundred and twenty trumpets, and to balance these the whole of the orchestra must have been considerable. There was not only Temple music; there was obviously much secular music as well—music for the marriage-feast, for the vintage festival, and so on. One could not read the

Song of Solomon without being sure that it was intended for music. There was music in every line of it. A paper on 'Synagogue Music,' by the Rev. F. L. Cohen, at the Anglo-Jewish Exhibition of 1887, told us all that scholarship had discovered up to the present. From this we learned that the expressions such as Gittith, Alamoth, &c., prefixed to some of the Psalms referred not to instruments, as had been supposed, but to melodies. The preposition which is translated 'upon' in our version should be 'to the tune of.' These tunes were evidently detachable, and could be treated as things by themselves, which was an enormously important matter.

When musical historians told us we owed so much to the Greeks, they were probably a little beside the mark. There was more evidence of Hebrew influence than they were ready to admit. At any rate, the Greek and Hebrew streams flowed into our civilization, and after a long, dark period, began once more to influence and affect the course of our medieval music.

The next very important landmark was when harmony and rhythm came into existence. Without going into the origin of this, it might be said that *Sumus is icumen in* pointed to a generation of skilful achievement which we had lost. Now the discovery of harmonic, and especially of polyphonic, treatment cut two ways. It very much enlarged the scope of design; the musician could make ever so much more beautiful designs in music with many parts than with only one. It was not so obvious, but equally true, that discoveries in polyphonic elaboration could have enormous effect upon the emotional content of music. The emotional effect of an unexpected chord or a beautiful, unexpected succession of chords, or still more of a beautiful and unexpected modulation, was a matter of common experience. The discovery of polyphony not only had its effect in the weaving together of the texture of the music, but also an equally important part—although that was not sufficiently regarded—in the gradual emotional development of the art.

Then there was another stream which flowed into that period of our musical history. Not only was there the feeling of design coming into existence as a thing of itself; not only was the feeling of expression beginning also to make itself felt more keenly than before, but there was also the sense of familiarity. Once you get detachable tunes, then these become the common property of the citizen, just as people like old favourite tunes nowadays. Composers soon found that familiarity was in itself an asset, a means of expression, and they began to use folk-songs round which to weave their more elaborate music. Thus Masses were written round folk-songs. There did not seem to be any particular regard for the words. The balance had swung into the composer thinking entirely of musical design, of making an effect of pure beauty.

As time went on, scholars came after the artists and composers, and employed more and more ingenious elaboration, getting farther and farther away from anything like music, until at length the thing was brought to a *reductio ad absurdum*. That was what must happen if you left emotion, and regarded music as a pattern of sounds. Then a gradual change came, and, beginning with the madrigalists, composers began to make their music more expressive. As harmony and the power of striking harmonic colour developed, so the resources of music as expressing emotion became more and more vivid, to which must be added the enormous influence caused by the discovery of new instruments. There could be no doubt that the gathering together of the instruments of the orchestra in Beethoven's time, or that the development of the orchestra in the 19th century, had given music a greater power of stirring the emotions.

So from time to time through the history of music the balance had gradually swung from side to side. There were two different ideals which in some form or another were combined in almost all music, although examples could be found separate in some periods of our musical history. Greek music was almost entirely built on expression; it had little sense of musical design. The feeling for pure music in its beginning was Hebraic. These streams converged; then gradually one got ahead of the other; but they ran side by side through the whole of musical history.

The attainment of the fiftieth year of the Musical Association was celebrated by a dinner at the Connaught Rooms, on January 8. There was a large and distinguished company, numbering a hundred and twenty-five. Sir Hugh Allen presided, and, in responding to the toast of the 'Musical Association,' proposed by Sir Henry Hadow in an interesting and felicitous speech, adumbrated certain ways in which the Society's work might be enhanced and extended, especially if, as he strongly urged, it should receive increased support from the musicians of to-day. Other toasts were spoken to by Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. J. B. McEwen, Mr. James Swinburne, and Mr. J. Percy Baker. Schubert's Quintet in C, with two cellos, was admirably played by the Mandeville Quintet.

'WEE MEN' AT BIRMINGHAM: RUTLAND BOUGHTON'S MUSIC

The 'Wee Men' are the mischievous imps of Scottish folk-lore, and one night they are on the prowl for a baby girl; the eldest old-man of the tribe is to be forced to take a bride. The Blue Lady with her baby flees from them; she leaves the baby safe behind the protecting rowan over the lintel of the door of the cottage of Grandpa Grumps, the village cobbler. But a cantankerous customer, wishing to do him harm that night, removes the rowan, and the 'wee men' enter and make off with the precious baby. The baby's name is James, however, which proves to the 'wee men' that he cannot be a girl; but before their mistake has been discovered they have endowed him with 'the wings of imagination, the bowl of pathos, and the feather of laughter.' We learn just before the end that the baby's surname was Barrie, and a solution of a literary problem as convincing as most has been propounded to us. The authoresses of a children's play of considerable charm are two Scottish ladies, Misses Brenda Girvin and Monica Cosens, and the incidental music is by Rutland Boughton. Produced at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, on December 26, for a five weeks' run, the little musical play met with a good deal of enthusiasm from children of all ages, in spite of an infusion of Scottish dialect well enough done to be a trifle baffling to the Birmingham public, but scarcely well enough done to pass for the real thing.

A 'Rowan' duet for Grandpa and his niece Patsy early in the cottage scene has an attractive lilt; it is an interpolated number, and not by Mr. Boughton. The composer of *The Immortal Hour* is never at a loss, however, when dealing with fairies and other unseen people, and the airy lightness of his music to the scenes in which these play a part is just the sort of thing which carries conviction. He has his own formulas for the unseen, of course, and those who know his Fiona Macleod settings do not need to be told what these are, but they are here tempered very finely to the mood of a play designed to appeal to the child mind. A March of the Wee Men is conceived in a vein at once simple and grotesque which is extremely captivating when heard in association with the action devised to accompany it. The score does not suggest that the composer spent much time in polishing it, but Mr. Boughton's first-hand thoughts are nearly always his most apt, and in this music he accomplishes what he set out to do.

The production was in the hands of the Repertory Theatre's dramatic company, and what the singing lacked in style and vocal beauty was well compensated for by the zest put into it. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke as the Oldest Wee Man was particularly good, and Mr. Scott Sunderland gave a delightful study of Grandpa. Miss Phyllis Shand's Patsy was vivacious and girl-like; Mr. Hedley Briggs, as a Puppy in kilts, had a part to baffle any actor, yet got some sort of dramatic credibility out of it; and Miss Eileen Beldon and Mr. Melville Cooper were among others who did good work. Mr. Appleby Matthews directed an orchestra which left something to be desired at the first performance, but improved as the season went on. The scenery and costumes by Mr. Paul Shelving were generally tasteful. His 'wee men' belied their name, and though he had to take what he could get, they were not the 'wee men' of tradition. The dancing was not a strong feature of the production. GLADYS WARD.

Music in the Provinces

ABERYSTWYTH.—The first College concert of a new session, on January 11, included a lecture given at the pianoforte by Sir Walford Davies, on *Musical Subjects*, in which he dealt particularly with the importance of listening. Grieg's Sonata in A minor, for 'cello and pianoforte, and Mozart's Trio in G, were played, and a small choir sang Arcadelt's *Bow down Thine ear*.

BARRY.—The County School gave its fourth annual symphony concert on December 19. It was a conspicuous triumph for a secondary school music-making, for the boys' orchestra played Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony, Böellmann's *Symphonic Variations* for 'cello and orchestra, with Mrs. Christopher Whitehead as soloist, and Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* Overture. Mr. Christopher Whitehead conducted. A Beethoven String Quartet and a Bach Violin Duo were also performed.

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.—The City Orchestra's Sunday concert, on December 23, was in aid of the *Mail* Christmas Tree Fund, the members of the Orchestra on this occasion giving their services. Mr. Appleby Matthews secured a finely rhythmic reading of the *New World Symphony*, the *cor anglais* solo being beautifully played by Mr. Whittaker. Edward German's *Welsh Rhapsody*, perhaps the composer's best work in the orchestral medium, and a selection from Ponchielli's opera, *La Gioconda*, were included in the programme. In Bach's *My heart ever faithful*, Miss Gladys Aird-Briscoe was a tasteful, if somewhat conventional, singer.—Mr. Alan Head's singing on the following Sunday may be similarly described. Saint-Saëns's *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, Sibelius's *Swan of Tuonela*, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony were ably conducted by Mr. Appleby Matthews.—A feature of the concert on January 6 was Miss Mary Abbott's playing of Tchaikovsky's *Pianoforte Concerto* in B flat minor. Her sound technique, supported as it is by considerable gifts for vital phrasing and tone gradation, enabled her to compass the difficult work with astonishing success.—On January 13, at the Futurist Theatre, Max Bruch's G minor Violin Concerto, played by Mr. Paul Beard, proved greatly to the taste of a large audience. Mr. Beard's lovely, velvety tone drew every ounce of romanticism from the well-known work. Two Bach songs, *My heart now is merry*, and the big bass aria from the *Christmas Oratorio*, were skilfully sung by Mr. Leslie Bennett. Beethoven's *Rondino* in E flat for wind instruments left much to be desired in the matter of tonal ensemble, though Smetana's *Bartered Bride* Overture was brilliantly played by the orchestra.—Conducted by Dr. Adrian C. Boulton, the Festival Choral Society, in conjunction with the City Orchestra, gave a performance of *The Messiah* on December 26. Several of the rarely-heard numbers—e.g., 'Their sound is gone out,' 'The Lord gave the Word,' and the bass solo, 'Thou art gone up on high'—were included. The conductor's reading proved singularly impressive. Mesdames Lilian Stiles-Allen and Clara Serena, and Messrs. Robert Radford and Walter Hyde, were the soloists.—A concert in the 'Classical' series brought the De Reszke Singers, who gave part-songs by Elgar, Liszt, and others. Bratza, and a new pianist, M. Dushko Yovanovitch, also played.—At the 'Mid-day Concert' on January 4, Mr. Walter Heard played several flute solos. Admiration for his skill was, however, submerged in dislike of the trivial works chosen. Mr. Karl Melene sang tastefully in Somervell's music to Tennyson's *Maud* cycle, but the settings are hardly appropriate to the beautiful poems.—Three members of the Philharmonic Pianoforte Quartet played Alfred Wall's Trio in B flat on January 11. Judged by this work, the composer possesses considerable constructive gifts. The slow movement, based on a Hebrew tune, is singularly attractive; the other movements also suggest a gift for fine, sweeping melody. With the collaboration of the 'cellist the unfinished Quartet of Lekeu was given.

BOGNOR.—The Bognor Bach Choir gave its second concert on December 17, with a well varied selection of works by Parry, Stanford, Vaughan Williams, Boughton, Debussy, Hahn, &c. A group of folk-songs were joined in by the audience. Voting on the items produced an

interesting result—the top of the poll was shared by Vaughan Williams's *Wassail Song* and a two-pianoforte arrangement of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. Mr. Norman Demuth conducted.

BRIDGWATER.—At the November meeting of the Musical Club, a Bach programme included a Trio in G for flute, violin, and pianoforte, a Sonata in A for flute and pianoforte, and another in G for violin and pianoforte, the Organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor, transcribed for pianoforte by Tausig and played by Mrs. T. J. Sully, and songs from the *St. Matthew Passion*.

BRIDPORT.—The Orchestral Society, twenty-six strong, under Mr. Alex. Stone, on December 11 played Haydn's sixth Symphony, two of Brahms's *Hungarian Dances*, the *Rosamunde* Entr'acte music, and an Idyll, by Battisdon Haynes, for solo and orchestra.

BRISTOL.—The Philharmonic Society opened its twenty-third season on December 8 with the Handel-Elgar Overture, and a concert performance of Rutland Boughton's *Bethlehem*. The choir was about a hundred and sixty strong, with an orchestra of forty. The principal singers were Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Helen Anderton, Mr. Glyn Eastman, Mr. Robert Percival, Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, Mr. Stuart Smith, and Mr. Seymour Dossor. Mr. Arnold Barter conducted.—A new chamber-music party, consisting of Mr. Maurice Alexander, Mr. F. Tratman, Miss J. Reece, and Mr. H. Parsons, gave a concert on December 10; their programme included Mozart's String Quartet in B flat.—Staple Hill Choral Society, of which Mr. S. A. Harris is conductor, sang Elgar's *Light of the World*, Brahms's 'All flesh doth perish' and 'Blest are they that mourn,' from the *Requiem*, Bach's *Lord, our Redeemer*, and Parry's *Jerusalem*, on December 17.—A song, pianoforte, and 'cello recital was given at Clifton on December 28 by Miss Dorothy Price, Madame Eileen Cooper, and Miss Evelyn Pullen. Miss Pullen sang music by Harry Story, Rachmaninov, Koreschenko, and Arnold Bax. The instrumentalists played Sonatas by Handel and Grieg.

BUDLEIGH-SALTERTON.—Mr. Hugh Fowler's Musical Society sang unaccompanied part-songs and madrigals of the 16th and 17th centuries on December 13, and were supported by an orchestra in carols written and composed by blind artists. Mr. G. H. Norman played flute solos.

CARDIFF.—Cardiff and District Male Choir sang pieces by Vaughan Thomas and Protheroe on December 16, conducted by Mr. Ted Lewis.—Pupils of Mr. Percival Hodgson played three Bach pieces for strings, and music by B. J. Dale and Albert Sammons, on December 15.

CHATHAM.—The Royal Marine Band played Gade's second Symphony and Coleridge-Taylor's incidental music to *St. Agnes' Eve* on December 10, Lieut. Charles Hoby conducting.—On December 17 the band played Mozart's *Italian Symphony* and music by Coleridge-Taylor and Rimsky-Korsakov.—The chief items at the Royal Engineers' orchestral concert on December 18 were Roger Quilter's Suite, *As you Like It*, Tchaikovsky's first Symphony, and Meyer Helmund's *Serenade Rocco*. Lieut. Neville Flux conducted.—On January 5, the Co-operative Choir, conducted by Mr. F. C. Newnham, sang part-songs and madrigals, including *Strike the lyre* (Cooke), *When evening's twilight* (Hatton), and *The sun doth arise* (Luard-Selby).—The Royal Engineers Orchestra played numbers from German's *Much Ado about Nothing*, the Overture to Karl Reissiger's opera, *Libella*, and the *Unfinished Symphony*, on January 8.

CWMAMAN.—The Choral Society, conducted by Mr. S. Lewis, sang the *St. Matthew Passion* on Christmas night, Sir Walford Davies assisting at the pianoforte. The choir was augmented by the Aberaman Choral Society, and there was a good orchestra.

DERBY.—The 'Municipal and County Chamber Concerts' have brought Madame Suggia, and, later, the Birmingham Orchestra to the town. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted, and the programme included Holst's *Fugal Concerto* for flute and oboe (Messrs. Heard & Whitaker), and a *Brandenburg* Concerto, with Mr. Paul Beard as violin soloist.

EDINBURGH.—At his pianoforte recital on December 8, Eugène d'Albert played Bax's *Mediterranean*, Delius's *A Dance for the Harpsichord*, and other music by John Ireland, Debussy, and Grainger.—At the Nelson Hall concert, on December 11, the Edinburgh String Quartet gave a recital of chamber music by Mozart.—On December 12 the Amateur Orchestral Society, numbering seventy players and conducted by Mr. Paul Della Torre, played the *New World Symphony*, two *Chansons* by Elgar, and Berlioz's *Rakoczy March*. Miss Isa Anderston sang Hamish MacCunn's *Lie there, my lute*.—On December 15 Glasgow Orpheus Choir gave two concerts in Usher Hall, conducted by Mr. Hugh Robertson. They sang the Fairy Chorus from *The Immortal Hour*, psalm tunes, and part-song arrangements of Scots songs.—On December 16, the Reid Orchestra, conducted by Prof. D. F. Tovey, played Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* and Schumann's *Allegro appassionato* for pianoforte and orchestra, with Miss Mary Grierson as soloist.—The Scottish Orchestra, on December 24, played music by Mozart, Svendsen, and Stanford, Sir Landon Ronald conducting.—At the Paterson Orchestral Concert on January 14, the Scottish Orchestra played the César Franck *Symphony*, Parry's posthumous *English Suite* (Mr. Horace Fellowes playing the violin solo), Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite*, and the dances from Borodin's *Prince Igor*. Mr. Maurice Besly conducted.

EXETER.—The Ladies' Choir, conducted by Madame Isabel Hickson, sang Stanford's *Meg Merriles*, *The Shepherd's Sweet Lot* (Luard-Selby), and Ireland's *Aubade*, on December 11. The choir was joined by a few male voices in Vaughan Williams's *Just as the tide was flowing*, Macfarren's *Break! break!* and 'Praise the Lord,' from *The Hymn of Praise*.—At the December meeting of the Chamber Music Club, the chief numbers were Brahms's Pianoforte Quintet in F minor and the *Liebeslieder Walzer* for two pianists and vocal quartet.—Exeter String Orchestra, founded by Mr. Edward Petherick and conducted by Mr. A. J. James, does very good work in the city, and at the first concert of the season in the new Civic Hall, on December 20, the programme included Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*. Mr. Walter Belgrove sang songs by Stanford and Aitken.

EXMOUTH.—Pupils of Southlands School gave performances of *Eager Heart* in December, with music from the *Christmas Oratorio*, Dr. Bullock conducting a choir of thirty voices and an orchestra of fourteen players.—At the annual performance of *The Messiah* by the Choral Society, on December 19, Mr. Raymond Wilmot, the conductor, was presented with a cheque for £50 in recognition of his devoted work over a period of twenty-seven years.

GLASGOW.—This month's record is a summary of the activities of the Scottish Orchestra. On December 5, Mr. Maurice Besly directed performances of Elgar's *Enigma Variations*, Ireland's *A Forgotten Rite*, and the Overture to *Prince Igor*. The programme also included Somervell's *Highland Concerto*. Miss Jessie Munro playing the pianoforte part. The composer conducted.—Dr. Adrian C. Boulton conducted a performance of *The Planets* on December 11. He made his last appearance at Glasgow for this season at the joint concert given on December 15 in collaboration with the Choral Union. Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, Beethoven's eighth Symphony, and Smetana's *Vltava*, were in the programme.—On December 23, the programme comprised Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Mr. William Primrose as soloist, Elgar's arrangement of Handel's Overture in D minor, Dvorák's *Carnegie Overture*, and *Finlandia*. Sir Landon Ronald conducted.—Christmas Day afforded a varied selection, including Humperdinck's Overture to *Hansel and Gretel*, *Two Poems* by Frank Bridge, and Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, with Mr. Herbert Samuel as soloist. The pianist also played Bach's *Partita* in C minor.—Sir Landon Ronald conducted on December 29, when the principal items were Schubert's tenth Symphony, and Butterworth's Rhapsody, *A Shropshire Lad*. Mr. Norman Allin was the vocalist.—On New Year's Day, Beethoven's fifth Symphony was played.—Madame Guilhermina Suggia was the soloist at the eighth classical

concert, on January 8, and played the violoncello part in Haydn's Concerto in D, and Böellmann's *Variations Symphoniques*. Mr. Maurice Besly conducted.—Mr. Besly also directed the concert on January 13, when the programme comprised Bach's Trio in C minor, Elgar's *Serenade* for strings, and a *Fantasia Espagnole* by Lord Berners. Miss Marcia van Dresser sang Mahler's *Songs of the Wayfarer*.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The *Christmas Oratorio* had never been heard at Huddersfield before the Glee and Madrigal Society performed it under Dr. C. H. Moody on December 19.

HULL.—Nicholas Gatty's *Prince Ferdon* was played here by the Carl Rosa Opera Company on December 31, and was very well received. Mr. Hubert Bath conducted.

LEEDS.—The Christmas concert of the Leeds Choral Union, conducted by Dr. Coward on December 17, was as usual a performance of *The Messiah*.—Two churches offered the *Christmas Oratorio*—West Leeds Bach Choir at St. Bartholomew's, Armley, under Dr. T. E. Pearson; and Leeds Parish Church, under Dr. A. C. Tysoe.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Eugène Goossens conducted the Vickers Orchestral Concert on December 8, when the programme included Schubert's sixth Symphony, the *Siegfried Idyll*, and Lalo's *Aubades*. Princess Catherine Yourievsky sang Russian songs.—At her song recital on December 12, Miss Ellen Watson sang songs of Schubert and Wolf, and Bax's *Christmas Carol*. Mr. Reginald Harvey, Mr. G. F. Mason, and Mr. F. W. Hague played a Schumann Pianoforte Trio.—At Crane Hall, on December 12, Mr. Joseph Greene played Schumann's Pianoforte Sonata in F sharp minor, Norman Peterkin's Dance Rhapsody, and Bartók's *Allegro Barbaro*.—The Philharmonic Society, after a year's preparation, gave a great and memorable performance of Bach's B minor Mass on December 18. Sir Henry Wood conducted, and the solo singers were Miss Carrie Tubbs, Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Horace Stevens.—At a recital of Bach music given by Miss Gladys Sellick (pianoforte) on December 14, transcriptions of a Flute and Pianoforte Sonata and the G minor Fantasia and Fugue for organ were played.—The *Christmas Oratorio* was sung at Ullet Road on December 23 with a small orchestra. Dr. J. S. Wallace conducted.—The group recently formed by Dr. Wallace, under the name of the Tudor Singers, gave a recital at the Bon Marché, on December 28. Dowland's *Awake, sweet love*, Byrd's *Come to me, grief, for ever*, two of Vaughan Williams's *Mystical Songs*, and his *Turtle dove*, and Holst's *Lullay, my liking*, were important items.—Members of the local branch of the British Music Society enjoyed a recital on January 10, given by the Tudor Singers, who were heard in Vaughan Williams's *Ring out your bells* and *The springtime of the year*, and Morley's *Arise, get up, my dear*.—The Royal Air Force Band, formed three years ago under the direction of Flight-Lieut. J. H. Amers, R.N., played at the Capitol on January 13. Holst's Suite in F and some numbers from *Peter Gyn* being the chief items.—Mr. Eugène Goossens was the conductor at the second Vickers Orchestral Concert on January 13. The ballet music from *La bontique fantasque* and music from Wagner's operas were played, and the Cymric Vocal Union sang Stanford's *Sea Songs* (with Mr. Howard Fry as soloist) and an *Old Welsh Hymn*.—Mr. Szulc was the conductor at the Philharmonic Society's concert on January 15. The well-varied programme included a symphonic poem, *Returning Waves*, by Karłowicz, Brahms's *Variations on a theme by Haydn*, Mozart's Violin Concerto in A, with Miss Anna Hegner as soloist, and Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture.

MANCHESTER.—Apart from the usual *Messiah* performances the holiday season brought forth plenty of good music. Mr. Brand Lane's mammoth popular orchestral programmes conducted by Sir Henry Wood were such as are heard here only at this season of the year; but Madame Suggia at the Bowdon chamber concert; Mr. Isaacs and Miss Lucy Pierce in pianoforte recitals; the Cathedral Choir in a carol service on Christmas Eve; Miss Muriel Robinson's programme of rarely-heard Christmas and New Year songs drawn from Bach, Schumann, Wolf,

Humperdinck, &c.—all these contrived to alleviate the lot of such as had to endure (for purposes of recording), say, four performances of *The Messiah* in one week.—Hamilton Harty and the Hallé Band probably both found their greatest delight during the holiday season in playing an appropriate programme to an audience of two thousand five hundred juveniles, who in this way may have heard for the first time (gramophone records apart) what orchestral music sounded like.—The first Harty chamber concert of the year brought together the leading wind players of the Hallé Band, and enabled us to gauge the solo capacities of those whom we hear orchestrally at every Hallé concert. The Beethoven and Thuille Quintets revealed fine sensibility as to balance and ensemble, but the greater delight was found in the solo work, notably in Bach's E minor Sonata for flute and pianoforte, in which Mr. Joseph Lugard and Mr. Harty were associated.—At the Hallé concert on January 11, Miss Beatrice Harrison played the Dvorák B minor 'Cello Concerto, and, for the first time at Manchester, Harty played the Respighi orchestral transcription of 16th century Italian airs and dances. This 'arrangement' justified itself; others heard this season have not. Despite its modern treatment, the feeling for the grace and charm of the old music was preserved and even intensified.—On January 17, Brahms's Symphony No. 4, and Mozart's Violin Concerto in A, played by Mr. Arthur Catterall, were the most interesting features in the twelfth Hallé concert. *The Carnival des Animaux* of Saint-Saëns, although played here for the first time, hardly merits mention, much less comment. Not even at a children's concert of orchestral music should it find a place. No wonder the composer did not release it for publication. Harty's Brahms interpretations pass from strength to strength, and one's enjoyment of the larger orchestra is intensified on such occasions.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Protheroe's dramatic cantata, *St. Peter*, was performed on Christmas Day, Mr. Hugh Ellis conducting.

NEWCASTLE.—The Bach Choir, under Mr. Edgar Bainton, gave Bax's *Mater ora filium* and Dale's *Before the paling of the stars* on December 15.—A Bach Suite in B minor, Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony, and the *Egmont* Overture were played by the Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Hamilton Harty, on the afternoon of December 12, and in the evening the Oriana Choir, conducted by Mr. Arthur F. Milner, sang an excellent selection of madrigals and modern part-songs.—The Copenhagen String Quartet played the Elgar Quartet for the Chamber Music Society on January 13.

NEWCASTLE (STAFFS).—Mr. S. E. Lovatt conducted the Male-Voice Glee Union on January 10 in Goss's *O Thou whose beams*, Schumann's *The lotos flower*, Elgar's *Feasting I watch*, MacDowell's *From the sea*, Mr. Lovatt's arrangement of the *Gathering song of Donald the Black*, and *The old folks at home*, as arranged by Dr. Vaughan Williams in recollection of the 'harmonies often improvised by members of the British Expeditionary Force.'

OXFORD.—Mr. Maurice Besly conducted the Orchestral Society on December 8 in Cherubini's *Anacreon* Overture, Beethoven's eighth Symphony, three movements from Holst's *The Planets*, and an Idyll composed by Mr. Besly, *Mist in the Valley*.—In the Town Hall, on December 30, Ilfley Choral Society sang Holst's *I vow to thee, my Country*, Vaughan Williams's *Toward the Unknown Region* and *Wassail Song*, Parry's *Since thou, O Fondest*, and Maurice Besly's *Noel and Shenandoah*, and the Ilfley Quartet sang Brahms's *The Angel's Greeting* and *As Torrents in Summer*. Mr. Reginald Jacques conducted. He had hoped to have the support of an orchestra, but as the band parts arrived too late for adequate rehearsal, recourse was had to pianoforte accompaniment only. The occasion was the first appearance in this environment of this small but enthusiastic body of singers, who have done good work within their own borders and are now seeking a wider public.—To enable a young student to continue pianoforte study at the R.C.M., a concert was given on December 16, when Dr. Ernest Walker played pianoforte music, including Balfour Gardiner's *London*.

PLYMOUTH.—On December 11, the concert of the Orpheus Choir was given with the help of Miss Rosina Buckman, Mr. Maurice d'Oisly, and Mr. Backhaus. The choir, conducted by Mr. David Parkes, sang *Song of the Bards* (Julius Harrison), a choral scena, *The Rising Storm*, by Mathieu Neuman, Cyril Jenkins's *Sea Fever*, and Dunhill's *Full fathom five*.—Millbrook and District Choral and Orchestral Society performed *St. Paul* on December 19. Mr. P. P. Wedlake conducted.

PONTYPRIDD.—*The Redemption* and the *Christmas Oratorio* were performed by the Tabernacle Choral Society on Christmas Day, Mr. Alun Drummer conducting.

READING.—The New Berkshire Symphony Orchestra of fifty performers under the direction of Dr. E. O. Daughtry, gave its first concert on January 9, with a programme that included Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony* and *Hebrides* Overture, and Balfour Gardiner's *Shepherd Fennel's Dance*.

TAUNTON.—The Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Reginald Ward, assisted by an orchestra, performed B. J. Dale's *Before the Paling of the Stars* and Parry's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*. The orchestra played Beethoven's fifth Symphony and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture.

TEIGNMOUTH.—The Choral Society has started a new era this season with a young and ambitious conductor, Mr. J. Smith. On December 13 the choir sang Brahms's *Liebesslieder Walzer* for voices and pianoforte duet. The pianists also played Schumann's *Andante* and *Variations* for two pianofortes. With Mr. Walter Belgrove as soloist, Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on Christmas Carols* was admirably performed. There was a capable string orchestra, which played also Parry's *Lady Radnor's Suite* and some Bach. Walford Davies's *O Little Town of Bethlehem* completed the choral work.

TORQUAY.—Mr. E. W. Goss has been appointed music-director of the Municipal Pavilion, and is gradually restoring the standard of orchestral music to its former high level. Fortnightly symphony concerts are now being given. On December 20 the programme included Smetana's symphonic poem, *Ultava*, Holst's *Fugal Concerto* for oboe and flute, with Messrs. Gleghorn and G. Ellis as soloists, and Beethoven's *Pianoforte Concerto* in C minor, with Dr. Harold Rhodes as pianist.

TRECVNON.—Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was performed on Christmas Day, Mr. Dan Edwards conducting.

TREORCHY.—The Rhondda Musical Festival was held on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. The choir numbered three hundred voices, and was assisted by a capable orchestra. The works performed were *St. Paul*, Parry's *Job*, and Verdi's *Requiem*. Mr. J. T. Jones conducted, and the soloists were Miss Cecilia Farrar, Miss Muriel Brunskill, Mr. Robert Naylor, and Mr. Frederick Taylor.

YORK.—Mr. H. A. Bennett conducted the Symphony Orchestra on January 10, in an excellent programme that included Parry's *English Suite*, Bantock's arrangement of a Suite by Giles Farnaby, the Byrd *Fantasia*, arranged by Dr. Fellowes, a Bach Concerto, and Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*.—At the Cathedral, Dr. Bairstow gave the Brahms *Requiem*.

IRELAND

At the Scala, Dublin, on December 16, the Dublin Symphony Orchestra played some acceptable items, and the vocalists were Miss Eileen Gunning and Mr. Hughes Macklin.

Messrs. Hugh S. Robertson and Julius Harrison have been selected as adjudicators at the Ballymena Musical Festival, May 3 to 9.

Miss Culwick's Choral Society gave a delightful concert at Dublin on December 18, Madame Borel contributing some songs, and Miss Rhoda Coghill some pianoforte solos.

At the conferring of degrees in Trinity College, Dublin, on December 19, Miss Rhoda Coghill graduated Mus. Bac.

Humperdinck's fairy opera, *Hänsel and Gretel* (first produced in 1893), was given by Mr. Walter McNally at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Boxing Day, and had a successful run of a fortnight—produced by Mr. T. C. Fairbairn, under the direction of Mr. Vincent O'Brien. Quite delightful was the Hänsel of Miss K. Destournell, as was also the Witch of Miss Joan Burke.

It has been decided that this year's Oireachtas (Festival of Irish language and music) will be held at Cork for the first time, but the date has not yet been fixed.

Mr. Cyril Scott, pianist and composer, gave an enjoyable recital at Ulster Hall, Belfast, on January 5, his *Lotus Land* and *Water Wagtail* being enthusiastically received. Miss Gertrude Johnson contributed three groups of Mr. Scott's songs with rare charm. On January 11, Mr. Scott appeared at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, in conjunction with Miss Jean Nolan's song recital, and delighted a large audience; his *Irish Famine Song* receiving an irresistible encore.

On January 7, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, the Catterall Quartet gave a delightful programme, the *pièce de résistance* being Elgar's Quartet in E minor—its first hearing at Dublin—admirably played and vastly appreciated. Elgar is still to be reckoned with notwithstanding the carpings of ultra-moderns and lovers of cacophony. On January 14, Prof. Esposito and Mr. Clyde Twelvrees gave an interesting pianoforte and 'cello recital under the same auspices.

Among the bequests of the late Edward Martyn, founder of the Palestrina Choir, was one of £5,000 to Mr. Vincent O'Brien, organist.

At La Scala, Dublin, on January 13, the Dublin Symphony Orchestra gave the last concert of the season, the two attractions being Mr. H. P. Killikelly and M. Jean Bertin.

On the same evening, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, the Army School of Music Band (No. 1), conducted by Herr Fritz Brase, gave a fine programme, the *Magic Flute* Overture being exceptionally well played. Songs were contributed by Mr. Joseph O'Neill, accompanied by Lieut. Arthur Duff.

Obituary

We regret to announce the following deaths:

GEORGE SAINT-GEORGE, on January 5, in his eighty-third year. Not often does a musician distinguish himself in the triple capacity of composer, executant, and musical instrument maker, as did Mr. Saint-George. Born at Leipsic, of English parents, on November 8, 1841, he went at an early age to Prague to study the violin, and afterwards to Dresden, where Julius Otto and Rühlmann instructed him in composition and pianoforte playing. Afterwards he came to London, and married Miss Jessie Bryce, the vocalist, and, some ten years after her death, Miss May Chanut (daughter of the late Frederick Chanut), who became his devoted nurse during the four years of his last illness, caused by a fall. While at Prague he became acquainted with the viol d'amour, which fascinated him to such an extent that he studied not only this but also other members of the viol family, especially the viol da gamba, and eventually became the fortunate possessor of a beautiful viol d'amour by Guidanti and a viola da gamba by Barak Norman, entirely in its original condition (see reproduction in E. van der Straeten's *History of the Violoncello*). The beauty of form in these instruments induced him to apply himself to the luthier's art, in which he acquired great mastery, which—apart from some violins and violoncellos—resulted not only in the skillful repairing, but also in the production of viols d'amour and da gamba, with elaborate original designs in coloured wood, inlaid in the finger-board and tail-piece, and of purfling for the back and belly, the peg-boxes being surmounted by carved heads of animals. In his later years he also made a few fine lutes. His instruments were not only attractive in appearance but possessed also a fine quality of tone—as a viol da Gamba made for his late son, and only child, Henry, a skilful performer thereon, and a viol d'amour, used by

his pupil, Miss Kate Chaplin, in *The Beggar's Opera*, amply prove. It was not only these instruments but also the old music that he dearly loved, and many fine masterpieces had their first revival on the instruments for which they were originally written, at concerts, in conjunction with his son and the writer. Some of the most notable of such works were Bach's sixth *Brandenburg* Concerto, for two viols, two gambas, and bass; Sonatas by F. W. Rust and Ariosti (with his own accompaniments), and pieces by Huberti for viol d'amour, and a Canon (three movements) for two gambas, by Fux. As a composer Mr. Saint-George is best known by his charming little Suites for strings, but many of his melodious and effective solo pieces and songs are undeservedly neglected. His Overture *Le Reveil du Printemps* was given by Sir August Manns at the Crystal Palace. The loss of his genial personality will be keenly felt by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance.

E. VAN DER STRAETEN.

WILLIAM LUDWIG, on December 28, in London. Born at Dublin, in December, 1847, he studied under his father (who was second tenor at the pro-Cathedral) and under Richard V. O'Brien, and joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company in 1874. Of splendid physique, a magnificent actor, possessing a glorious voice, and being a genuine artist, Ludwig—whose real name was Ledwidge—quickly won fame in various rôles. In 1883 he created the part of Frolo in Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*, and sang in the first performance of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *Colomba* (April 5, 1883). His impersonation of Vanderdecken in the *Flying Dutchman* will not readily be forgotten. He also appeared with conspicuous success in oratorio, notably in *Elijah* (with Joseph Maas), and in Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*. He toured America in 1886-88, and again in 1906-09. Having rejoined the Carl Rosa Opera Company, he created the part of Hans Sachs in *Die Meistersinger*, at Manchester, on April 16, 1896. His last operatic appearance was at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, at Christmas, 1910. As a concert singer he was immensely popular, and he made a speciality of Irish folk-songs—indeed, his singing of *The Croppy Boy* was an epic. Owing to an incurable throat malady, Ludwig retired in 1911, and spent his last years in London. W. H. G. F.

The Abbot of Solesmes, DOM JOSEPH POTHIER, at the ripe age of eighty eight. Born at Bouzémont, near St. Dié, on December 7, 1835, he joined the Solesmes Benedictines in 1859, becoming sub-Prior in 1862, and Professor of Theology in 1866. From 1893 to 1895 he was Prior of Ligugé, and was Prior of San Wandrille from 1895 to 1898, becoming Abbot in the latter year. His efforts in the cause of the reform of Church music led to the Papal Motu Proprio. His *Melodies Gregorianes*, published in 1880, has been adopted as the text-book for the study of plainchant according to the Solesmes reform. Between the years 1883 and 1903 he published numerous liturgical chant-books, and in 1889 he instituted the well-known *Paleographia Musicale* (a quarterly review) now in its thirty-fifth year. In 1904, Pope Pius X. appointed him President of the Commission for publishing the new liturgical chant-books, replacing the Ratisbon publications. This Gregorian Commission sat at Appeldurcombe House (Isle of Wight) in September, 1904. His life-work accomplished, Dom Pothier spent his remaining years as a faithful follower of Dom Gueranger. W. H. G. F.

DOUGLAS REDMAN, on December 14, after a long and painful illness. He was born in London in 1862, and commenced his musical career as a choir-boy in H.M. Private Chapel, Windsor, later becoming a student at the Royal Academy of Music. He held appointments as organist of St. Alban's, Birmingham; St. George's, Botolph Lane; and Brixton Parish Church. He founded the Brixton Choral Society, and later the Brixton Oratorio Choir. His powers as a choral conductor were exceptional, and as an all-round teacher he also achieved conspicuous success. His personality was one of singular charm, and his passing will be sorely felt by all who knew him.

W. H.

GUSTAV DANNREUTHER, at New York, on December 19. He was born at Cincinnati, on July 21, 1853, and studied under Joachim, at Berlin. After a few years in London, he went to America in 1877, and thereafter played a prominent part in New York music, where he was professor of the violin at Vassar College. He was a brother of Edward Dannreuther.

FREDERICK ROBERT GREENISH, whose death was announced in the December *Musical Times*, spent the active part of his musical life at Haverfordwest, where he was honorary organist at St. Mary's. He took his Mus.Doc. degree at Oxford in 1891. (It is worth recording that the performance in the Sheldonian Theatre of his Exercise was the last of the kind, the custom being shortly afterwards abolished.) He was Justice of the Peace at Haverfordwest, and High Sheriff. During his retirement at Warlingham he took a prominent part in church work, musical and otherwise.

Miscellaneous

NEW CHORAL SOCIETY FOR THE CITY

It is proposed to start a Choral Society for workers in the City, the strength aimed at being three hundred. Dr. Harold Darke will conduct. Rehearsals on Tuesdays, from 5.30 to 7 (commencing on February 5), at St. Michael's, Cornhill. *The Dream of Gerontius* will be studied with a view to performance at Queen's or Central Hall in the autumn. Subscription, 7s. 6d. (not including music).

Mr. Munro Davison, assisted by pupils, gave a recital of Christmas music at the Northern Polytechnic on December 16, with a delightful programme drawn from Bach, Holst, Parry, Mendelssohn, Walford Davies, &c. These Christmas recitals have now been carried on without a break since 1898.

The Easter Vacation Schools of the English Folk-Dance Society will take place at Harrogate and Exeter from April 21 to 26. Full particulars of the secretary, E.F.D.S., Mr. Benham Gavin, 7, Sicilian House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

The Cambridge University Musical Society announces a fine list of concerts, among them being two performances of the *B minor Mass*—at the Guildhall, Cambridge, on February 15, at 8.30, and at Ely Cathedral on the following day, at 2.30.

Carols were sung at the Royal Exchange on December 19, by Lloyd's Choir, Mr. Geoffrey Toye conducting. Nearly four thousand people listened.

At his recital at Wigmore Hall, on February 6, Mr. Harold Craxton will play, and speak on, the test-pieces set for pianoforte at the Elizabethan Festival.

We regret being obliged to hold over 'Musical Notes from Abroad.'

Answers to Correspondents

Q.—Please give me the true *tempo* of *grandioso* when it occurs at the *Coda* of a work. I am told that it should be exactly the same as that of the previous movement.—A. I. W.

A.—The term has less to do with *tempo* than with style, but obviously the necessary breadth and stateliness can rarely be obtained without the adoption of a slower pace. The case can often be met by a change of *tempo* so slight as to be barely discernible, and no doubt your informant had this point in mind.

Q.—Does any lending library exist from which books for organists and choirmasters may be had for periods of fourteen to twenty-one days?—'INGTON.'

A.—We know of no music libraries that lend books on music. Many Public Libraries include works of the kind you mention, and we have seen such volumes on the shelves of *The Times* Book Club.

Q.—Is there any association of professional musicians or others which has on record a list of undesirable organist posts, viz., in country parishes, the acceptance of which would be disappointing and the expenses of removal a waste of stipend?—'BLACK LIST.'

A.—We hope and believe there is no such list. Who is to decide as to the undesirability of a post? Nobody should accept an appointment without making inquiries as to teaching and other prospects. Most country parish organistships make no pretence to be other than part-time jobs. As such they provide pleasant spare-time occupation for many keen and not inefficient musicians. Work of this kind can rarely be judged on a purely financial basis.

Q.—Do you consider shouting during games and street cries injurious to boys' voices?—'PNEUM.'

A.—Yes; but it is so good for the boys that we should not attempt to gag them, except for an hour or so before practice, or on the day of an important bit of singing.

Q.—Is it not strange that in listening to good choirs we do not oftener hear the pure harmony 'coming through'? I have just heard Evensong in a Cathedral, and in only a few 'Amens' was there an atmosphere of *ensemble*. Why is this?—'CLEF.'

A.—Because the few 'Amens' were the only items that were well sung. When we don't hear 'the pure harmony coming through,' the choir is not a good one.

Q.—What is the meaning of the *pause* in Bach's Chorale Preludes? It is a *breathing point* in the tune, I know, but is there any way of marking it in playing these pieces?—'PAUSE.'

A.—In the Chorale Preludes the pause merely indicates the end of a line of the melody. There is no way of showing it in performance when the counterpoint is elaborate, because the flow of the movement must be maintained.

Q.—I hear that gramophone records of accompaniments to well-known songs have been made or are about to be made. Can you give me any information? Are such records likely to be of practical use?—'SOUND-BOX.'

A.—Captain H. T. Barnett, in his little book, *Up-to-Date Gramophone Tips*, mentions such records. Write to him for particulars. His address is 12, Whittington Chambers, King's Road, Southsea. Records of the kind may prove to be useful, but one obvious drawback lies in the fact that the singer will have to accompany the record, as a change of pace in the latter will involve a change of pitch as well. The only way out is for singers to keep good time. If the gramophone can make them do this, it will add one more to its list of miracles.

THE MUSICAL TIMES

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MUSIC.

'Chloris in the Snow.' Part-Song for S.A.T.B. By PERCY E. FLETCHER ... 145

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EVENING HYMN

COMPOSED BY

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Slowly. $\text{♩} = 84$.

ORGAN. *mf* Gt. & Sw. coupled.

poco a poco cresc.

Soprano. full voice: even tone.

Thee, Lord, be-fore the close of day, Ma -
Te lu - cis an - te ter - - mi - num Re -

Alto.

Thee, Lord, be-fore the close of day, Ma -
Te lu - cis an - te ter - - mi - num Re -

Tenor.

Thee, Lord, be-fore the close of day, Ma -
Te lu - cis an - te ter - - mi - num Re -

Bass.

Thee, Lord, be-fore the close of day, Ma -
Te lu - cis an - te ter - - mi - num Re -

f

- ker of all things, Thee we pray For Thy dear
- rum Cre - a - tor pos - ci - mus Ut pro tu -

- ker of all things, Thee we pray For Thy dear
- rum Cre - a - tor pos - ci - mus Ut pro tu -

- ker of all things, Thee we pray For Thy dear
- rum Cre - a - tor pos - ci - mus Ut pro tu -

- ker of all things, Thee we pray For Thy dear
- rum Cre - a - tor pos - ci - mus Ut pro tu -

lov - ing - kind - ness' sake To guard and guide us
- a - cle - men - ti - a Sis prae - sul et cus -

lov - ing - kind - ness' sake To guard and guide us
- a - cle - men - ti - a Sis prae - sul et cus -

lov - ing - kind - ness' sake To guard and guide us
- a - cle - men - ti - a Sis prae - sul et cus -

lov - ing - kind - ness' sake To guard and guide us
- a - cle - men - ti - a Sis prae - sul et cus -

molto f

dear tu - in Thy way.
 - to - di - a.

dear tu - in Thy way.
 - to - di - a.

dear tu - in Thy way.
 - to - di - a.

dear tu - in Thy way.
 - to - di - a.

ff brighter tone.

meno f

G! & Sw.

Sw. alone

p rich tone*

* Soft reed. 4. 8. 16.

p Ban-ish the dreams that ter - ri - fy, And night's fan-tas-tic
Pro-cul re - ce - dant som - ni - a Et noc - ti - um phan.

p Ban-ish the dreams that ter - ri - fy, And night's fan-tas-tic
Pro-cul re - ce - dant som - ni - a Et noc - ti - um phan.

p Ban-ish the dreams that ter - ri - fy, And night's fan-tas-tic
Pro-cul re - ce - dant som - ni - a Et noc - ti - um phan.

p Ban-ish the dreams that ter - ri - fy, And night's fan-tas-tic
Pro-cul re - ce - dant som - ni - a Et noc - ti - um phan.

* † *p* Ch.

pp com - pa - ny: Keep us from Sa - tan's ty - ran -
 - tas - ma - ta Hos - tem - que nos - trum com - prim.

pp com - pa - ny: Keep us from Sa - tan's ty - ran -
 - tas - ma - ta Hos - tem - que nos - trum com - prim.

pp com - pa - ny: Keep us from Sa - tan's ty - ran -
 - tas - ma - ta Hos - tem - que nos - trum com - prim.

pp com - pa - ny: Keep us from Sa - tan's ty - ran -
 - tas - ma - ta Hos - tem - que nos - trum com - prim.

pp

* Between the signs † the voices are to sing unaccompanied: the organ part is only added for the purposes of practice.

- ny: De - fend us from un - chas - ti - ty.
- e Ne pol - lu - an - tur cor - po - ra.

- ny: De - fend us from un - chas - ti - ty.
- e Ne pol - lu - an - tur cor - po - ra.

- ny: De - fend us from un - chas - ti - ty.
- e Ne pol - lu - an - tur cor - po - ra.

- ny: De - fend us from un - chas - ti - ty.
- e Ne pol - lu - an - tur cor - po - ra.

mp Sw.

f G♯ & Sw. with 16 ft *cresc.*

f

f

full voice: even tone.

Pro - tect us, Fa - ther, God a - dor'd, Thou too, co -
 Prae - sta, Pa - ter pi - is - si - me Pa - tri - que

Pro - tect us, Fa - ther, God a - dor'd, Thou too, co -
 Prae - sta, Pa - ter pi - is - si - me Pa - tri - que

Pro - tect us, Fa - ther, God a - dor'd, Thou too, co -
 Prae - sta, Pa - ter pi - is - si - me Pa - tri - que

Pro - tect us, Fa - ther, God a - dor'd, Thou too, co -
 Prae - sta, Pa - ter pi - is - si - me Pa - tri - que

molto f

- e - qual Son and Lord, Thou, Ho - ly Ghost, our
 com - par un - i - ce Cum Spi - ri - tu Pa -

- e - qual Son and Lord, Thou, Ho - ly Ghost, our
 com - par un - i - ce Cum Spi - ri - tu Pa -

- e - qual Son and Lord, Thou, Ho - ly Ghost, our
 com - par un - i - ce Cum Spi - ri - tu Pa -

- e - equal Son and Lord, Thou, Ho - ly Ghost, our
 com - par un - i - ce Cum Spi - ri - tu Pa -

co - que

Ad - vo - cate, Whose reign can know nor bound nor date.
ra - cli - to Reg - nans per om - ne sae - cu - lum.

Ad - vo - cate, Whose reign can know nor bound nor date.
ra - cli - to Reg - nans per om - ne sae - cu - lum.

co - que

Ad - vo - cate, Whose reign can know nor bound nor date.
ra - cli - to Reg - nans per om - ne sae - cu - lum.

Ad - vo - cate, Whose reign can know nor bound nor date.
ra - cli - to Reg - nans per om - ne sae - cu - lum.

molto f

ff

ff *poco a poco dim.*

A - - - - - men A - - - - -
A - - - - - men A - - - - -

ff *dim.*

A - - - - - men A - - - - - men A - - - - -
A - - - - - men A - - - - - men A - - - - -

ff *poco a poco dim.*

A - - - - - men A - - - - - men
A - - - - - men A - - - - - men

poco a poco dim.

men A - men A - men
men A - men A - men
dim. p
men A - men A - men
men A - men A - men
men A - men A - men
men A - men A - men
A - men A - men
A - men A - men

men. men.
men. men.
men. men.
men. men.
men. men.
men. men.
men. men.
men. men.
men. men.
men. men.